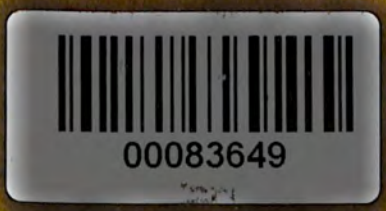

00083649

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015

Drawn on Stone by J.W. Edes. from a Drawing by J. Stephenson

THE AUTHOR,
In his Dress when among the Indians.

See Vol. 2. Page 448 & 484.

Printed by C. Hullmandel

A

PILGRIMAGE

IN

EUROPE AND AMERICA,

LEADING TO

THE DISCOVERY

OF

THE SOURCES OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND BLOODY RIVER;

83649

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF

THE WHOLE COURSE OF THE FORMER,

AND OF

THE OHIO.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE

By J. C. BELTRAMI, Esq.

FORMERLY JUDGE OF A ROYAL COURT IN THE EX-KINGDOM OF ITALY.

W-d-29

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HUNT AND CLARKE,
YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1828.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. H. REYNELL, BROAD STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.

DEDICATION.

TO THE FAIR SEX.

Oh Women!—This name alone makes the most sweet and profound impression on a noble soul. But it is said that your feelings are not high enough to elevate it. This is either one more calumny urged against you by those who are jealous of your superiority, and unworthy of your possession; or an injustice on the part of contemptible sophists, who decide on your merits without taste or talent to appreciate them. And it becomes all who are able, and who would not justly lay themselves open to the charge of ungenerous if not treacherous conduct, to defend you against such gross injustice.

No one is ignorant that it was a woman who prevented the commission of that atrocious crime to which a mighty monarch was instigated by the counsels of cruel man against the people of God—that, by the noble devotion and tender mediation of the Sabine women, Tatius and Romulus were enabled to fix the foundations of that state whose growing power and splendour at length rendered her mistress of the world—that by Lucretia and Virginia the Romans, in two instances, recovered their liberty,—and that by Volumnia and Veturia they were extricated from the awful vengeance of a formidable and justly irritated warrior. Tell your insolent detractors, moreover, that the women of Sparta trained the heroes of Thermopylæ and Plateæ; and to the women alone of modern Greece we must ascribe the revival of ancient heroism on that favourite and classic soil, while the men have frequently exhibited, and indeed are still exhibiting, instances of rapacity, intrigue, and merely selfish ambition. Had the Greeks but imitated the example of their disinterested

and devoted women; had they displayed so much patriotism and union on their own part as they have received assistance and support from others, (I do not mean from the self-styled *Philhellenists*, but from a vast number of sincere and liberal friends,) they would by this time have subdued the tyrant whom the European powers now offer to them as a *Sovereign Paramount*, and who will perhaps shortly be succeeded by another *Sultan*, differing in *turban*, but similar in despotism. Remind your illiberal and unjust opponents, that women had first the merit of elevating the minds of emperors and kings to the pure light of Christianity, by associating it to the nuptial bed, and consequently introducing it to all the courts and nations of Europe; the civilization diffused by the Gospel *thus* deriving its existence from female sense and virtue, and the superiority of Europe to all other portions of the world proceeding from the virtuous exertions and refining power of woman. Tell, moreover, these vain and envious babblers, that it was Mary of Anjou who roused the degraded mind

of Charles VII to the dignity becoming a powerful monarch, preserving thus the House of Valois from the loss of a throne, and France from the disgrace of subjection to a foreign power;—that the beautiful and expressive eyes of the unfortunate Géneve, expressive at once of all the purity of her love and innocence, animated the valour and nerved the arm of her generous champion Ariodantes; and that it was a woman who made a hero even of a Don Quixote. But enough, I trust, has been advanced to convince the most incredulous of the elevation of your sentiments and affections, and of the powerful effects which they produce on ours.

It is objected that you are not qualified to govern; and cardinal Mazarine, adopting a maxim which is derived merely from the arrogance of man, adds, by way of displaying his wit on the subject, that a woman is always in danger of being governed by lovers incapable of governing even a brood of chickens. The fairest and best authenticated pages of history, of every age, give a direct contradiction to all

such ignorant or perverse judges. Did they possess the least spark of ingenuousness or openness to conviction, you might with just and effective indignation recall to their recollection the governments of Semiramis and Zenobia, of Placidia and Pulcheria, of Theodolinda and Yolante, of Margaret of Denmark and Blanche of Castile, of Elizabeth and Anne of England, of Margaret of Valois and Jeane d'Albret, of Christina and Catherine Alexiowina, of Catherine of Anhaltzerbes and Maria Theresa. Even if we call to mind the female favourites of sovereignty, we perceive many who have distinguished themselves only by acts of merit and kindness, as the Sorels and Shores, the de la Vallières and Maintenons; to the talents and wisdom of Aspasia Pericles was principally indebted for the glory which attended his government; and it was in Donna Marina that Cortes found the most able and the most faithful of his advisers: whereas, of the other sex, perhaps scarcely a single favourite is to be found who was not the author or abettor of much crime and misery. Besides, women have almost invariably

governed through the instrumentality of attractive and generous sentiments, men almost always by force and despotism; and by despotism and force alone it is that they have often usurped on your natural rights. An illustrious sage of the present day, Jeremy Bentham, by associating you, in his plans of government, in the public deliberations, as members of the grand national family, capable of thus contributing to the safety and happiness of the empire, has completed the confusion of your base detractors, and helped to hasten the time when the admiring world will do justice to your distributive wisdom.

To you, moreover, it might be remarked, letters are indebted for nearly all that is gentle, amiable, and pathetic, and for a morality at once simple and sublime. Sappho, the two Corinnas, Hyppolyte Torella, Anne Dacier, Marie de Sevigné, Madame de Staël, and numberless others, will live, together with renown, in future ages; and, by the elegance of her pen and the strength of her mind, Lady Montague, after having struggled with energy and constancy against

the ignorance and prejudices of universities and physicians, against popular obstinacy and baleful superstitions, succeeded at length in conferring on her species that signal and invaluable benefit—an immortal one—the practice of inoculation. Hippatia at Alexandria, and Agnesi at Bologna, and numerous others in various countries, have proved that women are as competent to teach the sciences as to learn them; and in a woman, in the celebrated Anna Comnena, history found its most valuable support in a barbarous age, in that of the Crusades, when men were devoted wholly to the gratification of their avarice or cruelty, their perfidy or ambition.

I have spoken of literary women whose loss has naturally and deeply excited the regret of an admiring world. Mortal however as they were, death has by no means destroyed all that was valuable which belonged to them. Their virtues and their glory have left behind them a spirit of noble emulation, inducing a number of others to follow the same illustrious career and with equal success. While writing the present page, my attention and

admiration are both strongly raised by a work before me, which alone would be sufficient to establish a literary reputation of no common order: its title is "The Rival Houses of York and Lancaster," &c. by Miss Emma Roberts. And Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Mrs Austin, and numerous others whom I could mention, contribute in conjunction with this admirable authoress to exhibit in a striking light the genius and information possessed by the ladies, generally so well educated, of the British empire. In the productions of your pen, it must farther be observed, are rarely to be found that pedantry and presumption, that extravagance and supereiliousness, by which the works of what are called the *learned* are almost constantly offending against good sense and good manners.

Were we inclined to take a view of the history of the Fine Arts, we might enumerate a long catalogue of admirable productions from the female pencil, chisel and graver. I will however merely remark, that women engaged in this occupation have almost uniformly attained excellence; that whatever is delicate and brilliant seems naturally to

demand the assistance of your hand and mind; as it is from the melody of your voice that music has derived its heavenly accents.

But to the elevation of your sentiments, the depth of your wisdom, and the elasticity of your minds, you join a greatness of soul which men have rarely imitated. Sophonisba, stronger than the cowardly ingratitude of Massinissa and the barbarous ambition of Scipio, by her magnanimous resolution, established for ever the glory of your sex and the disgrace of ours. The history of Apponina exhibits a devotedness of conjugal love of which the records of *man* appear to me to furnish no resemblance. It is from a sentiment of honor, rather than of superstition, that the women of Malabar immolate themselves on the ashes of their husbands. Men, in reference to their wives, frequently display a spectacle completely in contrast: thus, Henry the Eighth had scarcely delivered one over to the executioner, before he was married to another. The wife of Hoaitsang, the last emperor of the dynasty of Gengis-Khan of China, disdaining to witness the fall of her

husband and the triumph of the usurper, devoted herself to death; and forty others of his women followed her courageous example of fidelity and devotion. In the sublime qualities which shone in the wife of the unfortunate Charles I of England, the world may clearly distinguish the daughter of Henry the Great. The wives of the Landgrave Philip the magnanimous, and of the grand chancellor Trevor, controlled the most violent of human passions—ambition, love, and jealousy—and offered them up in sacrifice to domestic tranquillity and the repose of the state: and Josephine Beauharnois, with an equally generous devotedness, consecrated to the hopes of France the silence of her strongest and sweetest affections, and the loss of the greatest throne on the globe; and raised herself to the elevation from which Napoleon began to descend by that very event; which was as disgraceful to him and to men, as it was glorious for his wife and for women. In short, there is nothing more great and noble than the sacrifice which women often make of their beauty and their youth, of their

high rank and tenderest affections, to consecrate themselves solely to the succour of the miserable; permitting nothing to induce them to swerve from their stern path of virtue and self-devotion, neither the sight of pain which almost rends their heart-strings, nor the circumstance of squalidness and disgust which are torture to their delicacy. The infirmities and sufferings of humanity are always mitigated, charity always appears with more effective influence and with diviner lustre, wherever the cares and attentions of lovely woman preside over and mingle with public institutions of beneficence. The hospitals of France are gratifying and noble proofs of the truth of this observation.

The arrogance of man has denominated you the *weak sex*; yet your hands have often wielded the weapons of war with success, and under your conduct armies have been led to glory. The history would be long of the various heroines who have in the succession of ages distinguished themselves in the fields of military fame. It will be sufficient to remark, that the Amazons of

Homer are no fabulous characters, as they were also celebrated by Herodotus and other writers of grave authority. It is unquestionable that the women of the tribe of Tiniar assisted in obtaining the triumphs of the armies of Abubeker and Omar, in which Selima avenged the death of her general and her husband, at the siege and capture of Damascus, by the blood of its commander; and every reader is aware that in the days of chivalry the military exploits of women eclipsed even those of men. The heroic achievements of Joan of Arc, although an eminent writer has disgraced himself by exposing them to ridicule, constitute one of the most amazing and best authenticated passages of the history of the fourteenth century. The house of York encountered one of the bravest and most determined defenders of that of Lancaster in Margaret of Anjou; and, not long since, the kings of Java appointed women only as guards of their palace. The undaunted valour of Artemisia at the battle of Salamis occasioned the king of Persia to remark, that *women had fought like men, and men like*

women. The heroines of Ariosto and Tasso are formed completely on the historical models.

Finally, your heart is the abode, and the only abode, of genuine friendship. History is also in this respect full of your merits, and hands down to immortality the friendship of Naomi, and Ruth, and various others; while, in the long series of ages, for instances of the friendship of men we must have recourse to fable, in which alone are to be found the blazoned attachments of Orestes and Pylades, of Theseus and Perithous, and various others equally *splendid* and fictitious *friends*. The friendship of *man* is an absolute chimera, as my own melancholy experience has abundantly proved. Poor Rousseau exclaimed, "I absolutely hunger for a friend;" and this hunger in fact destroyed him.

I have presented you, my lovely friends, with the suggestions and displays of history on the sublimity of your heart and mind; but who can, with adequate eloquence and effect, eulogise all the virtues of your sex, as our actual observa-

tion every day discovers them exhibited, and with more powerful attraction from their being displayed under the most beautiful and fascinating forms! Who can calculate or limit their influence on our sex, or would withdraw himself from that gentle but almost omnipotent power which, in spite of our despotic tendencies, you obtain and so admirably exercise over our minds! You govern your husbands by polite and tender attentions, your children by affectionate endearments, your friends by all the propriety of conduct and all the liberality of kindness, your domestics by candour and dignified indulgence. You resemble the rose, which has been the theme of poets in every age, but which still has never exhausted their poetic fervour on the subject of its delicious fragrance, colour, and beauty. The flattering language of poetry is not my aim; I will join my voice with that of the philosophers, and repeat, after the illustrious Franklin, that you are the basis of social happiness, and the palladium of public morals; that to the attractions of beauty and grace you

know how to add the irresistible strength of reason, and can enforce its dictates by the charms of gentleness; that from you we learn to polish our manners and regulate our characters. You will, besides, permit me to observe, that it has ever been and still is a favourite study with me to examine, in the countenance, the characters of those in whose society I find myself; and I may truly say that it is in the animated and sincere countenances of women alone that I ever find the genuine *physiognomy of the soul;* while I read nothing but dissimulation in the face of man, who, in proportion as he can conceal the expression of his feelings by a vizor of brass, is deemed so much the more entitled to distinction and power, and better qualified and more likely to preside over the destinies of mankind.

But it is objected by weak cavillers, that you have many faults. And who, it may be asked, is without them? Human nature is incompatible with perfection. The greater part of your faults however originates in ourselves. Irritated by our ingratitude and inconstancy, shocked by our in-

discretion and perfidy, exasperated by our injustice, borne down by our tyranny, and surrounded by every species of snare and seduction, the sole subject for astonishment is, that you can still preserve that caution which enables you to display before us such a variety of virtues; that you can, after so many provocations and oppressions, retain sufficient generosity to impart so many charms and consolations to our existence; that there are still, notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances that surround you, incomparably more good mothers, good daughters, good wives, than there are good fathers, sons, and husbands.

There have been men, and even celebrated philosophers, who have held that the love of women is inconsistent with the love of wisdom, and that the genuine sage will therefore avoid it. I shall certainly not engage in vain and wordy argument against so savage a doctrine, with any of the votaries of Aristotle's Lyceum or Zeno's Portico, and still less with the followers of Antisthenes. I will do what is, in fact, far better. Instead of being *so*

ranked among the sage, I will prefer being classed among the simple, and will love you with the purest respect and the most durable affection.

The Magi and Mahomet formed a far juster appreciation of your worth than these gloomy and bilious cynics. They place you in the list of refined beatitudes reserved for the elect when called to inhabit the celestial regions. And in this they have shown the wisdom of their policy; for, had they withheld this attraction, few Mussulmen would have aspired to attain those regions, and their paradise would be in fact a desert. You ought to be in every place, like that Providence of which you are the fair and lovely image. Where you are not, man becomes a savage, and frequently a monster.

I know not why you have been excluded from the eminent literary associations — the luminous assemblages of science, which are at present diffusing knowledge over both the new and the old world! Were ladies admitted into them, I am perfectly convinced that they would

exhibit much more politeness and much less presumption, and that instruction would proceed from them with more powerful charms and more brilliant success. Judging from my small experience in the society of well-informed and educated women, and in the circle of scholastic or scientific men, I acknowledge that I have found as much amenity and captivating sense in the former, as I have observed of heaviness and hardness in the latter. And, is not every species of terrestrial knowledge derived to the human race from woman? The acquisition indeed cost us a paradise; but, in fulfilment of the arrangements of divine wisdom and power, even this loss prepared the way, by the instrumentality of another woman, for another and superior paradise, infinitely more delightful and sublime than that we lost; while the certain, however slow, advances of *philosophy* and civilization lead some persons to the hope of even an actual (though long-distant) *restoration* of paradise on earth. Finally, in the history both of civilized and savage nations, we find that the sacred fire, the light

and life and soul of the world, has ever been entrusted to the guardianship of woman. And it is to a woman—to Mrs Leigh—that, even in our own times, it has been reserved to make one of the most important discoveries—the cure for stammering, and impediments in speech,—a discovery, which, up to the present moment, the learned of all ages had vainly endeavoured to effect.

But it is time, my fair, and I may be excused for saying, my heavenly friends, to draw to a conclusion.

In order to your excelling in every respect all other inhabitants of this earthly globe, nothing is wanting but the abolition of those barbarous Salique and Ripuarian laws which still exist as a barrier to your rights and education; the termination of that disgraceful tyranny by which men have impeded the wings of your imagination and the energies of your understanding;—nothing, in short, but that you should be left unfettered and free to your own exertions. The noble elevation of your sentiments, your unbounded influence over the mind of man, and the supe-

riority of your sex, in various respects, to ours, would then be clear and unquestionable to all.

The language in which I have addressed you is not that of fulsome adulation, but of sincere devotion. Indeed, if you condescend to look through the work here presented to you, you will perceive that my character is inconsistent with feigned attachments and servile professions. In opposing the calumnies which have assailed you, and proclaiming your various and splendid virtues, I have followed the impulse of my conscience, and rendered homage to the cause of justice; and while thus necessarily engaged in contemplating the interesting combination which your character presents of sublime virtues and tender affections, it was impossible for me not to find in you the worthy patrons to whom I might consecrate my melancholy Pilgrimage; and not to become sensibly aware of the honour I should derive from your protection of the weak efforts of my pen. These pages in reality may peculiarly, by their nature, be regarded as

belonging to you, and thus coming within the scope of your kind protection. To you, and for you, were the letters of which they consist, written; and by you they may be truly said to have been inspired. They may, indeed, for the greater part, be justly considered as a monument of the high respect and veneration which I shall ever entertain for you, as that exquisite and admirable work,

" Che, per mostrarsi sommo, il Ciel si fèo."

J. C. B.

London, 1827.

TO THE READER.

I HAVE been told that a Preface is indispensable, even though it should contain nothing but enigmas, mysteries, and darkness. I must therefore fulfil this duty, and the rather, as I speak somewhat too clearly, and always *coram et palam.*

Travellers in general publish their works in compliance with the desires and solicitations of friends, Mecænases, savants, &c. With respect to myself, however, a poor unconnected pilgrim, possessing neither *friends* nor *Mecænases*, and on whom *savants* would disdain to look even with an eye of pity, I acknowledge that I *publish* merely because, in the first place, I find a pleasure in doing so;

and, secondly, because I am desirous, by my feeble efforts, of presenting to my country, (which has been justly denominated a great prison of the human understanding,) a consoling recollection of those high attempts and glorious achievements by which her children have very often astonished every country and every age; —a recollection of that energy of soul and mind which she has often seen restored in the midst of storms and brutalization, by means of which the Foreigner and Despotism, Irreligion and Avarice, have conspired incessantly to destroy her liberty and her glory, and to extinguish those remains of Roman blood which still circulate in some generous souls! Unfortunate country!—destined to revive always from its ashes!—having no palladium but its own genius, which that classic land conceals in its own bowels, to preserve it, like an affectionate parent, from proscriptions and Vandalism—genius, which sees itself condemned either to silence or forgetfulness, as soon as it dares to show itself! Poor Italy! which all Europe is compelled to acknowledge as the *mater alma*, and against

which all Europe conspires with a parricidal hand!

Travelling for discovery and research is now the fashion of the day, and everything is planned and prepared conformably. With regard to myself, the object of my wandering was relief from my afflictions: I had no guidance but that of chance; and, like the ass in the fable, quietly gave myself up to be directed only by my destiny; and if your stock of patience be sufficient to induce you to follow me in my course, you will uniformly find a perfect uncertainty pervade our route as to lodgings and repasts, arrivals and departures.

Let not the reader expect to find in the following publication a regular work; he will, I trust, rather regard it as the result of my observance of a precept of Pythagoras, which inculcates the reviewing and writing down every night whatever has occupied the eyes and the mind during the day. I present him with nothing but what falls naturally under my observation in my rambles over the old and the new world—a compilation of fortuitous

incidents—a microcosm exhibiting my thoughts and feelings, the movement of my soul sympathizing with or repulsing the thousand various objects I met with; and this is a farther evidence of the expediency of explaining myself a little in a preface, in order that I may enable the reader to seize the spirit of such conflicts, and to understand my wayward fancies. Should you occasionally think that you have found anything new or interesting, to chance or destiny alone will you be indebted for it; the only merit I can personally claim being that of a good walker, with some resolution to undertake, some constancy to persevere, some fortitude to endure suffering, and some intrepidity to confront danger.

I show you men and things precisely as they appear to myself, and form my judgment of them to the best of my ability. It is very easily conceivable that I may have been deceived; for, in order to see and judge correctly, more time is requisite to examine, reflect, and compare, than a solitary excursionist can enjoy. But my intention is good; my endeavours after truth and correctness have been invariable;

and it is only the desire of obtaining instruction that calls forth my observations.

I sometimes avail myself of the aid of history to let both the reader and myself know where we are, enabling us thus to proceed with a step of firmer confidence, and for the sake of deriving from it various useful reflections on the difference between periods past and present, and on the causes of the good and evil presented to our notice; thus precluding the reader from the necessity of blindly following me, and also, perhaps, from losing his patience and ceasing to follow me at all. I permit it occasionally to speak freely, but never pervert or intentionally misapply it. The only connection between my own pen and history, is by the simple narration of what history had not previously met with, or what had escaped its notice, or been noticed by it incorrectly. I allow myself to entertain and to state an opinion; but I pretend not to decide, and still less, I hope, to dictate. I endeavour to abstain as much as possible from any infringement of the important precept—not to seek for inductions which sound reason rejects, in

order to establish or recommend a favourite theory; and I trust I shall not frequently be found annoying with

"Quel sentenziar che l' anima ti schianta."

I express myself, I suspect, throughout these pages, with too little caution and restraint; the reason of which is, that the policy of the *Neutrals of Greece*, and of the *Deputies of the centre*, is far from being mine. I have no particular tact at changing white into black; by this habit of frankness and directness, I also spare you the trouble of surmising instead of ascertaining my meaning. I hope, however, that you will on no occasion find me breaking through those moral restraints which are established by divine and human laws, and by the forms and usages of civilized society; you will, on the contrary, perceive me sometimes silent where many may be too curiously desirous of *explanation* and *detail*.

I may be considered as adopting the philosophy of Democritus, of which a small degree of attention will show that I have considerable

need, in order to cheer and exhilirate my mind; and my reader will himself probably derive some advantage from the circumstance: it is an antidote to the monotony of the usual *tran-tran* of "Travels." You will yawn less; and the sincere reader, even though he should find something that may pique him, will perhaps laugh with me, for it is the laugh of a mountaineer, that is, an innocent one.

With respect to my style, it is no easy matter to characterize it. It is, I conceive, just such as might be expected from a man whose situation, circumstances, and trains of thoughts, are frequently changed twice or thrice in the course of a single page; of a man, compelled to descend, and sometimes with no little speed and even precipitation, from the mountain to the plain, from the sublime to the sordid, from opulence to squalidness, from the most refined civilization to the most complete *savageism*; sometimes to pass from tragedy to comedy, from history to romance, from science to empiricism: to turn occasionally from men to brutes, (or from brutes to men,) from sincerity to hypocrisy, from virtue

to vice, from religion to the Jesuits, from the most elevated inhabitants of heaven to the meanest creatures upon earth. My subjects indeed constituting a species of *pot-pourri*, the style may naturally be expected to correspond with their diversity.

With respect to the discovery of the sources of the Mississippi, the Achilles of my *exploits*, the buckler on which my conscious pride often reposes with delight, I have, in the following pages, merely re-cast my narrative of it, so as to introduce it in its place, in the course of events which occurred from my quitting my cottage-residence to my reaching the mouths of *the Great River*; where, for the moment, I leave my reader.

The publication of a discovery so important could properly admit of no delay. I disdained, moreover, to interpose, as many others did, the Atlantic between my pen and the grand scene of the drama. I determined, on the contrary, to show the observing world that I neither feared the presence of the Mæviuses, who were already exhibiting the disgusting and bitter

scowls of envy; of that of those who might be deemed my competent judges; though their countenances were already calculated to inspire apprehension, being not totally unmarked by those jealous feelings which our infirm nature finds it so difficult to repress. I published my narrative in the presence of the *Hero* of the piece himself, on the very spot where he reigns in all his majesty and influence, at New Orleans.

The present account will probably be more free from indications of haste than my former one; the substance, the facts, and what may be called the episodes, are strictly the same, and will, I trust, ever remain incontestable. I say incontestable; for, in addition to the evidence which the narrative itself supplies obviously to the most cursory reader, in connection with a thousand concomitant and collateral circumstances, a slight notice of the manner in which the *Discovery* has been received will assist in proving to the utmost satisfaction of the public the truth of statements which I have advanced with the most perfect confidence.

I should have considered the flattering testi-

monials which, in spite of the malicious efforts of certain Zoiluses, were conferred on my book by numerous ladies and gentlemen of New Orleans, as mere customary compliments; as nothing more than the result of courteous and kind feelings, had they not been confirmed in a triumphant manner by the public papers, and by the official commendations which the governor, the legislative bodies, the mayor and authorities, have condescended to bestow on me. On my return from Mexico, *The Commercial Advertiser* of New York published, with comments full of noble and indignant eloquence, the miserable perfidy with which at Philadelphia (the country of Major Long) all the copies had been concealed that, at the time I left New Orleans, I had sent thither for distribution through the different eastern states. Other journals, as well as the governor, professors, and literary societies of that city, (New York,) honourably conquering the national jealousy which, in similar circumstances, it is difficult not to feel, and perhaps more so to conceal, have been by no means sparing of their praises. One document

I possess which I deem truly precious and invaluable: it is a letter from the great patriarch of American liberty, the Cincinnatus of Monticello, in which he has condescended to recompense my struggling efforts and my poor pen by his inestimable praise. Such a man as Thomas Jefferson condescending to read our productions, is itself an honourable distinction, and might well urge us to engage in other enterprises, however painful and arduous. I consider time as having now pronounced its judgment on my cause. The Americans have had sufficient opportunity to bring me to my trial; and many would unquestionably have done so with eagerness and joy, had they not apprehended that the mortifying verification of my accuracy and triumph would have merely aggravated the torments of their envy.

It is only in Europe that the idea has been entertained of being able to unsettle this *res judicata*, and this in the *Revue Encyclopedique* alone, I believe. But, as the author of the article (*Mons.* L.) assigns no grounds for his Pyrrhonism, we are justified in concluding

him to have been influenced by the idea, natural enough, that it was impossible for a solitary wanderer to accomplish what numerous expeditions, abounding in all the means and resources that could be supplied by a mighty nation, had attempted in vain. I conceive myself to be the more authorized to soothe my pride with this flattering argumentation, from the difficulty of supposing that a journalist reposing on the sofas and in the boudoirs of Paris, should call in question what the journalists of America have never assailed, (though with every temptation to urge them to the attack, as of course it could not be particularly pleasant for them that foreigners should have the honour of first pointing out the beauties and wonders of their own country,) and should controvert statements which, with every motive to refute them, have never been in the slightest degree impeached even by those who had anticipated me on the route leading to this discovery, and the places explored by whom I have accurately pointed out, noticing particularly the objects, efforts, and results of their expeditions. As a farther

corroboration that the criticism of *Mons. L.* is founded in prejudice, it may be observed that the conductors of the same literary work have themselves voluntarily admitted, in a subsequent article, *that they had acted towards me rather with severity;* and, with the most commendable ingenuousness, they have published the letter in which I took the liberty of commenting to them on the unnecessary alacrity of their colleague's attack upon me. At the end of this Preface I shall present the reader with this letter, accompanied by the article with which they introduced it. It has been a little mutilated from the original, but is yet *explicative* enough.

It must however be admitted, that statements of new or important discoveries are in general only reluctantly credited; more particularly when the author is one, who has not secured a reputation with the world, and from whom such discoveries therefore are too readily deemed not only astonishing but incredible. The world, like harlequin, too frequently judges by the name alone of an author, and declines the trouble of reading or hearing the claims of

one unknown or in obscurity. The account of Thibet, of China, &c. from the *little travelling tradesman*, Marco Polo, was long treated merely with derision. When Columbus offered his services, talents and enterprise, for the benefit of mankind, the universal question was, *who is this Columbus?* and he was compelled to travel nearly through all Europe before he could gain credit with any one for being able to do what he actually did. Thus also the Protestants for a long period refused to adopt the philosophical accuracy of the Gregorian Calendar, because, instead of being the production of a Catholic Pope, it was not presented to them under the protecting and favourite name of a Wickliffe, a Hüss, or a Luther.

If the "Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi" had appeared under a powerful and *fashionable* banner, instead of that now unappreciated and *unfashionable* one of unhappy Italy; and under a fortunate high-sounding name, instead of one altered by the times and preyed on by the *librarians* of the *Animali Parlanti* of the Abbate Casti, you would

probably have heard a blast of no common strength from all the trumpets of fame,—all the bells of the universe uniting their peals in never-ending praises. Then even my uninteresting and insipid narratives would have been *models of eloquence and profound investigation;* my common-place remarks, *conceptions indicating high originality and genius;* my insignificant difficulties and sufferings would have equalled the self-devotion of a Curtius or a Codrus; my petty dangers would have rivalled the labours of Hercules; my simple Indians would have been as formidable as the horrid Cyclops; some Titan or Micromegas would probably have readily presented itself to the willing imagination; and panthers, tigers, and lions, would perhaps have been ever raging and devouring around me. On my return to Europe, my name would have been the first exhibited in the list of "*fashionable arrivals.*" The most *high* publishers, would have requested *the distinguished honor of my acquaintance.* My saloon would have resounded, and my mantel-

piece glittered with the titles of marquis, count, &c.; and in the public streets and squares, and at the grand galas of wealth and nobility, I should have been pointed out as the *wonderful traveller*, the *grand discoverer*, like the mighty lion from the desert, or the immense elephant from the wilds of Ethiopia! Oh, how delightful to be in possession of a *canonized* name—it is sufficient alone to effect the most astonishing miracles! How inestimable the advantage of belonging to a great and mighty nation! The dazzled and awe-struck world considers such a nation as a sublunary firmament, and the separate individuals composing it as so many splendid stars; and the prejudice advancing in strength, at last excites the belief that each of these individuals is capable of prodigies. Witness, in evidence of this assertion, the . . . . But we will quote no particular instances, lest our doing so might lay us open to the charge of indiscretion or illiberality.

I present myself before my readers without any such powerful attractions and defences; without

shield or patron, without talisman or *amulet*. If, notwithstanding this destitution, you should find in the course of the following pages that I have actually performed what is worthy of some commendation, this will be one evidence more to prove, that an independent man, with an independent soul, is sufficient for himself, and may safely rely on his own energies and efforts.

It is time however to quit these unimportant digressions; and you will permit me to request your serious attention, for a moment, to a point of essential consequence in reference to the whole of my "Pilgrimage,"—a point on which I am particularly interested, as it respects my duty to God, to society, and to myself.

Pachimerus relates that a certain Brahmin, when questioned respecting his religious opinions, expressed himself in the following manner:—"I have observed all religious sects bitterly denouncing each other for imposture. I have observed the whole body of the Magi disputing with fury on the first principle and the final consummation. I have interrogated

them all; and in each of these chiefs of religious factions I have found only an inflexible obstinacy in his own opinions, and an arrogant contempt and implacable hostility towards every other. I resolved to follow none of them. These learned doctors, in their search for truth, resemble a woman who wants to introduce her lover into the house by the back-door, but is unable to find the key. Mankind, in their thoughtless pursuits and researches, may be compared to a person who climbs up a tree for the sake of a little honey, which he has no sooner swallowed than he is attacked and devoured by the serpents around him."—Such was the language of an Oriental unbeliever; and I conceive that Bossuet, in Europe, was nearly of the same opinion with his brother priest in India, when he remarked that the Gospel had been so disfigured by its pretended followers, that were Jesus Christ to appear again on earth, he would be unable to recognise it. Much, however, as I respect the wisdom of their reflections, I am not precisely of the

same opinion as these Bramins. I venerate the religion of my fathers; nor will I ever incur the character of an apostate, who frequently changes his *trade* rather than his religion; but I consider equally as pure as my own, the incense offered to the Deity by any of my fellow men, in whatever forms and modes it may be presented, provided that the intention be holy, or innocent.

Having made this declaration, I must entreat the reader to observe and to believe, that whenever I speak on the subject of sects, it is merely to describe to him what passes under my observation in the course of my *promenades;* that I exhibit to him only what may be considered as their *forum externum,* simply in the character of a *promeneur* who is curious to notice and become acquainted with everything before him; and that I never take upon me the part of a controversialist on the subject of their dogmas. God alone is competent to search the heart: man can only take cognizance of actions, of what is visible and unquestionable; and far be it from me to arrogate the right of damning to inquisitorial

flames, or flames of hell, those who differ in opinion from myself; as far likewise am I from thinking it necessary that others should consider my *creed* as the exclusive road to paradise.

I have other things to do than to harass and perplex my brain with *mysteries*. I know what occurred even to St Augustin himself, in consequence of his daring to plunge into their unfathomable chaos. And indeed I cannot help thinking (for which I doubt not he would readily excuse me,) that he well deserved the lesson he received from the little boy; for, a man of his superior mind ought certainly to have known that whatever is mysterious must necessarily be inexplicable. It is incumbent upon us to act with respect to mysteries as we do with respect to the prescriptions of physicians: we must believe in them implicitly and blindly; and whether the pill be gilded or not, we must swallow it without either comment or hesitation. I am even of opinion that when a man embraces a particular religion, he ought to respect the articles of faith which it presents to him. For my

own, I take them as I do money, *bona fide*, without weighing or examining them; and I consider them as false only when they are injurious to good morals and society. Had all the world entertained such sentiments as these, Christianity would have escaped the mortal blows which religious controversies have inflicted on it, from the imprudent persecution against Arius to the recent, and still more imprudent, one against Robert Taylor.

It will always be a matter of difficulty to direct the attention of the world effectively to the true morality of the Gospel, while there are so many controversialists and so few philosophers. It is this spiritual discord, this dogmatic mania, which converts almost every word of revelation into a subject of *biblical* war; it is on this *Babel* that the Jesuits expect to be able to re-establish their plan of *universal domination*. Skilful imitators of all preceding impostors, they have ever borne in mind that this was the system which conferred on the Mahometans almost the whole of Asia and of Africa, and which at length opened for them the

gates of Constantinople and of a considerable part of Europe. And here I am reminded of the necessity of supplying some explanation of what occurs in the following work in relation to these same Jesuits; which I deem necessary in order to preclude any malignant interpretations of it from the *Federalists, Congregationists,* and Tartuffes of the day.

Unfortunately, wherever we meet with memorials of the grand evils which have afflicted humanity, we find these evils associated with the history of superstition and religious perfidy. It is not therefore surprising that, in a course of a *promenade* not certainly particularly short, I should have frequently have had to meet with the history of the Jesuits.

I frankly indeed confess, that wherever I have found memorials recording the baleful effects of their hypocrisy, ambition, and atrocious crimes, I have uniformly pointed them out to notice and censure; because no genuine Christian either should or can pass with indifference over monuments which remind the traveller of the irretrievable calamities of nations and of kings, and

the ruins of the religion of our fathers. I deemed it only an indispensable duty to raise my warning voice, in order to the utmost of my feeble means to guard religion, kings, and people, against the horrible plagues with which that parricidal band again daringly menaces them.

Let us for a moment call to mind (in order to prevent the dreadful return of such events) the fierce dissensions and hostilities which this sect has so frequently excited and cherished between sovereigns and subjects, and the humiliations and catastrophes in which they have eventually involved both. Such, for instance, as the celebrated *bleeding* of Philip III.; the conspiracies of the Cousins in France; of the Nitards in Spain; of the Garnets and Oldcorns in England; of the Malagridas in Portugal; of the *Demetriens* and others in Poland and Russia, and elsewhere!; and the assassinations of so many monarchs and private individuals! Let us call to mind the ignominy with which these deadly foes both of humanity and of the Gospel have covered nations

the most civilized, and kings, even those denominated *most Christian* and *most Catholic*; converting them, for their selfish and sacrilegious purposes, into ferocious brutes and even monsters! Finally, let us call to our recollection that veil of mourning and of shame which was thrown over true religion and posterity by the massacre of St Bartholomew, (preceded and followed by a variety of others;) and never let us forget the revolting impudence of Father Daniel, who passed a panegyric on this deed of infamy, recording, with the jocularity of a demon, "that the king had played his part in the piece to admiration!" Charles IX was the unhappy monarch whom the Jesuits trained to so atrocious a crime, and after making a dreadful instrument of him in his youth, they thus gibbeted him to everlasting infamy in history. Let Charles X then beware of his danger; for, in the language of Seneca, *bis puer, in juventute et in senectute*. Let him ever be on his guard against such diabolical seduction and such indelible disgrace! I cannot help adding with regret in this place, that at Rome, through the

at once highly powerful and deplorable influence of this sect, no shame was felt in canonizing that butchery—as they had before blessed the assassin dagger of the Pazzis, of the Clements, and blessed afterwards that of the Ravaillacs;—at Rome, where it has since been seen, in the death of Clement XIV., that the Jesuits do not spare the Popes any more than they do religion, nations, and kings.

The ministers of governments themselves, who, by one of those extraordinary contradictions on which the affairs of the world seem to hinge, now afford them refuge and protection under the same thrones which crushed them in the last century, would do well not to forget the dreadful struggles which a great number of their predecessors were compelled to maintain against the intrigues and plots, both spiritual and temporal, of this pernicious Order: Richelieu acknowledges that he had more to contend with from "*those cursed Jesuits*," than from the hostility of all the cabinets of Europe, (and a cardinal may be trusted in such a case;)—they would act wisely to "hang about their necks,

and write upon their hearts," as a "study," well adapted to the circumstances of the times, what a Jesuit had the audacity to reply to the Duke of Lerma—"*You* ought rather to tremble before *us*, who have, every day, your God in our hands, and your kings and queens at our feet."

Let nations, ministers, and kings, and even those who are sincerely anxious for religion itself, ever retain in mind a circumstance as important as it appears singular, a circumstance which has been actually lost sight of, or at least has never been sufficiently considered: which is this,—that Paul the Third himself appears to have discovered or predicted what these worthy brethren of Loyola even then looked forward to the attainment of. In the Bull for their institution, he ordained *that there should never be more than* SIXTY *of them*. The parliament of Paris, I think in the year 1561, forbade them to bear the *modest* name of *Jesuits*; and fully knowing, even at that early period, how to appreciate them, placed them under the authority of bishops, to keep them, I imagine, in due subordination. How many good

prophecies are here! But how many infractions too of bulls and of laws!

We ought, however, now to have done with this subject, and I am, in truth, not a little weary of it myself; for nothing is more disgusting than to speak of persons thus mischievous and depraved. But here is still one thing more that I cannot help whispering in my reader's ear; which I offer him as a *bonne bouche*, in grateful return for his patience in perusing me. The ministers and kings of the present day, *good souls*, are such perfect simpletons as actually to think the Jesuits the palladium of their existence and their power; forgetting, or perhaps having never known, (for they appear as ignorant of history as they are imbecile in policy,) that these crafty foes were waging a dreadful war against the kings of Spain and Portugal in America, whilst they were at the same time their confessors in Europe. Besides, when these monks rose to the honour of being Mandarins in China, the native Mandarins of that immense empire saw immediately that they were in imminent danger of becoming *monks* themselves; and a *Mount Cassino* would not long

have been wanting for the poor emperor. Fortunately, however, the government of that country was wise enough to expel the intruders in good time; the only method of dispersing the storms with which they are always endeavouring to overwhelm people and empires. Japan had previously given an example of this wise and decisive policy, and Russia has lately followed it. It is, therefore, only the nations which pretend to superior civilization, that are so blind (or so barbarous) as still to nourish those venomous reptiles in their bosoms! And what is more astonishing, is to see England, that mirror of freedom, sagacity, and prudence, permitting—perhaps under an absurd and culpable idea of legislative toleration—these incendiaries to fix their destructive establishments among a fanatic people, whose calamities are already too great and aggravated. It may indeed be truly said that, notwithstanding our having received so many valuable lessons, *we have learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing*....But there are some secrets in the private machiavelian code of every cabinet, which a profane eye is not permitted to penetrate.

I have moreover, in the following pages, occasionally noticed abuses and corruption in the ministers of the sanctuary in general, when I have met with cases which have particularly hurt my feelings; because I am naturally desirous of sparing my religion the loss with which they menace it, in America and in Europe, of sixty or seventy millions more of believers; and also of sparing humanity the calamities which ever attend religious revolutions. Though I never fail also to point out and commend the virtues of those good ministers whom I am so happy as to meet with. Abuses and corruptions have raised a sublime temple for St Peter, and for the admirers of what is astonishing and grand; have erected duchies and principalities to provide for nepotism; but nothing can compensate for the evil they have done to the church of Jesus Christ and to the cause of Christianity. The ministers of the sanctuary of the present day, unhappily, seem too much guided by the same principle as Pretextatus in a former period, who said, "*If* you will make me bishop of Rome, I will turn Christian."

With respect to governments, I must declare

myself equally *imberbis et ultra* on the subject, and heaven preserve a poor pilgrim like myself from the presumption and ridicule of dictating lessons in governing to kings! Nor certainly have I the imbecility to suppose that they would listen to my feeble voice more than to the learned and oracular lectures of thousands and thousands of venerable and big-wigged doctors who have written millions and millions of books upon every species of government, past, present, and to come. In fact, such preaching would merely be preaching in a desert. If these gentlemen have not yet learned how to reign over their people as they ought, it is a certain proof that they think there is no *necessity* for doing so; and indeed, on peeping behind the curtain, I can see them smiling in scorn and pity at any attempt to inculcate on them such an old-fashioned maxim as *salus populi suprema lex*. In the course of my "Pilgrimage," I point out the good or the bad governments, as they occur, simply to distinguish the good or the evil which they respectively produce; and, in my judgement on them I am guided solely by their effects. If govern-

ments were as little troublesome as articles of faith, I would take them also in common currency, like money; but unfortunately they make themselves too sensibly felt by their weight; and I am therefore occasionally compelled to pay them some attention; but I go no farther. The Italian prelates said of the council of Trent "*Dal mal Francese gli é caduto nella rogna Spagnola.*" This is the utmost that I should myself venture to remark, and *vice versâ*, had I any desire of speaking of certain governments.

While the world goes on merely changing monarchs and monarchies, it will go on no better than at present. Every prince is liberal of his promises in order to pave his way to power; he declares, with the appearance of the most amiable simplicity, that he will consider himself *only as a citizen, as a father, a friend,* &c.; but as soon as he has attained the coveted elevation, he puts forward his legitimacy, his divine right, and a variety of sounding claims and imposing phrases, at utter variance with his previous pledges. His acts proceed from *his good pleasure*, or his *absolute*

good will, (or rather perhaps from the good will of some worthless faction by which he is himself held in absolute subjection.) Of what consequence to him is the violation of apparently the most solemn oaths? The Scythian ambassadors, in their reply to Alexander, observed *that those who care nothing about performing their duties to man, will be perfectly regardless of violating by perjury those they owe to God.* The change must be in the people before human affairs can be materially improved. A nation that aspires to regenerate itself, should be well *compos sui,* and exercise the greatest controul and caution over its proceedings; and, in changing its institutions, should not only avoid levity and hazard, but guard most circumspectly against sacrificing the present to the future. It should prefer its dignity and rights to the dignities, titles and honorary badges, given to charm people to slavery. It should in fact imitate the English, the only nation in modern Europe who have derived decided benefit from their revolutions; who deal more in deeds than in words; who, instead of glorying in *cordons* and ribbons, delight in

exhibiting memorials and emblems of their liberties, and justly boast of their determined resolution to uphold them; who, in short, (in the language of one whose name I do not now remember,) present the grand spectacle of a nation able to comprehend its rights and interests, to define them, and to insist upon them.

After the frank profession I have now made both of my religious and political creed, should any be disposed perversely and malignantly to misinterpret my opinions, they will merely exhibit in a stronger light the inveteracy of their injustice. Should they do me further harm, I shall say, with Aristides, "I had rather endure than inflict it;" and with the Psalmist, "*concilium impiorum peribit.*" But it is a melancholy circumstance to find consolation only in *bons mots;* and it is too long since they have been the only pillow on which I repose my tired existence.

I have now reached the bed of Procrustes, and can see no way of escaping it. After the fact of publication, exposure to this trial is an inevitable consequence of such audacity. I now

appear therefore, my critical judges, before your awful and inexorable tribunal. My plea however will be comprised in extremely few words.

I shall not take the slightest notice of those who criticise everything done by others, through vexation and rage at being unable to accomplish anything meritorious themselves; and I shall consider as praise the censure of those who would willingly condemn to an *auto da fé* the whole circle of literature and science, as the parliament of Paris condemned poor Faustus, who first introduced there a book from the press, and as Omar condemned to the flames the library at Alexandria. I address myself solely to those enlightened men who can see without prejudice, appreciate with accuracy, discriminate with wisdom, and inform and correct by their judicious and refined observations. Let such then not lose sight of a Pilgrimage and a Pilgrim, to look for a work and an author; neither let them lose sight of a *promeneur*, solitary, unprotected, struggling by his own unaided efforts with every sort of difficulty,

privation and danger, in order to set up before their imagination an *illustrious traveller*, with his complete train of accommodations and assistants; a *Jupiter* with all his surrounding satellites, throwing light on everything by his splendour, discovering everything at a glance, piercing with his keen eye and boundless science into all that is sublime in the heights above, or profound in the depths below; entering with confidence, and without *passports*, all the kingdoms of nature —the moon, the stars, and the whole series of the *seven heavens;* and knowing how to discover in a little butterfly exactly 3500 *muscles more than in a human body*, &c. Let them recollect, while viewing a Cosmorama exhibiting objects of every description in the new and the old world, objects minute and great, characters the most savage and civilized, that it is presented to them by one who was constantly proceeding in his course with rapid haste and incessant distraction; let them not forget, that I have probably laid before them more facts than pages, and that consequently I have shewn a disposition not to press too heavily on the time,

the purse, and the patience of the public. But one favour, however, I must request of them, and that with all becoming deference;—for, gentlemen critics, notwithstanding their being unquestionably *philosophers*, are not a little pleased and flattered by an author's knocking at their doors and courting their attentions:—it is a favour which, should I be so fortunate as to obtain it, will excite my gratitude the more in proportion to the rarity with which such a favour is granted;—it is, in short, that before giving judgment on my case, they will have the goodness to take a slight dose of *Lethean water*, in order to calm and set at rest every prejudice which might irritate their passions and lead astray their judgment; and that they will not pass sentence upon me if they do not find themselves possessed of sufficient patience to read my book all through—and to read it with at least as much attention as yawning will permit them.

I shall not condescend even to attempt to influence the judgment of the multitude, by the phrases of apology or compliment usual on such

occasions,—*business* to which I am not peculiarly well adapted; and the judicious reader is not very willing to spend his time, his money, and his *indulgences*, for nothing; I shall merely observe that, if he finds anything passable in these pages, I hope he will not immediately start from his chair and run to examine whether my name is to be found, or not, in the list of the *savans*, but that he will say, with Rollin, "*no matter* from whom it comes, provided that it be useful."

Should I be so fortunate as to please you, I trust that you will have the goodness to inform me of a circumstance so gratifying. It will give me spirits and confidence; and I shall possibly, in this case, induce you some time hence to traverse under my guidance the vast regions of Mexico, where I am also happy to suppose that I have made some other discoveries of great interest. Should I be encouraged to engage in that undertaking, I shall be able to present something that will gratify even the lovers of science—who, it must be admitted, cannot be blamed for viewing this Pilgrimage with

but little complacency;—together with a number of very uncommon minerals, some Indian paintings and hieroglyphics (coloured and in feathers,) a collection of black pearls, and pearls indeed of every colour, with various other articles of great curiosity. I shall exhibit a Mexican manuscript, which to this very moment appears perfectly unique of its kind, and which may lead to important researches and valuable elucidations in the republic of letters. I have likewise a *Flora* of that remote country, which some men, not a little distinguished for science, have already pronounced to contain a great number of specimens utterly unknown, and many species extremely rare; and a collection of fruits which eminent professors have not yet been able to specify, and which are exotic even in the greatest part of America. I will, in the next place, furnish you with the best account in my power of the island of St Domingo; of a considerable portion of the United States, not noticed in the present volumes; of the grand canal of New York; the Falls of Niagara, with the impression which they made upon me;

Canada; and other countries of interest and importance. I will then conduct you back to England, where I will make you better acquainted, than my hasty sketch now presented can possibly do, with that astonishing country, which, though only a few paces from the continent, is yet at its antipodes; with that great and mighty nation, which, accustomed to consider itself solely *en grand* in its political consequence, dazzled by the splendid radiations of its power, and flattered into the forgetfulness or non-observance of its great faults by the seducing contemplation of its uncommon excellencies, is still in a great degree ignorant of itself.

My reader will probably consider this as rather a lengthy specimen of a Preface; and I must admit that it derives no merit from brevity. But a wandering observer of man and nature, perpetually agitated by a succession of rambling thoughts and flitting images passing incessantly through his mind, and hurrying rapidly over a thousand objects intermingled, complicated, and confused, could scarcely make his appearance before the public without a general explanation;

and, previously to the reader's entering upon the "Pilgrimage" itself, it seemed indispensable to acquaint him in some degree with the feelings, character, and objects of the Pilgrim.

You will perhaps also remark that the preface is partly repeated in the work, and the work in the preface. This I do not myself consider to be a fault. I have acted like Rossini, whom I regard as the only philosophical composer of the day. That able writer, by expressing the piece in the overture, and the overture in the piece, attracts the audience alternately to each, connects in a wonderful degree harmony with sense, and disposes reason to fraternise with sympathy. From such an accord philosophy derives a safer judgment and a firmer confidence.

To conclude; I have done everything for the best. I have endeavoured to employ as usefully as I was able a period of calamity . . . . . Happy shall I think myself, if the public should consider me as having in some degree fulfilled the precept of Plato. "*Non sibi soli se natum homo meminerit, sed patriæ, sed suis.*" Reader, farewell!

FROM THE REVUE ENCYCLOPÉDIQUE,

(Vol. IV, Part 32, No 95, page 511.)

EXTRACT REFERRED TO IN PAGE XXXVII OF THE FOREGOING PREFACE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31, 1826.

Reclamation. Discovery of an ancient Mexican Manuscript. Letter to the Editors of the Revue Encyclopedique.

OBSERVATION.—The following letter, which we have received from Mr Beltrami, should, we think, be given to the reader entire. We shall introduce it therefore with the commendations which he bestows on our work, because we could not suppress them without some danger of misrepresenting our correspondent's ideas. We have been somewhat severe in our judgment of Mr Beltrami's work, *On the Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi.* (See Rev. Encycl. No. XXIX, p. 575.)

His vindication of that work, and the new observations which he has made on the same subject, cannot fail of exciting considerable interest, which is an additional motive for our publishing the whole of his letter, though it was not written for that purpose. We accept with gratitude the offer Mr Beltrami makes us at the close of his letter, and the materials which he may send us shall be employed agreeably to his request.

GENTLEMEN,

THE article *Russia* in your first volume of the present year (see XXIX, p. 595,) has suggested to me the idea of announcing to you the fortunate discovery of a manuscript which I extricated from an old convent in one of the interior provinces of Mexico. It is, I imagine, unique of its kind, and certainly one of the most rare and interesting. It is the Gospel, or a Gospel, copied from the dictation of the first *conquistadores* monks, translated into the Mexican language by that Montezuma who was the only member of his family that escaped from the

massacres of the *conquest*, and who, whether sincerely or otherwise, adopted the Catholic faith. It is a large folio volume, written with exquisite neatness and beauty, on Maguay or Agave *papyrus*, equal to parchment in polish, and superior to the ancient papyrus in suppleness. I regard it as a highly valuable monument of the ancient Mexican language, which may enable the learned, by comparing it with manuscripts in the Oriental languages, to develope that which has hitherto been concealed in darkness,—the origin of the people of those immense territories. What I have the honour of now stating to you, Gentlemen, is by no means a *romance*, as you chose to designate my *Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi;* which, nevertheless, no one has yet ventured to contradict, not even in the United States, where the *Discovery* failed not to excite a malignant feeling of envy, which I consider rather as a favourable indication; and you must see that I shew myself throughout proudly conscious of the truth of what I have announced. But if the circumstance of being *a man of science* is indispensable to any one's *engaging in the career*

of discoveries, yet chance alone may account for my being able to present to the literary republic a valuable acquisition in my manuscript, and new prodigies of man and nature in the minerals, plants, fossils, and other curious and instructive articles which I have collected at different places in the course of my transatlantic rambles; as I have by chance presented to the world the discovery of the sources, and a description of the whole course of the mightiest, the most wonderful, the most important river of the earth.

Since however I have incidentally touched, Gentlemen, on the criticism which you have bestowed on my humble performance, I must entreat you to indulge me with the delay of a moment; in the first place to thank you for your politeness in noticing it, and the honorable distinction which you have conferred upon it; and in the next place to give you my sincere opinion both of my book and of myself.

I am so well aware of my incompetence as an author that, notwithstanding the unequivocal commendations with which all the journals, the inhabitants, and the magistrates of New

Orleans have honoured the publication of my book, I never for an instant ceased to think that I was rather a successful *promeneur* than an able writer; and I abandoned it to its fate, without assistance or a Mecænas, and set off for Mexico. But, if I feel myself free from presumption with respect to what I have written, I acknowledge that I feel a lofty consciousness of what I have done; nor can I help thinking that I shall ever retain an elevating and proud recollection of my enterprise.

The certain knowledge that I have, triumphantly I may say, passed what proved the *ne plus ultra* limits to numerous and powerful expeditions, forcing them to disgraceful retreat; and of having by my own unassisted means overcome difficulties, privations, and dangers, to which others would scarcely be found to expose themselves;—this certainty fully compensates me for the absence of all literary and scientific merit; and whenever it may please destiny to set me in the track of discoveries, I will never turn back in order *to lay in a stock of science.* I will pursue my regular course of describing whatever I meet with new or admirable upon

earth, however unqualified I may be to read the great volume of the heavens. This is what I did even in my notes in Mexico, on the summit of lofty mountains, where I saw flowing from their unknown sources the waters of the Rio Grande, which loses itself at San-Blas in the Pacific Ocean; and those of the Santander which, at its discharges into the Atlantic, witnessed lately the landing and the extinction of the last shoot* of Mexican despotism.

You have upbraided me with no little harshness on my ignorance of astronomy. This however was totally unnecessary, for I admit it myself in my book, and with a frankness and ingenuousness which probably few of my readers would have strength of mind to imitate. This admission indeed is one of the points of my work for which I thought I might expect the applause of well-constituted minds, more particularly at a period when presumption and falsehood are of more frequent occurrence than truth and modesty. Besides, I had no instruments.

* Iturbide.

My performance exhibits in every part of it marks of the precipitation with which it was written; but it presents also an instance of activity and promptitude by no means common. I was convinced that there was no time to be unnecessarily lost on a work relating, like mine, to such a discovery; more especially as the feelings of jealousy, whose hostile murmurs were already heard, would have eagerly laid hold of any unfavourable circumstances occurring, through the author's procrastination, to depreciate or abuse it. The public, moreover, appeared not a little impatient for the result of "the mountain in labour;" and I considered also that it was of importance to unfold without delay the entire course (which was equally unknown) of this great river, at a moment when the tide of colonization flows westward with impetuous rapidity, and when the unfortunate stranger might be able to find a happy existence, from the immense resources which the vast valley fertilized by its waters, and the large tributary streams which run into it, present to internal navigation, and of course to agriculture, arts, and commerce. I accord-

ingly did so,—I will venture to say, with some exactness: and the course of those tributary rivers is likewise usefully pointed out in the work.

I can assure you that I have presented to the public only what I have seen. *Imagination has had nothing to do with my statements.* If I have occasionally had recourse to it, it has been merely for the purpose of finding comparisons which I considered illustrative and useful: and *the real forms and dimensions of objects* do not differ from my descriptions, except just so far as to prevent their appearing insipid and monotonous. The circumstance, indeed, of my having ventured, at a great expense and so far from my resources, to print my work on the very scene, as I may call it, of the action, in the very presence of my inexorable judges, and without soliciting either subscriptions or patrons, is I conceive an important proof of sincerity, disinterestedness, and independence, which are rather exotic among so many *makers* of travels, charts, and indeed of books in general.

You point out to me as a model Mr Hum-

boldt. He is unquestionably a truly great one: yet I am induced to think that, with all the *preparatory stores*, all the treasures of knowledge which he is in possession of, this distinguished *savant* would not have *pushed on* a single step beyond the spot where I left *my friend* Major Long, and where I abandoned myself, entirely alone, in savage and almost impenetrable territories, to ferocious beasts and still more ferocious men. There is a very considerable difference between illustrating tracts of country which have been long discovered, in every district of which are to be found monks with sumptuous fare,—who subdue both territories and inhabitants in a far more masterly style than Napoleon did with his army of *invincibles*,—and discovering regions totally unknown, surrounded by all the horrors of terrific solitude.

Altro è il parlar di morte, altro è il morire.

Moreover, Mr Humboldt travelled under the protection and favour of *mandamientos del rey, del consejo, de los vireyes, capitanes gles, alcaldes,*

cabildos, frailes, curas, &c., borne on the wings of fame, which everywhere distinguishes with honour his name and talents; while I, a poor solitary pilgrim, and an *obscure personage*, had nothing but my scrip, my *Latin*, and my constancy, and yet made my way through doors and roads, in the midst of dangers, obstacles and inhospitality. But to return: this discovery, it has been both said and published in honour of me, is one of the most interesting, if we consider it as pointing out the exact and entire course of the Great River, and the names of the rivers which are discharged into it. The enterprise, if we regard the numberless points and circumstances likely, in the pursuit of it, to daunt the courage and destroy the means of a solitary *promeneur* who adopts this method to employ as inoffensively as possible a period of proscriptions and calamities, is one of the most daring. My book presents some things entirely new, others calculated to rectify various errors and enlarge our knowledge of man and of nature, and almost all of them adapted to the gratification of curiosity.

If the *Revue Encyclopedique* could find no other merits than those which it has deemed worthy of its *accessit*, its parsimony may be justified. But why, Gentlemen, harass me by painful, nay humiliating, suggestions, implications and *reticences*? "*Did Mr Beltrami see clearly?*" &c. What proof do you possess to the contrary, that you exhibit me in such a light to the public? Facts are very different things from points of literature and science. The matter in question between us does not relate to theories, systems, and opinions; and if the opponent of stated facts cannot bring forward facts, or at least probabilities, in support of his opposition, he ought, I conceive, to withdraw it, especially when all the parts of a work are in harmony with a variety of testimonials all concurring in corroboration of it. I may more reasonably ask, whether you have actually had the patience to read my book, in order to judge of it? At the very moment when, in a solitary retreat near New Orleans, on the bank of the Great River, I was arranging my detached notes, (which were many of them written on scraps of

bark,) the Editor of the *Argus* was incessantly publishing threatening anticipative paragraphs against my poor forthcoming book. However, after having read it, he passed on it an eulogium. I cannot help entertaining a desire that the same cause may produce in you the same effects. I desire it merely for the sake of enjoying the entire esteem of the members of that great universal literary tribunal, which I venerate as perhaps the most enlightened and liberal in the world. If the discovery of the sources of the Mississippi had been owing to a Frenchman or an Englishman, the first announcement of it would have been repeated by echoes from every point of the compass; but it appears to be regarded as of no value, because made by a man who belongs to an unfortunate and *denationalized* people.

BELTRAMI.

LETTER I.

Leghorn, November 25, 1821.

MY DEAR COUNTESS,

I HAVE just received your letter of the 10th instant. I expected it; for I can calculate on the constancy of your friendship, and on the generosity of your heart.

You ask me why I quitted the Marches so abruptly, and what is the cause of this *mysterious resolution*. A place, my dear Madam, where I have lost so much, and where I am continually encountered by melancholy recollections; a place in which my oppressors,—after a course of odious persecutions,* such as despotism alone could dictate,—still pursue me into my rural

* I was sent into exile without trial, at a time when a recent fracture of the right thigh rendered it scarcely possible for me to support myself on crutches.

retreat with calumnies, and surround me with snares, converting even my household gods into spies;—a place where the errors of youth are daily punished as atrocious crimes, and all distinctions of virtue and vice obliterated;—such a place offers nothing to a man of honour and feeling but shame and suffering.

I condemn myself without regret to a voluntary exile, to escape from the horror with which this scene of injustice and of calamity has long filled me; and I shall seek, in a planless pilgrimage, and in the lessons of philosophy and experience, relief from the afflictions which oppress my heart, and refreshment for my spirit, degraded and depressed by tyranny.

As for the suddenness of my disappearance, you, my dear Countess, who know that I hate leave-takings, ought not to be astonished at it; and under such circumstances, and in such a country, it might be imprudent to fulfil all the duties of civility. "You are very good to wish for a narrative of my *travels;* but now that everybody travels,—now that we go round the world with less difficulty than the Romans crossed from Calais to Dover,—travelling has sunk to the familiar ease of a morning's ramble. I shall therefore talk to you only of my rambles.

You will be surprised, perhaps, that I should presume to take you up from your own door,

and begin by pointing out to you, even there, objects of interest still new to you. If it is true of all men that they run after what is distant, and neglect what is near, it is true to the greatest possible degree of Italians; who, from being always vandalized, and parcelled out into colonial fractions, often forget that they belong to that classic land which exhibits, at every step, traces of its ancient greatness; they become indifferent to those works which the whole world still comes to admire and to study; and end by abhorring the country which brought them forth to be slaves, and by detesting her beauties and her wonders, which have attracted the avarice, the rapacity, and the tyranny, of the stranger.

But let us return to my wanderings. I am happy to begin them near you; but who knows where they will end? Pray for me, my dear Madam, and for our unfortunate country, where we are not even permitted to sigh over her destiny.

On arriving at Sforza Costa, I told the postillion to take the road to Fiastra, the remains of whose abbey appear to justify the great celebrity bestowed on it in the chronicles of the middle ages. I like the sight of ancient abbeys, because it recalls the time when monks were, what they no longer are,—the guardians of

letters, and the encouragers of arts and of agriculture.

From Fiastra I proceeded to Urbisaglia, which I had never seen, though only seven miles from home. The ruins which are found thickly scattered throughout this neighbourhood present a grand spectacle of remarkable antiquities, and prove that the inhabitants had some ground for the pretension that their city was *Urbs alia*—another Rome. It is still easy to discover that its circumference was of great extent, and its edifices vast and magnificent. I did not find any of that peculiar style of building, emphatically called Cyclopean, which would lead us to date its existence from ages of remote and almost fabulous antiquity; but fine fragments of a reticular form leave no doubt that this city existed in the best times of the Roman republic. I think, my dear Madam, this is all as new to you as it was to me; and as it will be to foreigners, who usually only pass through the Marches to visit the antiquities of *Nazareth*,—that is to say, the *Santa-Casa* of *Loretto;* forgetting that they are traversing the Picenum.

I returned into the high road, and took the direction of Tolentino, whence that lovely and delightful river, the Chiento, accompanies the traveller to Serravalle. If he occasionally loses sight of it, it is only that it may break upon him

again under some new and delightful aspect; sometimes as a rapid and softly murmuring stream; sometimes as a foaming and brawling cascade; sometimes as a tranquil and crystal mirror, reflecting the wild and romantic scenery of the surrounding mountains, which seem to assume another existence in the abyss below; sometimes winding amid the lovely distance which the eye and the mind seize with eagerness, and quit with regret.

At Serravalle I wished for your company at a wild boar-hunt on the heights of the Appenines. It afforded me great amusement for the two days I passed among the good inhabitants, who pay me the kindest attentions whenever I pass that way. But it is too fatiguing for a lady; so that, if you please, we will pass on to a more interesting subject,—the sources of the Chiento.

This river, whose windings and whose beauties arrest your attention at every step through the valley, animates the labours of the inhabitants, and enriches the whole tract of plains which it waters from the gorges of Tolentino to the sea. Its waters are, through the whole of its course, exquisitely limpid and salubrious; its fish are the trouts of the Sybarites; nothing can surpass the refreshing coolness, the soft and lovely graces, which it diffuses over all its shores.

Can you explain to me why such a river is condemned to neglect and oblivion, not only by travellers, but even by geographers, and by the inhabitants of the Picenum, although it is the principal river of that celebrated region, as I can convince you in two words?

The Tronto has its source in the country called by the ancients Preguntinum, and, lower down, divided the Picenum from the Maruccini. The Esio or Esinum rises in Humbria, and, from Yesi to the sea, divided Gallia Senonia from the Picenum. These were, therefore, the two frontier rivers of the Picenum; whereas the Chiento, from its source to its mouth, flows through the heart of that district, dividing it at nearly equal distances from the Maruccini and the Senones.

You must now, my dear Madam, ascend with me to its source, which is not far off. After climbing a steep and rugged ascent for about a mile, you suddenly emerge from the deep gulph of the valley upon that vast table-land called the Col Fiorito. Here you might fancy yourself in the beautiful plains of Lombardy, if, after an ascent of thirty miles, you could forget that you were upon the highest lands of the Appenines, which separate Humbria from the Picenum.

The middle of this table-land is of a concave

form, and receives all the waters which flow from the summits of the surrounding mountains. I am of opinion, and I think every appearance justifies it, that, before the Romans conquered the Picenum, the plain of the Col Fiorito was a lake; and that that enterprising people soon saw the necessity of draining it, to secure a passage by the shortest and easiest way to the regions beyond the Appenines. This they accomplished by constructing an aqueduct through which the enclosed and stagnant waters might flow into the valley of Serravalle. These waters, and this aqueduct, which is unquestionably Roman, form the sources of the Chiento.

It is the more important to illustrate this river and its source, since they awaken conjectures on a very interesting point of the history of the remotest antiquity. It appears unquestionable that the Liburnici, or Liburnians, crossed over from Illyrium into Italy by the Adriatic, before the Pelasgi came from Greece into Etruria by way of the Mediterranean. The place of their landing is still in dispute among antiquarians; but the aspect of the beautiful tract of country along the valley of the Chiento must have been more attractive than a golden fleece to adventurers who left an ungenial climate and rugged mountains in search of a kindlier sky and soil. These circumstances lead me to think that they landed at the mouth of this river; and

the ruins of ancient cities at Urbisaglia and near Civita Nova, whose origin may perhaps be attributed to them, tend to strengthen this conjecture. Perhaps, indeed, it was from their ships that the little coasting vessels of the Romans took the name Liburnicæ. You will recollect that Pliny perished in his Liburnica under the hot ashes of Vesuvius, near Stabia.

But we must go on, my dear Countess. The smiling Col Fiorito (so called from the flowers with which it is enamelled as soon as the snow disappears from its surface) the Chiento, its sources, our Picenum, the Romans, the Liburnians, and their Liburnicæ, have delayed us rather too long.

. . . . . "Delectant cecinisse paterna."

I shall not have to reproach myself with pedantry if a word or two of Latin now and then slips from my pen in writing to *you;* I may sometimes be enabled, by this means, to indulge my laziness by expressing in two words of a dead language what would employ perhaps ten of a living one.

I shall not give you the detail of an accident by which my neck was nearly broken; but I must just tell you to profit by my experience, and not to forget to make the postilion put the drag on the wheel whenever you go down the first descent to Casa Nuova.

We have seen the streams which flow from

the eastern sides of the Appenines into the Adriatic. We must now survey those which arise on the western side, and, joining the Tiber, empty themselves into the Mediterranean. The first we meet with on our descent are those which arise in the little lake on the western extremity of the Col Fiorito; these are the eastern sources of the Topino, called by the Romans Tinnia; its northern sources are in the direction of Nocera; the waters of the baths form, indeed, a part of them. It is these eastern sources which set in motion the many-coloured paper-mills of the valley leading to Foligno, whose varied, striking, and grotesque features keep the traveller in a state of continual extacy and wonder. They deserve all the illustration that poetry or painting can bestow, yet nobody mentions them.

Every time I go through Foligno, I am astonished that no geographer, no traveller, that I know of, speaks of it as one of the most interesting points of ancient Italy.

Here is the great Trivium, which led into Etruria by the Via Quintia, into the Emilia by the Flaminia, forming one continued line of road from Rome to the bridge of Augustus at Rimini, and by the Via Picena into Picenum and Gallia Senonia. Foligno is also remarkable for being near the confluence of the Topino and the famous Clitumnus, whose wondrous waters

purified and whitened the victims offered in hecatombs to the deities and to the manes of the Romans.

> " Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
> Victima sæpe, tuo perfusi flumine sacro."

We come next to Spello, or Hyspellium, a town which is now nothing, but which no Italian heart can contemplate without feeling anguish at the image it presents of hapless Italy, destined to be always vandalized and desolated, both by the stranger and by her own children—by friend and foe. Alas! it is too true—

> " Quod non Barbari, fecerunt Barberini."

The English, who pass through this place in great numbers, and whose truly national spirit (perhaps a little too much so) revolts at the bare idea of everything anti-national and barbarian, do not perhaps suspect that all these ruins of ancient and modern edifices are chiefly the work of two Italians and popes.

Thus did Clement VII and Pius III revenge themselves on this unfortunate town, which they called rebellious because it desired some diminution of the evils under which it groaned. Thus did the monuments of ancient Rome (though without the pretext of rebellion) fall under the pontifical scythe, to furnish materials for building the palaces of the Sardanapali of Nepotism;

or to be converted into churches, where the devotion of the faithful is subjected to a constant distraction from the ever-present recollections of the idol-worship to which the place was consecrated.

I had several times gone by this road, and had never ascended to Assisi. This is a disgrace to an Italian, and I now determined to wipe it out. The occasion was most auspicious; it was the very day on which they were celebrating the birth of the seraphic saint, the fourth of October. To see the cradle of the son of Bernardoni, and of the daughter of Mateucci, who have made so much noise in the world, both during their lives and since their deaths, was not a matter of indifference to a curious observer like me; and I had reason to be fully satisfied with my resolution.

Immediately on my arrival I was introduced to a great number of the relations of Santa Clara and Saint Francis. Everybody indeed has pretensions on this score; and whether among relations or friends of relations, among monks or friends of monks, the whole talk is of Saint Francis and Santa Clara; just as it is of Saint Gennaro at Naples, of Saint Antonio at Padua, and of Saint Gaudenzio at Novara. They forget the Creator for the creature, and mingle idolatry with Christianity.

The church of Saint Francis, *unum in trinum*

et trinum in unum—that is to say, three churches one above another—which form altogether what is called the church of Saint Francis d'Assisi, is really worthy to be visited. The architecture is by Lapo; the paintings are by our most ancient artists; Giotto and Cimabue have there surpassed even their high reputation. The convent is magnificent, but the deep substructures upon which all its weight rests, upon a plane of great inclination, are still more so, and of a truly Roman character. It is a work worthy of the great pontiff who built it—that pontiff, with whose history the number five is combined in so singular a manner—who built five bridges, five houses of charity, and five fountains; who raised five obelisks, cut five streets in Rome, and five roads in the country; reigned five years, left five millions in the papal treasury, and was called Sextus the Fifth. He belonged, as you know, to the order of Saint Francis, and had been prior of this convent.

You have doubtless heard of the disputes which have lately occupied the court of Rome, concerning a skeleton which these monks have recently discovered, and which they want to pass off as the body of Saint Francis. They solicited a decision by which the sacred college might confirm the pretensions of this holy discovery, according to their wishes and views; but it was thought imprudent to canonize shape-

less bones, the rather as it had been whispered that some one had been indiscreet enough to discover that it was a female skeleton, and that if canonized at all, it must be a Saint Frances.

Be that as it may, we will examine with the eyes of common sense, history, and philosophy, whose these remains probably were; for the antiquarians of your circle would cry out at my negligence, if I did not try to tear off at least a fragment of the veil which covers their origin. I was told that a medal with the head of Minerva was found in the coffin containing the skeleton: it is therefore Roman. Your antiquaries will be contented—but the monks will not.

If this medal, which has disappeared, was really found, it may be conjectured that the Helen for whom the monks, the antiquarians, and the women contend, was either a Proprætor of the Assisium of the Romans (whose emblem was Minerva) or perhaps some priestess of that goddess. But as the court of Rome, by abstaining from pronouncing in favour of the monks, has left the consciences of the faithful at liberty to adore these relics or not, the reverend fathers have placed them under an altar of the middle church, and will not fail to find customers among these good people, who listen to them open-mouthed. They have even begun already to make them work a few miracles under the rose.

The monks at the Lower Assisi, that is to say, of Santa Maria degli Angeli, have set themselves up on this matter against the monks of the Upper Assisi, and even go the length of saying publicly, that it is an impudent imposture. What philosophical monks! It is, however, surmised by some, that they have constituted themselves *opposition*, only because the skeleton was not found in their convent, and that there is a little *jalousie de métier* between the upper and the lower monks; not to mention the hatred which the *friars minors* have always borne to the *conventual* friars, from the time the latter thought fit to discard the *strict observance*, the cowl, and the frock, to go well-shod, and well-dressed, and to live in comfort and plenty.

If you are ever tempted, my dear Madam, by my description, to go to see Saint Francis d'Assisi, do not forget to visit also the little convent of Saint Damiano, at two short miles from the town. Here Saint Francis dictated the monastic rule to Santa Clara, and they shew you her breviary, and the crucifix which often kept up long conversations with her. In like manner, at Santa Maria degli Angeli, they shew you the places where the seraphic saint preached to the swallows; where he made himself a wife of snow; where he rolled himself in the bushes to escape from the temptations which

even his wife of snow had not succeeded in delivering him from; where he received the *stigmata*, and the privilege of forgiving all sorts of sins, venial, mortal, and *mortalississimi*. Saint Francis and Santa Clara might be truly represented as remarkable and even venerable personages, for they both did holy and extraordinary acts; but the monks give them an air of buffoonery and of traffic.

I shall not take up your time with an account of the fête of the anniversary; for you know, as well as I, that all our religious festivals begin with theatrical music, and finish with a luxurious dinner.

Hitherto I have spoken only of the sacred Assisi; I must now say something of the profane.

The view from the fortress situated on Monte Asimo, which overlooks the town, the plains, the hills, and the valleys, which surround it, is perhaps one of the most astonishing in the world.

The view towards the south-east, as far as the point where the beautiful valley of Foligno conceals Spoleto in its tortuous windings; and towards the north-west, to where the Clitumnus and the Topino, united to the Isi, discharge themselves into the Tiber, is so diversified, that the most skilful painter would find it difficult to give any idea of its beauties. The

Appenines, which rise like an insuperable barrier on the east and north, produce an effect on the eye and on the imagination so extraordinary, that it is easier to feel than to explain it; and the mountain of Viterbo on the west, which appears like a great isolated pyramid, forms a new and striking feature in the landscape.

The remains of an ancient temple in the great square still preserve plinths, columns, capitals; an architrave, a frieze, a pediment, and a peristyle; of the best times of the fine arts in Rome; —of the richest and the most graceful style of architecture.

It is said to have been consecrated to Minerva. Antiquarians are like physicians; when they cannot explain a thing, they plunge into an ocean of conjectures, without lead or compass, and decide the question at their pleasure. Proceeding on this plan, they have christened the temple at Assisi a temple of Minerva. They have consulted as oracles the holes of the nails which supported the brazen letters forming the votive inscription upon the frieze of the pediment.

This system has been frequently found to be delusive, in Latium, at Pæstum, in Greece, in Languedoc, and elsewhere; but it is adhered to because it enables the most ignorant man to assume airs of learning. As I am neither an antiquarian nor a *savant*, and have no other

guide than history, I shall make but one observation, and that a short one;—that the ancients rarely used the Corinthian order in a building consecrated to so austere a goddess as Minerva; and that this temple, built in the style and taste of the times of the emperors, whose devotion to celestial divinities was not very ardent, might possibly be consecrated to the apotheosis of some terrestrial goddess. The luxuriance of the ornaments favours this conjecture. Such is the style of the buildings elsewhere found consecrated to Livia, Faustina, Plotina, and even to Laïs. At all events, the Philippines now adore within its walls their holy founder and the Virgin.

But let us proceed. At the bridge of the Tiber I was strongly tempted to leave my carriage and my Sancho Pança, and to ascend that celebrated river to its source, which, to the astonishment of strangers, and the shame of Italians, remains yet unknown. But in a country where a gentleman is always exposed to molestation from petty tyrants and their satellites, from the moment he deviates from the line *surveillée* by gendarmes; where the purest intentions are easily misrepresented; where any desire for information subjects him to the charge of *philosophisme;* it is impossible to attempt any of those undertakings which require, at least, tranquillity and security, and

perhaps the aid of the local authorities. Geography must therefore be left, like everything else, in doubt and darkness.

I shall not detain you at Perugia, which you know, and everybody knows, both from what it contains really grand and astonishing, and from the wonders and fables antiquarians relate of it. I must however tell you, that I never can visit it without going to see the Arch of Augustus, and the chefs d'œuvres of the master of the great Rafaelle (though the finest of them, which was taken away by the French, is not yet restored;) or without offering my tribute of veneration to the antiquity of its origin, which is placed in the times of Noah. An antiquarian informs us, that the patriarch landed from the arc on the right bank of the Tiber, just at the spot where the bridge now stands, and that he built the town on an ascent now called *la Valle di Giano,* which, he says, was the name the ancients gave to Noäh.

At Passignano I ate, for the first time, some good fish. I paid my usual visit to my friend the antiquarian, from whom I always get some amusement, if not instruction. He showed me some antiques, many of which are not antiques, *mais qui doivent l'être,* as he says, because they are found on the field of the famous battle between the Romans and Carthaginians. My

poor antiquarian is shaking with ague thirteen months of the year, but he would not quit this spot for all the gold or all the health in the world. He consoles himself for its modern insalubrity by the thought of its ancient grandeur " at the time when Annius Faunigena reigned there, who gave the nymph Agilla in marriage to Trasimeno, who gave his name to the celebrated lake," &c. &c. When one wants to get away from painful thoughts, one suffers oneself to be amused, or even talked to sleep, by fables.

Here I am at Ossaya; let me stop to breathe. Yes, my dear Countess, I breathe freely, as soon as I set my foot on this happy land. But what can be the motive so strong as to drive us with feelings of indignation and impatience from the country of our birth? It is the desire to escape the intolerance, the abuses, and the tyranny, of a despotic government. What is the cause of that delightful presentiment of sympathy and confidence with which we enter a foreign country? It is the tolerance, the justice, the beneficence of a paternal government. Such were the feelings with which I quitted the States of the Church; such were those with which I entered Tuscany. What a contrast between the government of priests, and that of Leopold, or of Ferdinand, his successor and imitator; between the well-digested laws of a sovereign who loves his people,

and the capricious will of a troop of satraps, who are ignorant of the domestic affections, and regard the people only as slaves! What a contrast between the lot of the Tuscans and our own!

Although this government is not yet subjected to the salutary check of the three powers, Ferdinand's dispositions are in such perfect accordance with the rights and the wishes of his people, that here all is harmony, tranquillity, and confidence.

The example of the people of Tuscany gives the lie to those who delight in calumniating the Italians, and representing them as intractable in their character, and inordinate in their demands; who affirm that we must be crushed, to prevent our attaining a dangerous pre-eminence; thus disguising under a mask their meditated plan of universal tyranny. Ferdinand is of a different opinion, though every means has been resorted to, to make him believe what the calumniators believe not themselves. His court is composed entirely of Italians. He walks about in the town and in the country among his subjects, often quite alone, like a father in the midst of affectionate children. He believes in the testimony borne by history to the firmness and generosity of Italian hearts, and repels the calumny of their tyrants of Vienna and of Rome, "that they would bite the hand that should as-

sist in raising them." This calumny is the more gross, since they have given such striking and recent proof of their fidelity and gratitude to Napoleon, though he was neither the object of their choice, nor, entirely, of their approbation or affection;—a fidelity and gratitude maintained in the most heroic manner by all classes—soldiers, citizens, and magistrates; even when the magistrates, citizens, and soldiers of other countries, who were much more deeply indebted to him, had already deserted or betrayed him; and when we were excited to revolt by offers of *independence*, and by promises of *constitutions*. It was only when he himself dropped the curtain of the great drama at Fontainbleau, that the Italians thought themselves freed from their oaths.

Such pretexts only render more glaring the designs of the Jésuits, and others, against the liberties of Italy and of Europe, which they are intended to conceal. But I forget, my dear Madam, that it is a letter I am writing, and that you do not like declamation, particularly when it can do no good. Let us then resume our ramble; and, indeed, temptations to do so are not few in charming and lovely Tuscany. We may traverse it, length and breadth, without obstacles, without danger, without the hideous presence of the police, which is the nuisance and the torment of other countries.

If ever you revisit Tuscany, do not neglect to ascend to Cortona: you will find a great deal truly worthy of your attention, which will fully compensate you for the labour of the ascent, which is only two miles in length, but tremendous, and indeed dangerous, if you do not harness oxen to your carriage, and take the precaution to let down the prop behind.

Whether this city be really the ancient Coritum (which was indisputably upon the Tyrrhene sea) or not, signifies little. At all events, the fragments of Cyclopean walls, which are still standing, are surprising vestiges of the remotest antiquity; and will probably bear witness, as long as the world lasts, that Cortona was one of the earliest cities of Italy. The Cortona of modern times is perhaps yet more remarkable. The cathedral is a museum of superb paintings and sculptures, ancient and modern. The Nativity, by Pietro di Cortona, is one of the highest efforts of Italian art. Go to see the collection of antiques at the Etruscan academy, an institution celebrated in the annals of archæology; those of the Casa Venuti, and of signor Coltellini; the galleries of the Tomasi, the Passerini, and the collection of engravings of the excellent cavaliere Mancini.

You will find the courtesy, the hospitality, and the kindness, of these gentlemen equal to

the nobility of mind and of birth for which they are distinguished. If you mention my name, they will perhaps honour me by recollecting it with kindness; while I, on my part, shall ever remember with the liveliest gratitude the thousand civilities which they have bestowed on me every time I have passed through their city or visited their delightful villas.

At Castiglione I struck into a cross road, with a view of meeting the great road which the grand duke has lately cut from Arezzo to Sienna. I was led to take this resolution by my desire of visiting my dear little friend Averardo, at the college Tolomei. I therefore made my arrangements and set out.

The plain lying between Castiglione and the opposite hills of Lucignano, about fourteen miles in breadth from the north-east to the south-west, is called the Chiana, which extends for about thirty miles from the south-east to the north-west, from Chiusi to Arezzo.

It appears that this vast tract of country was formerly a lagune formed by the confluence of the waters from the surrounding mountains, and that in the time of the Romans this vast body of water had no other outlet than by the Tiber. It was to the sudden descent of these waters that they attributed those inundations with which they were occasionally visited by the

rising of the Tiber. In the reign of Tiberius a project was talked of for cutting an outlet for the waters of the Clæius or Chiana towards Etruria; that is to say, into the Arno. This project, in after ages, occupied the attention of the court of Rome, but encountered great opposition; first from the republic of Florence, and afterwards from its dukes. At length it was agreed between the two governments to carry off the waters of this great reservoir on both sides; and means were taken so to regulate them as to avoid the inundations which would be the consequence of a more abundant discharge on one side than on the other. They now flow into the Tiber by way of Chiusi, and into the Arno below Arezzo; and two regulator-bridges measure the passage of the volume of water, which has been calculated to fall in equal weight on each side, so as to avoid the overflow of the Tiber and of the Arno respectively. You have seen the regulator-bridge built by the celebrated Fontana to prevent the waters of the vallies of Rieti and of Piediluco from pouring themselves too abundantly, by the Vellino and the great cascade of Terni, into the Nera. From what you have seen there, you can form some idea of the bridges of Chiana, as also of the profound knowledge of hydraulics which characterizes these different works, by means of which the level necessary to fix the

equal distribution of the waters has been calculated. They are indeed works of the greatest talent, and particularly honourable to the engineers Viviani and Cassini, Ferroni and Fantoni, and may afford much instruction to the students of that art.

The Medici were the first who converted the redeemed lands into magnificent farms. Leopold imitated their example with ardour; and Ferdinand has continued to improve them to an astonishing degree, and has converted a part of them into the richest patrimony of the order of Saint Stephen. But as good government encourages improvement, indirectly as well as directly, by the security and protection it affords to the people, and by the consequent stimulus it gives to industry, the inhabitants of Cortona, Castiglione, Arezzo, Sienna, Chiusi, &c. have undertaken considerable works on their own account, and have drained a large extent of land. These marshy regions, which were the abodes of nothing but frogs and toads, are become, under the auspices of good princes, one continued garden; an exhaustless source of public and private wealth, and a healthy and cheerful district. Agriculture, like everything else, has felt the fostering influence of the mild and paternal government of Leopold.

What have our popes done in the Pontine

marshes? Nothing, except consume the revenues of the state—extort money from the people—commit a fraudulent bankruptcy with paper money; and all to create a few farms for their *nephews;* men so incapable of preserving their ill-acquired property, that they have suffered them to sink into their former state.

Just as I had crossed the Chiana in a wretched boat and by a very difficult passage, I saw a carriage approaching, as humble as my own. The postillion told me it was the grand duke, who was inspecting his farms, accompanied only by his farming steward. I stopped, alighted, and expressed my respect for him. He condescended to receive my homage with the greatest kindness. I was deeply touched by the sight of this excellent prince; he saw it, and showed me that he felt it. He saluted me with grace and dignity, and wished me a prosperous journey.

I could not help wishing that some of those who have so malignantly misrepresented my sentiments with regard to legitimacy were present at this rencontre. They would have read in my countenance and gestures my sincere veneration for true legitimacy—that legitimacy which is derived not merely from the hereditary rights, but from the fulfilment of those duties which a prince owes to his subjects.

The plan of the new road which the grand

duke has cut through the rock, over mountains and in very difficult places, is well laid, but very badly executed. Before long the cost of repairing it will very nearly equal the whole expense of the cutting the gravel, the underground work, and the bridges. The good duke has been cheated by men who, both from gratitude and from delicacy, ought to have felt the greatest anxiety to fulfil their engagements. Louis XIV was right in saying that, when he conferred a favour, he made a hundred men discontented and one ungrateful.

As I approached Sienna, which by that road is only forty miles from Castiglione, I met a great throng of men, women, and children, who were hastily escaping from the earthquake, several shocks of which had already been felt there. I was told that the governor, count Bianchi, was at his country house, five or six miles from the high road. I determined to go and pay him a visit. It was dusk; the postillion lost his way, in a country intersected by hills, ravines, and torrents. We found ourselves in a place impassable for horses, and the approach of night added to our difficulties. With the help of two pair of oxen, and by supporting the carriage with our shoulders over the precipices which would have overturned it, we just managed to reach the end of this short but

rugged pilgrimage. The count and countess exclaimed aloud when they saw me approach their house by so unusual a way, and could hardly imagine how I could have got along. Their astonishment reminded me of that of our friend monsignor Ugolini, when he saw me arrive at Frusinone with the vehicle in which I had crossed those terrible mountains from the Lago Fucino and the island of Sora; he asked me if my carriage was aëronautic. After the usual compliments, I related my little adventure with all the comedy I could put into it, for the diversion of their delightful children, who laughed heartily at seeing my Sancho Pança with his face embroidered by the thorns and brambles, and my own toilet in a most deplorable condition. I staid two days, enjoying the society of this charming family, and the beauties of their villa, and proceeded to Sienna, which I found still agitated by the shocks of the earthquake; and from thence to the country house of the college at Santa Colomba, where the pupils were gone to spend the hunting season. You can better imagine than I can describe the delight with which I saw Averardo, and the emotion with which I quitted him, after staying eight days with him and his young companions, and their reverend preceptors, who loaded me with attentions.

I returned to Sienna, where I wished to drink once more of the waters of *Fonte Branda*. I could not resist staying a few days, in spite of the earthquake, which seemed determined to hurry me, by repeated shocks, from the country,

" Ove il bel tratto e il bel parlar si gode,"

and where the fair sex is fairer than in any other spot in the world. Yes, my dear Countess, I regard women everywhere as creatures approaching the divine nature; and the friendship, veneration, and gratitude, I feel for that beneficent and generous sex, which has more than once defended me with noble courage against the malice of my own, will accompany me to the other side of the Styx; yet I must confess, that the attic graces, the gentle eloquence, and the simple-hearted kindness, of the women of Sienna give them a superiority, in my eyes, over the women of any other country I am acquainted with. I speak in generals; for if I were called upon to particularise, you know, my dear Madam, to whom I should award the apple.

I arrived on the 2nd at the modern Athens, where the fine arts, literature, science, and civilization, arose in renovated life and splendour; whence they spread over the rest of Europe, which the barbarians had ravaged and brutified; whence they travelled into all other parts of the

world, even into America, which was first opened to the reception of European arts by Americus Vesputius. Florence might justly be called a vast pantheon of illustrious and celebrated men of every kind. Every time I approach this proud and beautiful queen of the Arno, I feel my heart swell with Italian pride. But this time, my dear friend, I approached it on the anniversary of that fatal day, which will ever be a day of mourning to me; and not all the glories of my country could remove from my spirits the weight which oppressed them. And the memorials of that celebrated family which, to the shame of Italian indolence, an Englishman, the enlightened Roscoe, has illustrated with so much grace and erudition; those memorials, which I formerly regarded with pride and pleasure, now only added to my grief, by recalling the loss we have sustained:—I say we—for you, I, her friends, and all who could appreciate the purest and most heroic virtue, are common sufferers. I found the countess of Albany still inconsolable. She called her "her beloved daughter." I only stopped at Florence long enough to have the consolation of seeing Virginia and Eleonora, who are at the house of education of Santa Agata, and of tracing in them the liveliest resemblance to the most perfect model of wife, mother, friend, and of every Christian virtue.

Pistoja is full of great recollections. To me, it is less interesting as the scene of the defeat and death of Catiline, or as the cradle of the dreadful factions of the Bianchi and Neri, than as the spot where two illustrious bishops, Ippolito and Ricci, proposed—and where Leopold embraced—reforms equally beneficial to religion and to the state; reforms which the wise Ferdinand has in some respects pursued, and which are one source of the happiness of his subjects. Priests are here more like what they ought to be than in any other country. The number of monks has been greatly diminished; a part of the revenues has been taken away from the convents in which, here as elsewhere, the votaries of abstinence, celibacy, and poverty, wallowed in luxury and licentiousness, and has been given to the parochial clergy, who are the true and efficient pastors of a Christian people. A purer and simpler form of worship has been substituted for ceremonies bordering on idolatry, and favourable to the grossest superstition. The ritual has acquired a sacred dignity by being purified from worldly pomp. The pontifical authority has not been directly attacked, but its abuses have been as much as possible corrected; and it has been up to this time successfully resisted in a point on which all the rest of Italy, France, Spain, and great part of Germany, have yielded to it. There

are no Jesuits, or at least they are not authorized. But how can Tuscany hope to escape them? So long as that terrible sect has any existence, it will find means to insinuate itself, *per fas aut nefas*, into every part of the globe. The Jesuits are like the locusts of Africa, which emigrate to ravage other parts of the world. I know one in Tuscany, who is the more dangerous from not being a Tuscan, and unhappily he is about the court. The inquisition has not yet been able to strike root again. In short, though Tuscany is the birth-place of the prince of political imposture, the beloved instructor of all potentates in whatever is most hostile to morality, humanity, and religion, yet there, much less than elsewhere—

> "A diventar col Macchiavel si vede,
> Ad onta de' Mattei, Giovanni e Marchi,
> Ragion di Stato i dogmi della fede."

The baths of Montecatino were already deserted. In the season they abound in agreeable society, and sometimes in curious anecdotes.

I have great pleasure in recalling Pescia to your remembrance. Surrounded by beautiful hills, fertile plains, and mountains broken into every variety of wild and picturesque forms, it presents to the eye and to the imagination of the painter an inexhaustible succession of new and

touching pictures. The inhabitants are remarkable for their industry, wealth, and refinement. It is, moreover, the country of one of the greatest living ornaments of Italian literature—Sismondo Sismondi.

Lucca you are well acquainted with, as well as with its agreeable inhabitants, their magnificent villas, and their Volto Santo. But there is a wide difference between the government of this branch of the Bourbons of France and Spain, and that of the Tuscan branch of the house of Austria. Let us, therefore, hasten once more into Tuscany, and pause a moment at Pisa.

I doubt if this city ever was—certainly it is very far from being now—the

"Vitupero delle genti."

This epithet was the offspring of Florentine jealousy, and is repeated only because whatever is the production of a great poet becomes the fashion. But history, which bears witness to the ancient glory of Pisa and its sons, to the long series of their exploits by sea and by land, ought to wipe it from the memory of man as a flagrant injustice. Florence would never have possessed that precious bequest of the wisdom of Justinian, the Pandects, nor her numerous rare manuscripts, nor the two superb porphyry columns of St John, nor many other of her rare

foreign treasures, had not the Pisans acquired them by their valour in distant regions; which, at that period, no other nation of Europe (with the exception of the Venetians and the Genoese) ventured to explore. Even the earth which covers their Campo Santo is a striking proof of the wealth and power to which this little corner of Italy had then attained, since, even in the infancy of the arts of navigation, its fleets were considerable enough to transport from Jerusalem a quantity of that earth sufficient to fill this vast enclosure. You know they ascribed to it the power of working miracles, by instantly consuming the bodies interred in it. It was, perhaps, impregnated with lime. At all events it has now lost its virtue. The university and other institutions of Pisa, as celebrated as they are useful, recall other illustrious passages of her history. The intrigues of the council which deposed Gregory XII and Benedict XIII, in order to place on the pontifical throne Alexander V, (who was in no respect better than they), furnish us with an instructive lesson of another sort: they shew that ambition and corruption have almost invariably been substituted for the humility and the purity of which our divine Saviour left an example on earth, and which he recommended to his disciples and vicars as the rules of their conduct.

Modern Pisa is equally worthy of notice. Rich in precious remains of all ages, and in every department of science and literature, she offers a wide field to curiosity, and abundant means of information. Amenity, politeness, and taste, characterize the inhabitants of the town; and the heartiness with which they offer hospitality renders it more grateful. The Casa Mastiani may be called the convent of St Bernard of Pisa. A respectable stranger finds ready admittance there, without those childish formalities, those mortifying hesitations, which elsewhere destroy the grace and the obligation of the favour, and wound the pride of a man who feels his own dignity. A place at their table is offered, without etiquette and without ostentation, to all who have the happiness of being acquainted with this excellent family.

I once more revisited, and with ever encreasing admiration, the cathedral, the font, the leaning tower, and the famous Campo Santo, where the infant productions of the Italian pencil promised the glories of its maturity.

At length, my dear Countess, I am arrived at the place from which I write, and at the end of my first ramble,—not at the end of my first letter. But be not alarmed, I am not far from it.

The road from Pisa to Leghorn, though mo-

notonous, suggests many important reflections on the rise and fall of empires, and the capricious vicissitudes of human life.

At the time the sea was swallowing up Humana in the Penthapolis, on the Adriatic; Ostia Laurentum in Latium, on the Mediterranean; at the mouth of the Arno (which was anciently only a mile from Pisa) it was preparing the ground upon which the delightful city of Leghorn was one day to be built. This ground now extends over a tract of thirteen miles which, no longer ago than the time of Lucan, was all covered by the sea. To convince you of this fact I must inflict a little more Latin upon you, my dear Madam,

"Hinc Tyrrhena vado, frangentis æquora Pisæ."

It appears from this line that the waves then actually beat against the walls of that city. Meditations on matters of fact like these might perhaps be not less useful to the youth of Italy than the *speculative meditations* of the Jesuits.

Leghorn is much improved since I saw it; but for people who are not connected with trade it will soon become dull, especially as nothing is acted at the theatre but bad comedies.

In the theatres of Italy, if there is no singing, one falls asleep. Alfieri undoubtedly wrote tragedies well calculated to awaken us, but we

must content ourselves with reading them; for our actors, who will never be worthy of the name till they are educated for their profession, as in France and England, have the art of imbuing everything they act with a narcotic quality: and as they are in general grossly ignorant of their art; and as the difficulty is in the direct ratio of the excellence of the thing to be represented, the better a play is, the more utterly they spoil it.

A packet which has been established between this port and Marseilles, suggested to me the wish to try it; but I thought of Bartolomeo Colleoni, who, when the senate of Venice gave him his choice of a command by sea or by land, replied, "That he liked horses which carry their bridles on their heads, better than those which carry them on their tails." Besides, my mercurial temper can ill brook confinement in these wooden prisons; and the sight of sea and sky alone cannot satisfy the greedy eyes of a wanderer so curious as I am. I have not the least ambition to give a new theory of the phosphoric light of the sea, nor to break my neck with looking at the mountains in Saturn and the moon.

You ask me, my dear Madam, where my rambles are to end: my object in undertaking them I have already explained to you at the

beginning of this letter; but as for their termination,—that can be decided only by the event. You will know it as soon as I know it myself. You wish too, perhaps, to know the road I mean to take when I leave Leghorn. I can tell you nothing about it. A man who has no other project than *to go*, never knows whither he is going. But I shall let you know from time to time what places I arrive at; for the past may be told, if one chooses, though the future cannot. And to you I shall always tell it with pleasure, were it only for the sake of recalling to you my friendship, and begging for a continuation of yours.

P. S. Till you hear farther, have the goodness to send your letters hither to the following address.

LETTER II.

December 27th, 1821.

THE history of free institutions, and of their beneficial effects, affords the best lesson to nations, and to kings; to the sincere and zealous heads of religion, and to their flocks. Permit me therefore, my dear Countess, to detain you a moment longer at Leghorn, which, considered under this point of view, suggests some very useful reflections.

Leghorn, not more than two hundred and fifty years ago, was a wretched village, built upon—or rather planted in—a tract of land, which had just emerged from the Mediterranean, and which, surrounded as it was by marshes, might be considered almost as an island floating between sea and land. During the time of the wars between the Italian republics, after it had fallen alternately under the dominion of the Pisans and the Florentines, the Medici got possession of

Leghorn, together with all the rest of Tuscany, and constituted it a free port;—the first free port known in the Mediterranean. It was subsequently raised to a high pitch of prosperity by the wise and tolerant government of Leopold.

After erecting Leghorn into a sort of republic, over which he retained little more than a paternal control, he made a law that all foreigners, of whatever nation or religion, who came to settle there, should be considered as citizens of Tuscany, and have an equal claim to the privileges and honours of the city.

He did not enact laws for the purpose of imposing on the simplicity and credulity of the multitude, as is so often done elsewhere, but in order to secure to his subjects, and to all who trusted to his sincerity, security and prompt justice. On one occasion a Jew was appointed by a plurality of voices to the office of municipal judge. The priests, who are the eternal enemies of everything liberal, refused him the place in the religious ceremonies to which he was entitled in virtue of the dignity he enjoyed, and addressed a remonstrance to the sovereign. The grand duke, however, decided that the presence of a virtuous Jew did not profane the temple of that God who is equally the God of the people of Israel; that the privilege contested could never become liable to abuse and scandal, since

a man called by his fellow-citizens to the high and sacred office of judge was the nearest representative of the divine power on earth; that the magistrate for the time being enjoyed this privilege as a matter of right, and was at perfect liberty to exercise it or not, at his pleasure. The Jew, whose moderation and prudence were equal to the imprudence and bigotry of his opponents, and who had no other ambition than that of being an honest man, wrote to the priests, that he very willingly resigned his ceremonial seat, being perfectly satisfied with that to which the public confidence had raised him. He continued to exercise his important functions with probity and impartiality, in spite of the intolerance of those who had shewn how little they were under the influence of the spirit of Christianity. The house of God ought to be open to all who bear his image, and none but Catholics close it against Jews.

I took the way back to Pisa, and, as you will readily believe, I revisited the Campo Santo (where the Vergognosa always detains me to contemplate her with fresh sentiments of admiration),—the tower which appears to threaten destruction to the passenger,—the cathedral—perhaps the first model of that style which formed the connecting link between the Roman and the Gothic architecture; a style so original,

so grotesque, and yet so imposing! I can never pass the tower of Ugolino without being touched by his fate, and by the deplorable recollection that it was a minister of the most benevolent of religions, and an archbishop, who threw into the shade all the other crimes imputed to him by the horrible atrocity of the punishment he inflicted on this celebrated partisan, and on his innocent children.

But we must leave Tuscany, which I can never do without regret.—The abode of a good prince, whom I revere as truly "God's vicegerent upon earth;" of a virtuous people, whose kind, gentle, and polished manners, seem to retain some traces of antique urbanity, attract ones steps, and ones sympathy. I left behind me objects associated with many and affecting recollections. I had breathed freely as I entered Tuscany, and I sighed at quitting it. But my destiny led me onwards. I left it with benedictions on the country, its inhabitants, and its benevolent rulers. If my life is prolonged beyond the middle of the term allotted to man, I shall, I hope, revisit this happy land, and perhaps pass the last days of my mortal pilgrimage there.

The country between Pisa and Carrara is quite as fertile and beautiful as Tuscany. The agriculture is equally perfect and flourishing. You can hardly persuade yourself you have

passed into another territory, until the aspect of lofty and rugged mountains, of deep and gloomy gorges, remind you that you are approaching the spot whose precious marble has repeopled the world, not only with the heroes and illustrious men of all ages, but with a much larger proportion of obscure or mischievous persons. Carrara deserves that every traveller should visit it, and that volumes should be written to commemorate and illustrate its wonderful features. Nevertheless it is little visited, and little talked of. As I am only a rambler and not a *savant*, and as I write nothing of higher pretension than letters, I shall leave to geologists the task of describing it scientifically, and shall only tell you what most struck me.

The narrow defile through which you enter the region of these living rocks, which are transported to all parts of the world, is most romantic and striking. A valley, or, more correctly speaking, an immense amphitheatre, formed by mountains of the most awful and threatening character, which close it in on every side, and have no other outlet than the winding path by which you enter, seems to be separated by inaccessible barriers from all the rest of the world. You can see nothing but sky and rocks; and a little rivulet whose murmurs are in harmony with the pensive and tranquil melancholy inspired

by the scene, and whose crystal waters add a double brilliancy to the glittering fragments of syenite, mica, and epidote, scattered along its snow-white bed. You hear nothing but the confused sound of the various echoes which meet and rebound from rock to rock, produced either by the blasting of the quarries, the loud strokes of the hammers, or the hoarse and distant voices of the miners; or by the terrific noise of large masses of marble which are riven off, and hurled down the precipices into the abyss beneath.

These blocks are transported upon a sort of sledge, with four small wheels, which, as well as their axles, are of the most massive construction. Twenty or thirty pair of oxen are frequently necessary to draw them to the seashore, which is three miles from the town.

I scrambled like a goat over these mountains, in search of traces of the quarries which were worked in the time of Pliny, and I had the satisfaction of thinking that I succeeded. It is evident that a vast quantity of marble has been extracted, and the blackish veins which appear on the surface lead to the conjecture that these quarries were abandoned on account of the admixture of heterogeneous matter.

I was here reminded of the mighty disputes which have occupied, and still occupy, a num-

ber of archolæogists as to the quality and origin of the marble of the Apollo di Belvedere, the Laocoon, and other statues of high antiquity. As I have never been at Paros, I cannot venture upon any comparisons, but it is certain that there is a very strong resemblance between the marble of these two statues (which I have examined a thousand times) and that of Carrara; chiefly in the similarity of their grain, in their micaceous particles, their polish, and their whiteness. But there are other circumstances which afford very strong presumption in favour of the Cararists.

It is unquestionable that the marble of which Agrippa built the Pantheon was taken from Carrara, and the marble of the statues in question very closely resembles that of the Pantheon.

The quarries of Carrara were known to the Romans long before the time of Agrippa. They were all confounded under the common appellation of Luni, which was at that time the only city of any celebrity in the district. This whole region was indeed little known in the time of the Romans. It was called by the Etruscans the country of Cariara. These circumstances lead to the conclusion, that the marble of the Apollo and of the Laocoon might not improbably be from Carrara. At all events, this marble is not inferior to that of Paros; nor are the works pro-

duced in it by Canova and Thorwaldsen inferior to those of antiquity.

The town is a school of *studii*, among which those of Fontana, of Bartolini, and another sculptor, whose name I have forgotten, are most distinguished. You are surrounded by labourers in the art, and by marble counts and marquises —men who derive their titles from these quarries, and support them by the lucrative trade in the produce of them. When we find vanity thus drawing food even from the entrails of the earth, we may well conclude that to preach against it is to preach to the desert.

The terraces of earth which rise one above another, and have enabled the industry of man to maintain a successful struggle against the sterility and the rapid declivity of the mountains towards the sea; the vines, the olives, the orange-trees, and the fruit trees of every kind, which cloth their steeps and barren sides with a luxuriant and wonderful vegetation, offer to the eye appearances the most new and enchanting, and to the mind, matter for admiration and reflection. Little country-houses, scattered about at intervals, add to the interest and beauty of this extraordinary scene.

Carrara would probably grow into a town of greater importance, and would eventually extend down to the sea, and thus become a powerful

rival to Leghorn, if it were possible to construct a port on this shore. But the Magra washes down such a quantity of sand from the mountains with its rapid waters, that it choaks up the bay into which it falls; and thus renders vain all the efforts of the inhabitants to free themselves from that commercial dependence in which the Livornese are glad to keep them.

I shall not detain you long at Sarzana. You must only admire those pretty country-houses scattered on the lovely hills which rise above the town towards the north.

We must, however, give a few moments to the memory of a pope who was the patron of literature, and the founder of the library of the Vatican, and who laid the first stone of that august edifice which grew under succeeding popes, and employed the genius of Bramante and of Michael Angelo. He is, however, fatally celebrated for having stained the chair of St Peter with the blood of numerous citizens, who fell victims to his suspicions. His crimes received their punishment even in this world, for his life was, from that time, one of disquiet and unhappiness, and soon closed amid the terrors of a murderer's death-bed. I speak of Nicholas V, who was born at Sarzana.

At the distance of a mile from this town you reach the Magra, whose left bank, and the right

bank of the Tiber, bounded the country which the ancients called Etruria. It is a beautiful river, but very dangerous to ford, from the violence of its current. Its waters are, like those of the Tiber, always turbid. This is a curious coincidence. It seems as if these two rivers formed, by the very colour of their waters, a perpetual line of demarcation around that region which is the chosen residence of peace, and that they guard the confines of Etruria as her peculiar domain. Rome and Liguria were always restless and troubled districts in ancient, as they are in modern, times.

We are now, my dear Madam, in the territory of the king of Sardinia, which indeed I was not long in perceiving. My passport has already been twice demanded by gendarmes. Two or three miles farther is Spezzia, where it was demanded again. As these gentlemen gave me truce for the time they went to dinner, I determined to avail myself of it for the purpose of seeing this classic ground, so interesting both for what it has been, for what it was designed to be, and for what it actually is.

I retraced my steps in the direction of the Magra, to the spot where the great road quits the seashore and takes its course inland, about a mile and a half from the town of Spezzia. Ruins of ancient buildings are here scattered

about the country, apparently of the style of the times of the Roman emperors. They are doubtless the remains of the ancient Luni; perhaps rebuilt by one of the emperors. Some antiquarians have placed the site of this city on the left bank, and near the mouth, of the Magra, that is to say, in Etruria; whilst Pliny, Pomponius Mela, and Ptolemy, place it on the territory of the Ligurians. Besides these important authorities, circumstances conspire to give weight to the conjecture that it was built on the spot I have pointed out; a spot whence it would command the whole of the famous gulf of Spezzia, and consequently the only advantageous situation for a great city like Luni.

This gulf, which is about eighteen miles in circumference, is indented by several little bays, which form so many small harbours; it is partly closed at its mouth by a delightful island, which defends it from the Libeccio, the only wind which could command it. It is perhaps the safest and most beautiful port which nature ever formed, and would naturally be preferred by the ancients to the mouths of the Magra, (which they always regarded as unnavigable) for the site of a city of such importance as Luni appears to have been, even in times of the remotest antiquity.

The gulf of Spezzia, and the ruins I have just

mentioned, seem to be precisely the Luni and the port celebrated by Silius.

> " Tunc quos a *niveis* exegit *Luna* metallis,
> *Insignis portu,* quo non *spatiotior alter*
> Innumeras cepisse rates, et claudere pontum."

I must detain you a little longer at Luni and Spezzia, for there is not perhaps a single ancient city whose origin and destruction, whose situation and extent, are shrouded in thicker darkness than that of Luni; nor is there perhaps a spot in the world more worthy of observation than the gulf.

Many writers of antiquity speak of Luni as a great city, and of its port as the first in the world; which adds to the probability of the conjecture, that this great port was what is now called the gulf of Spezzia, and that Luni was built in this gulf, and on the spot I have already described. It was called Cariara by the Etruscans, Selenes by the Greeks, and Luni by the Romans; all which names signify the moon. But we are in total ignorance as to the name of its founder, or the cause of its appellation. The ruins which are now found there are evidently of a date greatly posterior to its origin, and, as I have already mentioned, are of the time of one of the Roman emperors, who probably rebuilt it. We must, therefore, abandon all hope of know-

ing anything about its origin; nor is there any satisfactory information to be obtained even as to its destruction.

Favio degli Uberti, a story-teller of the fourteenth century, affirms, that it was razed to the ground by an emperor (he does not say which or when) who took this means of burying under its ruins his guilty wife and her seducer. Another fabler, whom, from courtesy to foreigners, I shall not name, the rather as he is still living, relates the final catastrophe of this town with more talent, but with still less probability. He says, that Lothnor, king of Denmark, having sent his son Bier at the head of the superfluous population of his country to seek his fortune elsewhere, the young prince was joined by his tutor Hastings, and many adventurous knights, eager for combat and for rapine. It was one of those bands of barbarians who were afterwards called Normans. This romancer makes them attempt several daring enterprises on the sea shore; and after making them ravage the Vermandois, Brittany, Neustria, Poitou, Aquitaine, and even the powerful Lutecia, embarks them for the Mediterranean, and sends them to Rome to get their chief crowned, like Charlemagne, by another Leo III. On the way, however, he lets loose all the winds against their fleet, and casts them upon unknown lands; but happily affords them shelter in a very safe and deep bay, on the

shores of which they see a great city, which they believe to be Rome, although it is neither on the Tiber, nor twenty miles distant from the sea. The enterprising writer, to give warmth and interest to the affair, then arms the inhabitants of this unexpected Rome at the sight and approach of his fleet; he lands his heroes, and introduces them into the town by a stratagem,—too long for a letter, which already threatens not to be very short,—makes them raze the city to the very foundations, although they had obtained all they wanted, viz. entrance, without resistance. Nothing more is said about coronation or empire—but perhaps they had found out by this time that it was not Rome. Our author once more ships his Normans; after which we do not know what became of them. Here is a glorious expedition for you, and a satisfactory account of the destruction of Luni! —for this Rome (on the seashore) was, according to our author, Luni. It is a pity to spoil so pretty a story; but unfortunately, Lucan expressly says that, even in his time, Luni was no longer standing.

"Aruns incoluit desertæ mœnia Lunæ."

After all this discussion we are pretty nearly where we were. Let us leave Luni then and her destiny, whatever it might be, and turn our attention to the gulf of Spezzia.

We may view it under two aspects; what it was intended to be made, and what it now is. The former is one of the most gigantic designs of man; the latter, one of the most delightful and beautiful works of nature.

Napoleon, among the mighty projects of his universal genius, had intended to rescue the gulf of Spezzia from that obscurity in which all the glories of a nation, to whom a national existence has been denied for centuries, must be buried. He intended to make it a port, an arsenal, a maritime bulwark; perhaps the first in the world. His plans were fully borne out by the advantages and resources which nature has lavished upon this place.

On the summit of the island, which closes a large part of the entrance to the gulf, and overlooks it in the most extraordinary manner, a fortress, to be named Juno, was to command the gulf and the sea; another fortress, which he intended to build on the highest of those mountains which surround the gulf like a great basin, was to command both sea and land, and was to be called Jupiter. Other fortresses, named after the inferior gods, were to guard the different issues which were to meet in this officina of Vulcan, Mars, and Neptune. These names, and this distribution of them, were perhaps the type of what Jupiter and Juno were in the

heaven of antiquity, and of what Napoleon and his wife were likely to become on earth.

The small bays which are separated by peninsulas jutting out into the gulf, and which afford shelter from every storm, were to be converted into naval arsenals. Impregnable barriers were to defend the entrance to them, and canals cut across these peninsulas were to afford means of internal communication between them.

Porto Venere, at the extremity of the gulf on the west; Porto Erice, at the other extremity on the east; were designed as two great military out-posts. These, on emergencies, were to be reinforced from the grand depôt behind the new city, which was to be built on a great plateau above the present town. It was with this view that Napoleon had already cut two magnificent roads, which led by an easy passage from the centre to the two great *centinelles en vedette*. These two roads are still in existence; that of Porto Venere is in very good condition.

I have given you but a slight sketch of the great picture, to avoid confusion and prolixity, but from what I have said you may imagine the rest.

This maritime Colossus would eventually have enabled Napoleon to command the whole Mediterranean, and to keep watch over all the islands in it. Combining this with other naval establish-

ments, restored or enlarged,—at Toulon, Rochefort, Brest, Cherbourg, Boulogne, Dunkirk, Antwerp, Venice, &c.,—he would eventually have created a very formidable, if not preponderant naval force. The English, who do not sleep when their national interests are at stake, saw clearly the impending danger: they were perfectly right to conspire with all the means, all the perseverance, and all the energy they are distinguished for, against the hydra-power which threatened them; the only power which could make them, and did make them, tremble. But it would have suited better with their character as admirers of the great, the generous, and the sublime, to shew respect and delicacy towards the great man of this and of future ages—the mighty genius, who was one of nature's most wondrous works. We must, however, throw the blame, not on the English nation, but on a few of her unworthy sons.

Let us now continue our ramble, but alone, and at an easy sauntering pace. I dismissed my servant (with the tears in his eyes) and my carriage; for, a man who wanders about to the right and left, by sea and land, without knowing whither his fate may lead him, cannot be encumbered with these appendages.

I have hired three mules, one for myself, one for my baggage—which is that of a wandering student—and one for my guide. I was so beau-

tifully mounted, and my whole equipment was in such admirable keeping, that although I had parted with my Sancho Pança, I had by no means lost the air of a Don Quixote.

Oh, I forgot to tell you, for your satisfaction, that the gendarmes did me the honour of a fourth visit; they even wished me to accompany them to the *sous préfet;* but fortunately his excellency was already in bed, and as they thought it extremely improper that I should wake him at four in the morning, and as I had fixed to set out at five, I departed without an interview.

The mountain or mountains lying between Spezzia and Sestri di Levante, for about fifty miles, were formerly the *non plus ultra* which divided Tuscany and Liguria, as it were, into two separate worlds.

It was perhaps on these mountains, (and their aspect answers perfectly to the description in Livy) that the Romans were defeated by the Ligurians, and that Fulvius could find no other means of subjugating them than by lighting fires at the entrance of the caverns which were their ordinary habitations, and in which they were thus smothered or burnt. The mountains certainly retain their inaccessible character. Napoleon, however, opened a great road which affords an easy communication between Genoa and Tuscany. It is one of those fine works

which form the noblest characteristics of his reign. The Austrians do not regard it with jealousy, and therefore do not oppose any obstacles to its completion by the king of Sardinia. Some English have already passed along this road in carriages, because the English, having more guineas than we have pence, can accomplish what we must content ourselves with wishing for. I should not wonder to see them flying in the air on horses like Pegasus, or in cars like that of Guercino's Aurora. However—to return to more humble means—the road is perfectly practicable on horseback; and though I frequently stopped to admire excavations, under-ground work, and bridges, surprising from the boldness of their construction, I reached Sestri within the day. At this charming village on the seashore, the wealth, taste, and magnificence of the Genoese begin to display themselves in the beautiful country-houses with which its hills are studded.

At Lavagna I found great entertainment, in running about the mountains, and inspecting the quarries of the stone, which takes its name from the village. The inhabitants carry on a very considerable trade in it, even with Asia and America. Underground, and before it is exposed to the action of the air, its consistency is rather that of a paste than of a stone; and it is then cut into very thin laminæ or tiles, with the

greatest ease. After long exposure to the air, it takes so brilliant a polish that it appears like a marble of the hardest quality. Specimens of it in this state may be seen in the parish church. The whole of it is conveyed from the mountains to the seashore on the heads of women; and, from the enormous weights they carry, one is tempted to think that the necks of women are much stronger than the shoulders of men.

Chiavari,—seven miles from Sestri, and three from Lavagna,—is built on a plain, washed by the sea on the north, and crowned on the west by hills, which are covered with perpetual verdure of orange and olive trees.

Its situation and resources render it one of the most delightful and fortunate towns of Italy. Winter is unknown there, while the summer heats are tempered by the fresh sea-breeze.

The attention to comfort and decoration in the buildings shew a general prosperity. It is the chosen and delightful retreat of the Genoese. It is a town which the excellence of its climate, the beauty of its site, and the charms and conveniencies it offers, must have recently called into existence; for the Chiaveri, or Clavérum, of the geographers, even of the sixteenth century, was more than six miles inland. Here begins another road, also cut in great part by Napoleon, through rocks and over mountains.

It forms the continuation of the one we have already seen, from Spezzia to Chiavari, up to Genoa. A passage through the midst of beautiful villas, and enchanting gardens, in which the delicious odour of roses, jessamines, and lemon-trees, embalms the air; where the sea comes at intervals on the eyes of the passenger; here, breaking under his feet against jutting rocks, there, sending up a sheet of silvery foam over a gently-sloping shore; where every step affords new pictures to the eye, and new food to the thoughts; deserves a higher name than a pilgrimage, a ramble, or a journey. I cannot find one in the nomenclature of my imagination, but yours, my dear Countess, which is so rich, and so eloquent, may perhaps suggest one. I shall therefore leave you to fill this void in my letter, and shall only add, that had it not been for certain demons called gendarmes, who tormented me without intermission, I should have thought myself in Paradise.

It is impossible to approach Genoa without pleasure. I entered it with enthusiasm, though for the third time. One's thoughts and feelings are naturally thrown into a state of harmony with what one sees around one;—the wondrous situation of the city; the grandeur of its buildings; the beauty of its climate; and the loveliness of its women, with their delicate little hands and feet.

All these charms however, are as nothing in the eyes of antiquarians. With them we must close our eyes and our hearts to everything present, and must open our memory and our old books to recall the past. What is more, they have succeeded in getting you for a pupil, and a very promising one too. I shall therefore begin *ab ovo;* but let your antiquarians remember that I am writing a letter, and that our modernists expect that I should come down *usque ad mala.*

Whom will you have for a founder of Genoa? You may take your choice out of chronicles of all times and all colours.

All the Italians quarrel for Janus as founder of their cities; so that one would be tempted to think Janus had the art of being in several places at a time, like St Anthony, who preached at Padua at the very moment that he was pleading his father's cause at Lisbon.

But the Genoese are not content with one Janus, they will have two founders of that name; Janus the first, king of Italy, and Janus the— I know not what number—king of Troy. There are even some chronologists who, not content with a human Janus, derive the origin of their city from the divinity so called,—that double-faced god, whose worshippers are to be found at all times and at all places.

The Genoese have multiplied his existence to

a remarkable degree. Among the many personages of the name, they reckon a Giano, or Genuo Prisco, as their founder; and they relate that he planted a vine on the promontory, now vulgarly called Calignano, and which was, and ought still to be, called Carin Jano, which signifies, as it is affirmed, in the Aramean language, the vine of Janus. I think here is almost enough to satisfy your antiquarians, but I will indulge them with a bit more as a *bonne bouche*.

According to somebody, it was Genuo, the son of Saturn, who blessed the first stone of the town. According to somebody else, it was Genuino, the companion of Phaeton, who landed there from Egypt, fell ill, and consecrated the foundation of the town, as an *ex voto*, to the deities to whom he owed his cure. From him the city takes its name; but as the Genoese are averse to the diminutive form, they changed Genuina into Genua.

Those who do not affect to be antiquarians, without reverting to the time or manner of its foundation, assert that it is, and ought to be, called Genua, from the Latin word *Genua*, because its form towards the sea is that of the bend of the knee. Lastly, some, peculiarly modest, humbly allege that Genua takes its name from *Janua*, because it is the *gate of the world*. Genoa, therefore, is the beginning of the world,

a position which nobody will dispute, since the beginning of a sphere is wherever you choose to make it.

I think, my dear Madam, this may suffice for the amateurs of ancient lore. Now let us come, *usque ad mala*, for the satisfaction of the moderns.

It is indisputable that the antiquity of Genoa is very great; Livy says that it was reduced to ruins by Mago, the son of Hamilcar, who was resisted by the Genoese, then called the Ligurians; we may, therefore, fairly conclude that, before the time of the Carthaginian general, it was a powerful and important city. Genoa has, however, claims to distinction independent of her antiquity, from the unrivalled greatness of her enterprises, the glory of her exploits, and the extent of her commerce. The history of her vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, of her revolutions, her intestine and foreign wars, the mutability of her forms of government, cannot be read by the statesman, the political economist, the soldier, or the philosopher, without interest and instruction.

It would be difficult to find a small state which has achieved such great things as Genoa; at a time, too, when all Europe was plunged in the darkness of superstition, and prostrate beneath priestly domination.

After the Lydians, the Tyrians, the Greeks,

and the Romans, the Genoese were the first to open a way to the Tanais; and Genoa was already mistress of the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Archipelago, before the discovery of the mariner's-compass by Gioja d'Amalphis. It was by the aid of the Genoese that Baldwin preserved his sovereignty over Jerusalem; and that Corsica and Sardinia were delivered from the tyranny and cruelty of the Saracens. It was the Genoese who twice made the Venetians and the Pisans tremble for their respective republics: they ruled at Caffa, at Pera, sometimes even within the walls of Constantinople: the islands of Cyprus, Scio, Mitylene, Sicily, Malta, and many others; and the shores of Barbary acknowledged their sovereignty. They frequently repelled the foreign usurper, and reconquered their liberty. Genoa kept her aristocracy constantly under the jealous and vigilant eye of the people; and her *golden book* was always open to merit as well as to birth. During the French revolution, although agitated in a thousand different ways by the secret intrigues and attempts of all the belligerent powers, she had the courage to brave the menaces of powerful, tremendous England, and to sacrifice her own peculiar interests to those of the whole peninsula, by joining the party which appeared the most friendly to liberty, in the sincere persuasion that the French

were truly the bearers of freedom to Italy. During that celebrated siege, which fills one of the most dreadful pages of the ensanguined history of hapless Italy, the Genoese proved themselves a people of heroes, both by their brave endurance of suffering, and their unshaken fidelity. When the great Briareus held almost the whole of Europe in his hundred hands, it was an act of prudence in Genoa to range herself under his banner, and adopt the continental system; and when the cabinet of a free nation condemned her to the most cruel and insulting slavery, by giving her up to a power which she had every reason to detest, she still proved, by her noble proclamation, that, although she must at length resign herself to the fate reserved for her, in common with the rest of unhappy Italy, she knew how to die with dignity. When she received the yoke from the hand of a man who had traversed almost the whole of Italy, endeavouring to stir up the people by the promise of *Italian independence*, she shewed that she still retained enough of her ancient pride to enable her to turn her just resentment into lofty contempt. We are now indeed come *usque ad mala*, my dear Madam, in every sense of the word. The voice of humanity and justice, which cried out against this atrocious deed, were heard, I believe, even in England; she, perhaps, de-

tests as cordially as ourselves, the disgraceful policy of that minister who in reply to those who ventured to supplicate in favour of Italy at the congress of Vienna, had the effrontery to say "that there was already too much liberty in England, and that it would do no good on the continent;" a policy which may one day recoil upon England herself.

After an impartial examination of history, we are compelled to confess, that the Genoese are perhaps the only people in the world who have uniformly preserved the same fortitude in resistance, the same strength of mind; the same love of liberty; the same activity and courage which the Romans and the Carthaginians so frequently strove in vain to subdue.

The Genoese are found in all parts of the world. Enterprising and industrious, they seek in foreign lands that independence which they cannot acquire at home.

But let us now, my dear Madam, look about this beautiful city. We have no time to lose, for the police allows us only three days *hospitality*. It seems that knaves are the only people who are allowed to stay as long as they like, for they are in great abundance here: they are the darlings of despotic governments.

It signifies not how often one returns to Genoa, the admiration it excites is ever new. Every

time I visit it, the palaces appear to me more magnificent, the churches more striking and impressive; the hospitals, *hospices*, and other public establishments inspire fresh sentiments of respect and of philanthropy. The institution for the deaf and dumb, under the direction of the venerable padre Azzotti, is so admirably conducted, that it is impossible to see it without the deepest emotion. The paintings of Carloni, Piola, Rensi, Sarsana, and Capuccino, give the highest impression of the Genoese school. A picture by the latter, in the Brignole palace, rivals the chiaroscuro of Guercino, and the contours and relief of Coreggio. The pictures in the church of Carignano, by Guercino, astonished me. The St Francis is perhaps the noblest effort of his pencil. I prefer it to his famous St Petronilla.

In the palace of government, I saw, for the first time, the spot where Urban VI put to the torture the five cardinals, whom he afterwards caused to be thrown into the sea: this was the reward for their successful efforts to deliver him from the castle of Nocerra, in which he was besieged by Carlo Durazzo. The popes had no mercy, even upon their electors and main supporters, when they had passions to gratify, or suspicions to lull to rest. The only crime of these unfortunate cardinals was, that they had tried to check the abuses and the violences of

this despotic and profligate pontiff. I was also shewn the place in the Spinola palace in which the cardinal of England was concealed from his fury. He afterwards owed his life only to the pope's fear of an open rupture with Richard II, who was of too sensitive and too violent a temper to submit quietly to such an insult.

How can I tell you, my dear Madam, what I saw next?—A fortress which despotism is now raising above the city.—You will understand the rest.

When Genoa had the misfortune to fall into the hands of Louis XII, in order that he might exercise his tyranny upon it without obstacle and without fear, he built a fortress which commanded its whole extent, and called it *La Briglia* (the bridle.) Perhaps this new one is to be called *Il Morso* (the bit.) It may possibly, however, share the fate of the former. After five years of suffering, shame, and indignation, these brave people drove out their tyrants, and razed to the ground this den of satellites, this badge of their slavery. These are the public monuments of paternal love and national felicity, which restored legitimacy prepares for the people whom it has delivered from the *illegitimate usurper!*

I took leave of Genoa with an aching heart. In spite of the police, I had spent seven or eight days there, in the midst of the politeness

and attention of the inhabitants; amused by the delightful walks, my spirits raised by the brilliant sun, and my whole frame revived and invigorated by the elastic air. Whichever way I turned my eyes I was reminded that I was in the country of Adorno, Fregoso, Fiesco, Del-Nero, Grimaldi, Pallavicini, Doria, and Colombo.

The road from Genoa to Savona, lying through a continued series of delicious scenes, is magnificent. This was another of the works of Illegitimacy. It keeps alive the feelings of astonishment which have been already awakened by the prosperity, wealth, industry, and greatness of the former capital of this illustrious republic. Every rock upon which a little earth could be laid is converted into a hanging garden, and the villas with which the whole country is studded, appear like beautiful flowers enamelling a verdant meadow.

Savona is the ancient Sabbatium, the capital of the Sabbatii, who were celebrated during the wars between the Romans and the Gauls. This was a considerable city, according to Livy, even before the Punic wars, and has always been remarkable for the distinguished men, both good and bad, to whom it gave birth. It was the native place of that Ildebrand, who so scandalously abused the thunders of the Vatican, and by that means drew such calamities upon unhappy Italy;

of that Sextus who blessed the murderous dagger of the Pazzi; and of that Julius, who, quitting the only weapons which Peter had bequeathed to his successors, (weapons ill adapted to the purposes of ambition and despotism,) went mounted and armed like a dragoon to exterminate the faithful, and to support the infidels. From his *nephews* sprung the race of the dukes of Urbino, and the Neapolitan family of Riario.

Those who assert that Julius intended to expel foreigners from Italy, and to establish her independence, either affirm what they do not believe, or know nothing of popes; and more especially of Julius II.

But Savona is more remarkable, or at least will be so when history can speak without restraint, from an event of which it was the scene in 1810; an event which threatens the tranquillity of governments, the independence of princes, and the liberty of nations. Here it was that the captive pope issued the secret bull which rekindled a spark destined again to inflame the world, and perhaps to renew humiliations like those which Henry IV, of Suabia, endured from Gregory VII, at Canossa; or Frederic Barbarossa from Innocent IV, on the piazza of Venice. And if it is true, as some pretended witnesses *de auditu* endeavoured to persuade me, (but which I cannot believe,) that it was England

who fanned the burning embers, at the time when she thought all means lawful for breaking that continental alliance which threatened her ruin, she may yet find reason to repent.

The Jesuits are more dangerous and more powerful than Napoleon, whose arms were those of physical force, and not of Machiavelian policy. Their whispers are more awful than all the drums and trumpets of the *grande armée*. Though they have no field of battle, their legions are everywhere, and act with invisible agency. It is not impossible that they may have *Arruotinos* even in the cabinet of St James's. They have telegraphs and signals, by sea and land, unknown, unsuspected, by any but themselves, and more exact than those of the most jealous, vigilant, and intelligent cabinet. They have hieroglyphics and other mute languages, more eloquent than even that of Fouché, who could make Buonaparte's snuff-box tell a tale. Their various *movements of the cross*, the most sacred passages of the ceremonial of their liturgy,—as, for instance, that which was the signal to the assassins of Giuliano de Medici,—have all some hidden meaning. In a word, their police is like providence, it is everywhere and we see it not; and in the confessional alone they have perhaps an instrument of greater force, and more terrible

incendiary machinery, than the rulers of the sea possess at Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham, or Woolwich. Money they can always command, and will perhaps turn the guineas of England against herself. England ought to remember that the Jesuits have not forgotten, and never will forget, that they once reigned more despotically there than in any other country; and that the wealth of her clergy is a tempting bait to men so grasping and so ambitious.

But let us leave the Jesuits, my dear Countess, and ramble over the beautiful hills which crown the city, the views from which, both by sea and land, are most varied and touching to a man who sees *intus et extra*.

The mountains of Montenotte which lie before us, afford ample matter for meditation. The Italians regard this as the first, or at least the chief, entrance by which what they then thought liberty found its way into their country. However cruelly these hopes have been deceived, the battle of Montenotte must always be celebrated. There it was that Rampon, with a handful of brave men, not only resisted the enemy, but preserved himself for other exploits which render him worthy of a distinguished place in a gallery of heroes.

The house in which Pius VII lodged is held in great veneration, as is also his memory.

In many respects he deserved it, for his life was one continued course of virtue in action, and of constancy in suffering. These are double merits in a pope, if what Lambertini says with his usual frankness, be true, "that he never had so severe a struggle to maintain with every passion, as from the time he became the successor of the humble and lowly fisherman." But the resuscitation of the perverse and pernicious disciples of Loyola, at the instigation too of *heretics*, is a crime of the deepest dye, both against heaven and earth. Whatever be the dwelling-place of his spirit, the day will come when the works of these his children will fill him with repentance and remorse.

From Savona to Nice, Napoleon had cut a great road, like that from Savona to Genoa, and from Genoa to Spezzia—like those from Savona to Alexandria, those over the Simplon, Mont Génève, Mont Cénis, &c. But the Austrians do not like it. It recalls to them the not very agreeable scenes in which they were the actors in these mountains, gorges, and plains. Undoubtedly they must have an antipathy to such a road, and the king of Sardinia prudently lets it go to ruin, because—"*ainsi nous voulons et ordonnons.*" It is, however, still possible to go, well or ill, in a carriage as far as Albenga. But roads, excavations, and bridges, worthy of ancient Rome, scientific institutions, establish-

ments for the encouragement of education, industry, and philanthropy, all are going to destruction since the blessed restoration.

What painful reflections weigh upon the heart of an Italian when he has the courage to dwell upon the fate of his country! He is compelled to acknowledge that the best, or rather the least bad, of all the sovereigns who have ruled in Italy, was a barbarian, Theodoric. He revived agriculture and manufactures; the fields were covered with harvests, the towns rose into fresh importance; commerce increased the sources of national prosperity and happiness, by exchanging the superfluous produce for foreign merchandize. Though an Arian himself, he maintained the Catholic religion in all its liberty and prerogatives; and celebrated as he was for his valour in the field, he was yet more so for the wisdom of his government. All his noble and generous qualities were entirely his own; his errors were the work of his courtiers; to their jealousy and ambition Boethius and Symmachus were sacrificed. Such as he was, we should be well contented if the sovereigns of our days would imitate this barbarian prince. Let them fear, not new roads, but their own tyranny. Let them not listen to their courtiers, to those men "who have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing;" let them gather round them men

whose opinions are drawn, not from the sources of fanaticism and of personal interest, but from experience; from a knowledge of men and of events, and from an enlarged and enlightened humanity. But whither am I leading you, my dear Madam? Declamation again—and as useless as before.

Let us set out afresh, and seek diversion from these heavy and chimerical thoughts, in admiring the beautiful district of Vado, which, in Pliny's time, was a marsh. Let us view the romantic and grotesque scenes of Spotorno and of Noli, and rest for a few moments at Finale. At this delightful spot I will tell you a pathetic tale, which I am sure will call forth your tender and generous sympathy. I heard it from the master of the house in which I lodged here, and I am the better inclined to relate it as it is not long, and may serve to set right some points in history.

The gentleman in question is a Corsican, descended from the celebrated San Pietro Ornano; one of the most valiant and inexorable avengers of the enormities committed by the Genoese upon his country in the sixteenth century.

This Ornano, after many struggles and exploits, absented himself for the purpose of going in quest of succours, without which it was become impossible to make farther resistance.

Meanwhile his wife suffered herself to be gained over to the interests of the Genoese, whose countrywoman she was. Her object was, however, only the innocent and noble one of saving her husband by a pacification. He returned—reproached her, like a Spartan, with her treachery, and pronounced sentence of death upon her. Vannina made no resistance; she did not intercede for a life which her husband's displeasure and his unjust suspicions had robbed of all value; but, as a last proof of love, she entreated to die by his hand. In a transport of mingled tenderness and fury, he pressed her with one hand to his bosom, and with the other plunged a dagger into her heart. San Pietro, pursued incessantly by the Genoese, fell into an ambuscade, and perished under the sword of Vannina's brother, who cried aloud, "My sister is avenged." "Yes," replied San Pietro, "my blood ought to atone for her death," and expired.

Recover yourself after this tragedy, my dear Countess, and let us continue our walk.

From Finale on the sea to Finale inland, we pass through a valley of orange trees, two miles in length. Olive trees and thickets of shrubs clothe the sides of this romantic and picturesque gorge. It is a fairy glen, and the company of a pretty woman made me feel all the power of its enchantment.

The valley which opens behind Loano is lovely and cheerful; but the village stands almost upon the sandy and arid shore.

Albenga is an ancient and considerable town. It is, I think, the Albitaunum of Pliny and of Ptolemy; and the inhabitants of these mountains were called Ingannii Ligures. The long resistance made by the French to the Austrians, who attacked them by land, and to the English, who harassed them from the sea, entitles this line of hills to a place in history. Cervo is similarly distinguished; but above all Oneglia, where, after a victory for which the Piedmontese troops made them pay dearly, the French behaved with a moderation the more astonishing, as it was at that period wholly unknown in the interior of France, then torn by all the horrors of Jacobinism.

As I had sent my baggage from Oneglia to Nice by sea, and sauntered carelessly along on horseback, I often struck into cross roads, both for the sake of enjoying the awful spectacle of the precipices which yawn under one's feet up to the very beach, and of escaping from the annoying impression which the abandonment of a gigantic enterprize, like that of the magnificent high road, makes upon my mind. However small my own conceptions may be, I am delighted with whatever is great in others.

Napoleon was endowed with a genius which enabled him to grasp at everything; and it was precisely the immensity and the universality of his projects that wrecked the whole. Had he been content to achieve and acquire less, he might have settled the policy of Europe, and have transmitted the most glorious name to the remotest posterity.

Ventimiglia is remarkable for being the spot which the ancient geographers (who called it Albinimium) regarded as the commencement of the Appenines; whereas modern geographers trace them from the mountains of St Giacomo, near Millesimo, and call these the maritime Alps.

It was at Ventimiglia that the troops of enfranchised France first set foot on Italian ground, on the 6th of April 1794. Spinola, who was governor of the place, attempted to dispute the passage, but it was a ludicrous attempt at resistance. It was from the summit of these rocks that Buonaparte first shewed his soldiers this beautiful and unfortunate country, always the bait to foreign cupidity.

Monaco, a delightful little place, is a principality belonging to a lineal descendant of the Grimaldi family. It has recently been the scene of a disgraceful infraction of treaties, and of the social compact. Some of the unfortunate men who were implicated in the late Piedmon-

tese revolution were wrecked on these shores by a dreadful tempest. A body of the king's troops stationed in Monaco demanded them. The people of Monaco refused to surrender them; they pleaded the rights of nations, the laws of humanity, and the respect due to another state. The Piedmontese officer, however, seized them, and carried them off by force. The prince, who was at Paris, claimed them, and his claim was even backed by the mediation of the court of France. In spite of this they were condemned to death. Still more pressing claims were then urged, upon which the barbarians, in order to have some gratification of their brutal and cruel fury, dragged these unfortunate men under the gallows, where their hearts were wrung by the horrid spectacle of the execution of some of their brethren in opinion, and in calamity. After this dreadful scene, they were led to the confines of the state, where the gendarmes degraded them from the dignity of citizen by a kick, *formally decreed*, and declared them perpetual exiles from their country.—Poor Italy!

Villa-Franca, which is the anti-chamber to Nice, is also its arsenal. There is a fine artificial basin; and the one formed by nature is yet finer and more vast, and is very secure. The new town of Nice is delightful; the old is—— old. Its port is just now very flourishing. On

account of some commercial differences with France (about which you and I care very little) all the vessels of the United States put in here, instead of going to Marseilles and Toulon. I saw about a dozen in the harbour; they were magnificent ships.

So much has been said about the *medicinal* climate of Nice, that it is useless to repeat it here. In winter, accordingly, it is one great hospital, and you meet consumptive faces at every turn. In the hotel where I lodged there were two batteries of coughers, who gave me no quarter by day or night. There was no escape, for the coughing was universal,—at table, at the coffee-house, in private parties; and happy was it if coughing was all. The environs of Nice are generally beautiful; but a frost last year destroyed all the orange and lemon trees, &c., so that they are now very melancholy. In short, Nice is altogether a *triste* place. Nothing in it is gay but the police, and that, to my infinite annoyance and torment, I found lively enough. I am out of patience when I think of it. Let us hasten away, my dear Madam.

We are now at the bridge of the Var. Gendarmes at the entrance of the territory of Piedmont,—gendarmes again on leaving it at the French frontier; the latter appear a little more civil, but they are gendarmes, at the best.

At the custom-house my things were all turned topsy-turvy, notwithstanding that I had employed *le fin mot*. I wished to stop a few minutes to recall upon the spot some of those events which rendered this bridge so famous during the late war; but the gentlemen of the custom-house understand no language but of the financial sort,—at least they will answer to no other; and as for the gendarmes, they don't lend themselves very readily to interrogations. They assume the right of inflicting them in great abundance on others, but they are not equally willing to receive them. We must therefore content ourselves with taking the facts as history chooses to give them to us, and continue our route.

Antibes is a pretty little town, fortified by Vauban. It has a harbour, but this is always choked up by the sand washed down by the Var.

At Cannes I saw the spot where the reign of the hundred days began. From the second day the people flocked together in crowds, and opened that triumphant march which conducted the emperor from the island of Elba to Paris. He smiled scornfully, with his own peculiar expression, at the refusal of the governor of Antibes to open the gates to him. He did not want to have them opened, for his way lay for-

wards and not backwards; and it would have been an absurd loss of time, under such circumstances, to enter the town. We must leave him, my dear Countess, to continue that onward career which he pursued so gloriously. If ever I reach Waterloo we shall have the grief to see him take another course. I say the grief, for though he did not do all he might have done, I cannot help feeling the liveliest interest in so great a man; an interest which no change of fortune can destroy.

The mountain you cross in going from Cannes to Fréjus is a curious episode. From the most fertile, luxuriant country, you suddenly pass into a region so wild, barren, and cold, that you appear to have flitted in a dream from Cannes to Siberia. At Fréjus there are many remains of antiquity, in that bad style of architecture which marks the decline of the Roman empire, and, with it, of the arts. What belongs to modern times interested me much more; not the town, for that is dirty and ugly, but the spot where the *Eighteenth of Brumaire* landed; and, in its train, so many other events, which for sixteen years astonished the whole world, and will still more astonish posterity. There is nothing interesting between Fréjus and Toulon; let us therefore hasten to that celebrated city, that

great arsenal, the cradle of the glory of the Prisoner of St Helena.

On descending Mont Farrone I catch sight of Toulon. I must pause to contemplate the theatre of the bloody catastrophe which filled it with mourning in 1793.

The Marseillois, who fled from the horrors their revolt against the republic had drawn upon their city, spread alarm among the Toulonois, who, fearing that they should share the same fate, delivered their town and themselves to the enemy;—that is to say, to the English, Spaniards, Neapolitans, and Piedmontese. The republicans hastened to reconquer it, and united all their forces on the mountains which enclose this grand naval bulwark on the north-west. The allies and the Toulonois on their side prepared to oppose them with all the means of resistance in their power. Conceive, then, this devoted city surrounded by volcanoes;—on the land side a number of formidable batteries and redoubts, attacking;—on the sea side, four fortresses, about a hundred ships of the line, frigates, corvettes, &c. besides batteries and redoubts, defending:—conceive all these vomitories of fire and destruction opening at once, as they did on the 14th of November 1793, kindled by the rancour of civil war, or the fury of exasperated foes.

Such is the fearful spectacle which presented itself to my imagination as I looked from the top of this hill over the whole extent of the scene of action. I am sure that you feel as I did then.

But when I thought of the victorious and vengeful French rushing into the town ;—of the conquered allies hastily abandoning it to its dreadful fate, and retreating in disorder to their vessels, what a picture of horror rose before my eyes! I saw the unhappy Toulonois—some running in crowds, with their wives and children, to seek on board the ships that refuge which they could not find; others falling under the swords of the republicans, or perishing in the sea, in their attempts to escape in small boats which sunk under the rush of the multitude, or were overset in the tumult.

This terrible tragedy lasted for three days and three nights, and, to add to the horror of the scene, the flames of this great arsenal, of the city, and of the sea, wrapped in one universal conflagration, illuminated the carnage, and enhanced the terror. I say of the sea, for more than fifty blazing vessels scattered over its surface, and their awful reflections in the water, gave it the appearance rather of the devouring element than of its antagonist.

This victory cost France dear,—what a loss, at a moment when she stood so much in need of all her naval force!

The English lost nothing but what they could not carry away; but, such were the means of destruction they employed, that they left nothing. I rather think they did not very severely regret their general-in-chief, although a brave soldier. At that time generals sprung up like mushrooms, in England as well as on the continent.

The plan of the attack was prepared by Bonaparte, then a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, of twenty-four years of age. General Dugommier adopted it implicitly. Napoleon also, in a great measure, directed the execution of it, by the superior management of his batteries, which mowed down the enemy in all directions. His success was so rapid, and so complete, that the most experienced officers could not avoid re-echoing the opinion of the governor of the Ecole Militaire of Brienne—"Napoleon Bonaparte, a Corsican by birth and by character, will one day make a distinguished figure, if circumstances favour him."

But you wish to know the present state of Toulon. It is still a pretty town, and Napoleon had enlarged the arsenal. At the restoration, above forty ships of all classes were lying there. There was one vessel of the line, carrying one hundred and thirty guns; two, one hundred and twenty, &c. This was a tempting morsel to the maritime *gourmandise* of the English: but they

are not singular in this; any nation, under the same circumstances, would have had as good an appetite as England. But it appeared that the allies, whose attention began to be awakened to England and her preponderating power, opposed her views. I believe, however, she managed after all to get a little slice.

Toulon will also be memorable in history as the spot whence the same little lieutenant-colonel of artillery,—who five years before, had so greatly contributed to wrest it from the hands of the enemy,—embarked in 1798 as general-in-chief, and as a victorious hero. He put to sea with a formidable armament, in total silence as to his destination, which was not known till the fame of his exploits in Egypt by land, and those of the English by sea, reached Europe. Here also he landed in 1800, as a conqueror, but almost alone. The prophecy of the governor of the school at Brienne had been accomplished. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* May the peace he now enjoys be as profound as the agitation his genius caused in the world was extraordinary!

It is time that we rest from this long and often fatiguing ramble. *Au revoir*—my dear Madam; where I know not; but in all times and places, I hope, with the sincerest and most constant friendship.

LETTER III.

Toulouse, 30th December 1821.

I ARRIVED at this town, my dear Madam, almost without being sensible of my progress, so enchanted was I with the beauty of the road from Marseilles to Toulouse.

The landscape is so rich, the climate so mild, the scattered remains of venerable antiquity so numerous, that I could sometimes have thought myself in Italy, if I had now and then seen the face of a friend; and if powerful recollections had not often carried me back to it, and weighed heavily upon every step that added to the distance. The great canal of Languedoc also reminds me of my absence; for in Italy we have no work of this kind comparable to it, although the canals of Brenta and of Milan were the grand and the first hydraulic models that the

arts and sciences offered to Europe and (China excepted) to the whole world.

But you wish to share the pleasure of this ramble, my dear Conntess. I will indulge your desire as far as it is in my power; but there is a wide difference between the sketches of my pen, the feeble interpreter of what I see and feel, and the sublime pictures which nature, history, and the fine arts offer at every step, in forms and colours, gradations and transitions, of the most striking effect. Let us begin then from Marseilles, which you have seen only in the date of the preceding letter.

There is not a country in the world which does not pretend to high antiquity, nor one which has not its antiquarians; even the old country gossip relates, that the first house in the village was built by her ancestors, and that they enjoyed the first place at church, and in the processions, till the "*parvenus*" came and usurped it, encroaching with their financial claims, upon those of a *legitimate* descent, as pure and as clear as the waters of a brook. Europe, Asia, and Africa dispute the honour of possessing the spot which was the terrestrial Paradise; the cold Scotch even maintain (as I have been told,) that the site of their capital, improperly called *Edin*burgh, was the garden of *Eden;* and soon, I suppose, it will be found in America. You will not, therefore, be astonished

that the people of Marseilles believe (lovely as is their country,) that *they* inhabit the beautiful valley, from which the great first crime, (though committed only by Eve and a serpent,) arose and spread its baleful influence over the whole innocent race. They have no difficulty even in showing you the precise spot where the tree which produced the great mystery of the incarnation and redemption was planted. But if Marseilles be venerable for the sacred soil on which it stands, it is not less so for the antiquity with which they invest it. The Marseillois instead of having recourse to Janus, or any such fabled hero, as their founder, do better; they cover the origin of their town in the profound and impenetrable obscurity of the earliest ages, and avoid all dispute by plunging their adversaries into utter darkness. They allow that their town may have been inhabited by Lydians, Tyrians, Phocians, &c.; but only as merchants, who visited it for the purposes of commerce, and regard them all as long posterior to its foundation. So much for ancient Marseilles; the modern is a delightful, rich, and commercial town; its environs are really gardens of Eden. Not to destroy the pleasing effect of the picture, I shall pass over in silence the horrors which were committed here during the revolution, both by the Royalists, whose head-quarters it was, and by

the Jacobins, who were urged by revenge to the most frightful excessess. The harbour is a great parallelogram, which art has rendered safe and commodious; but the entrance, beset with sand-banks, bristling with rocks, and blocked up with little islands, is exceedingly dangerous. Two frigates were built for the Turks in its dock-yards! a singular circumstance at a time when they have declared a cruel and exterminating war against Christians; but by no means astonishing, if it is decided that religion and humanity must be silent before policy and interest.

There is nothing in Marseilles which can fix the attention of a lover of the arts: Puget, of this town, whom they have endeavoured to raise into notice, as the Michael Angelo of France, is neither a good painter nor a good sculptor, nor a good architect. Mansard, who was also born here, has been the Boromino of the place. The Museum is a cellar, the gloom and false lights of which would destroy the effect of the thirty or forty pictures it contains, if they were good. The Borelli villa, a mile from the town, is the only place where any choice specimen of the Italian or Flemish schools is to be seen. At the theatre, a noble building, they performed the Figaro of Rossini. Heaven forgive the French when they try to get beyond their comedies! In these they far excel the Italians and most other

nations—but when they sing, and sing operas of Rossini's——once more, heaven pardon them! Their clubs, or "Casini" of the Phocians and the Messieurs (that is to say, Democrats and Aristocrats) are only for men. The women never appear, except at large assemblies, at the houses of the prefect, the mayor, the consuls, &c. They are fine women, but not usually pretty. The village girls, however, are very pretty, and know how to make the most of their beauty. Their picturesque head-dresses add much to the effect of their complexions, and suit their fresh and happy countenances. The Poissardes are not without merits of their own, but they are of the Transteverine cast. The inhabitants of Provence, of which Marseilles is the metropolis, are in France what the Neapolitans are in Italy, and have often been subject to the same princes. The products of the soil correspond almost entirely with those of Naples; you know them well, my dear Madam; besides, we do not go about to see almonds and apricots, apples and figs; and the *Georgophili* have said so much about them, that there is nothing left for me to say, except that a terrible hail-storm cut them all off last year; fig-trees and apples, apricots and almonds, olives and oranges—so let us continue our ramble.

From Marseilles to Aix the country is fine,

but the road bad, and, like many other things, neglected since the restoration. Aix is calculated to amuse a stranger for two or three days. Its avenues, its walks, its houses, are handsome. The sessions of the department of the Mouths of the Rhone are held there; and those of the Jesuits, who have planted a great cross in the widest and most frequented of the public walks. What was their design in installing so sacred a symbol in a place so profane, I cannot tell, but it is said, that the steps which surround the pedestal on which it is placed, are often the nocturnal resort of crime and infamy. Aix has an university and several colleges. That of the Jesuits, judiciously placed in a secluded spot out of the town, is exceedingly large, and already contains three hundred pupils or neophites. The reverend father at the head of it, talked much of what is amiss in other French colleges, which are not under the management of the Jesuits, but gave me no particulars of his own; he showed me nothing but courts, gardens, and the exterior of two buildings. I soon relieved him from a visit which was evidently troublesome, and I thought appeared to embarrass him somewhat. M. de Marlian has bequeathed to the town a rich library; but it seems that nobody uses it, and that it is under the direction of the librarian of the abbate Casti's Animali Parlanti—judging at least by

the dust and disorder that reigned there. The gates of the cathedral are admirably carved by some Italian, whose name I could not learn: they are of cedar, and it is thought from Lebanon;—so let it be.

The fountain of mineral waters, which gives celebrity to these baths, springs still from the centre of the temple which Caius Sextus Calvinus built with the town, on the spot where he gained a great victory over the Gauls. It is a fine remnant of antiquity. At the theatre I had the pleasure of witnessing three extraordinary proceedings: Frenchmen singing Italian—young students of the university hissing—and gendarmes turning them out!

In crossing the Durance we enter the celebrated district where justice and religion were so often compelled to bow before the ambition and thunders of the Vatican—the province which the pope usurped by a crusade, from that very family which had contributed so many heroes to those earlier crusades, with which papal policy ravaged Europe and the Holy Land. Avignon belonged to the counts of Toulouse, and to punish them for not thinking as the court of Rome thought, Gregory IX took it into his possession. Raymond VII was a good and orthodox Catholic, nevertheless the pope despoiled him like the rest, to punish him for his father's courage in opposing the scandals and abuses which dis-

graced the Christian name. Observe, my dear Countess, that to cleanse his soul from the offences of his ancestors, this prince Raymond was obliged, besides the cession of Avignon, to pay vast sums to priests and monks; and was at length absolved from the sins he never had committed! Thus do men profane and disgrace a religion so pure and so holy, both in its principles and in its object! This province was afterwards ceded to Clement VI by Joan of Naples, who had a title to it as countess of Provence. Clement promised her 80,000 gold florins, but he only paid her by his absolution of the murder of her husband.

We are now at the town of Avignon; but, with Petrarch and Laura in our hearts, let us leave it at present, and visit Vaucluse. I found the road very long and very bad; perhaps it appeared to me the worse from my impatience to reach this famous spot. The description which has been given of Vaucluse is a romance, and I account for it thus:—M. Guérin wanted to draw the attention of strangers, and to make money by his book. The abbé de Sades dilated on a place immortalised by Laura, whom he called his relation, and who was perhaps, after all, *only* the ideal creation of an excited imagination. As for M. Delille, when the object was to write "*idylles*," thorns and rocks became groves and

roses; and Petrarch, in what he said of it, wished to appear what he never was, and what poets and courtiers never can be,—a lover and a philosopher.

"The enchanting gardens of Vaucluse!"—There are none,—and there never can have been any in a place where all is mountainous, precipitous, barren, and terrific; where all is so craggy, that it would be impossible even to make the artificial flower-beds of the Genoese, or the little squares of earth that my father granted his children in their infancy, to amuse them and draw their attention from dolls, which injure the mind. "The fine trees!"—There is only one,—a laurel tree, which, as the inhabitants tell us, claims a legitimate descent from the branches of that tree—the emblem of the flame with which the poet, ambitious of the honours of the capitol, burnt till his death, from the mere affectation of burning. "The flowers," whose "lovely hues" he celebrated, were perhaps flowers of the cactus, the only production of the interstices of these rocks. "In the shade!"—probably of the rocks which jut out on every side. "This solitude!"—In the midst of the gossip of a feudatory village there is less than in a great town; and there can be no "coolness" (except in winter) where the children amuse themselves with roasting eggs in the sun. And if the cellar that I was

shown, was the much vaunted "grotto" in which he composed, there is every reason to believe that the muses fear neither damp nor toads. I have begun, my dear Countess, by saying what truth and criticism require; but do not consider our ramble to Vaucluse divested of interest, or of admirable and astonishing objects. The valley which leads to it (called first the valley of Chateau-neuf, afterwards of Belle-isle, from a charming little manufacturing town, environed by the Sorgue), is a true Tempé! The little vale just above Belle-isle, winding amidst the terrible mountains, which rise round Vaucluse like great perpendicular walls, and form an insurmountable barrier around it, offers views of a wild picturesque character, and leads you at the same time in the midst of little meadows, which the running waters of the Sorgue cover with an ever-green carpet. The Sorgue commences at the place where the valley ceases; under the giant rock, which seems to fix the confines of the world, and stands out boldly to the eye of the observer, who looks in vain for the summit. A cave or abyss, whose depth, hidden in the bowels of the earth, has never been ascertained, pours forth calmly and without agitation, an enormous volume of water, which instantly acquires an inconceivable rapidity, as if impelled by an invisible force, and

dashes itself with violence against the rocks, which are scattered in an inclined plane of about a quarter of a mile, until all its agitated and foaming waters repose (if we may so express it) in one common bed, and resume a calm almost equal to that which they lost on emerging from the gulph. The Sorgue might easily be made navigable, from Vaucluse to the point below Avignon, where it falls into the Rhone. It is a river which contributes to many manufactures, and sheds abundance in the plains of Venais, Orange, and Avignon, which it waters. This little spot, Vaucluse, has also its antiquities, and I think very interesting ones.

The remains of a superb aqueduct are to be seen there; the interior of which is formed of a cement, the levigation of which would make one suppose it an encaustum, if it were not so solid; the polish, on the other hand, would make it pass for marble, if it were not so adhesive to the touch. This aqueduct must have been formed to convey these salubrious waters to some considerable town, where those of the environs were probably bad and unwholesome: this reflection will perhaps induce me to seek elsewhere its continuation and object. Amongst the square stones of which the church is composed, some are to be seen carved into the symbolical figures of antiquity. Seneca says, that the Romans

erected temples to springs and rivers as to beneficent divinities. The pure, limpid, medicinal waters of Vaucluse well deserved their veneration, and these sculptured stones are no doubt proofs of it; the remains perhaps of some temple which was consecrated to them.

Vaucluse, my dear Madam, by reminding us of the occasional residence, during six years, of the illustrious Italian who rescued literature and science from the darkness of past ages, and polished our language from the roughness and harshness with which pedants still strove to invest it,—Vaucluse penetrates the soul of an Italian who is truly an Italian, with sweet emotions, and with profound respect. I leave it with regret, but I must follow my guide—my fate. If you visit it, forget not that I have been there.

I took cross roads and proceeded to Orange, which the conquerors of the Gauls embellished with superb edifices. The remains of an amphitheatre, of a circus, of temples, basins, and aqueducts, attest that the Romans had made this place a considerable town; and the triumphal arch, which Marius built on the spot where he gained a great victory, in his first campaign against the Cimbri, has not perhaps an equal amongst the four so much admired in the forum (now worthily styled the Campo Vaccino) at Rome. I doubt even whether the one which

goes by Constantine's name, though adorned with trophies snatched by a profane hand from that of Trajan, can be compared to it for the lightness and elegance of its architecture.

Though I sometimes laugh at the antiquarians, I frequently slide into the character myself; especially when I meet with what is good and true. I went, therefore, to Carpentras to see more antiquities, but I found nothing antique, except some men nearly a hundred years old, still robust, hearty, and agreeable; but a novelty which an ass procured me, rewarded my excursion.—The animal was on a balcony on the fourth story, while it was on the level of the ground at the back of the house. Whether the said house had a good foundation or not, I cannot tell; but supported up to the fourth story, it would be difficult for it to fall. The ass was of the softer sex, and amused herself with braying, probably to express her affection for her lover, who was down in the street. Piron would have allegorised this ludicrous scene; I can do no better than relate it. But let us return to Avignon.

The country is beautiful, but the town is gloomy like its inhabitants; they bear the traces of that prejudice and superstition with which the sacerdotal government long agitated the hearts and minds of their fathers, and of the ferocious passions which the revolution pro-

duced, and which paltry fanatics still encourage among them. Its Vatican is no more than a skeleton of past grandeur, and there is not even a vestige of that ecumenical throne which, from this little town, ruled over the whole Catholic world; but its situation, the solidity with which it is built, and the thickness of its walls, still show that the pontiffs and their legates inhabited what were at once palaces and fortresses; and, in fact, the anti-pope, Benedict XIII, held out here a long time against the combined forces of the marshal Boucecaut, and the cardinal Villeneuve.

The church, which was formerly of the Celestins, is a master-piece of Gothic architecture; and its portico is a model of sublime simplicity and of majestic harmony; qualities we should seek in vain amongst the crowded ornaments which disfigure the cathedrals of Sienna and of Orvieto. This venerable building is now converted into a stable, a smithy, and the washing ground of the Hotel des Invalides.

The Rhone, which at Avignon displays all its beauty and all its grandeur; the imposing remains of an ancient stone bridge; the length of the new one, which extends over the two arms of the river, and the island which they form in the middle; the beautiful avenues which surround the town and the towers which flank its proud walls, are all most striking objects

The museum does honour to the science and patriotism of monsieur Calvet, who bequeathed it to the city; some fine specimens of ancient glass are to be seen there, such as I did not meet with even at the museum at Herculaneum. In a word, my dear Madam, I passed two days at Avignon, not without gaining some information, and in the midst of objects worthy of admiration; I should perhaps have passed a third, but Avignon is the place where that hateful crime, the cruel and barbarous murder of marshal Brun, was committed; and it so chanced that I lodged in the chamber in which he was stabbed, and slept in the bed upon which he fell. I set off hastily, with a mind filled with horror, and I shudder every time that the thought comes across me. It is difficult to find a town which produces only disgusting associations: Avignon is then unique in its kind.

We cross the Durance again, my dear Countess, but lower down, and re-enter Provence, in order to visit St Remy, a charming little village, which in the time of the Romans was the town of Glanum. The mausoleum which Marius erected in honour of the memory and exploits of his two nephews, who perished there, conquerors of the Cimbri, is a superb monument of its kind. Those which remain in Latium and Magna Græcia are not to be compared to it.

The pyramid of Caius Sextus at the gate of St Paul at Rome, the only ancient unmutilated mausoleum which Italy possesses, is far inferior; and no judgment can be formed of that of Adrian, which the *Barberini* have metamorphosed into a castle of St Angelo. The mausoleum of St Remy is therefore the finest ancient mausoleum with which I am acquainted. Near it may be found the remains of an arch, which is still striking, though the French *barbarini* demolished it in great part, in order to employ the materials in building a convent, which the revolution destroyed in its turn. The existence of a triumphal arch by the side of a mausoleum is not easily accounted for; there is every reason, therefore, to suppose that it was intended to grant the honours of a triumph to the mortal remains of the two heroes before they were entombed; and the position of the two monuments, which are in the same style, of the same stone, and of the same order, confirms the conjecture. The stone quarries, half a mile higher up, from which these monuments and the town of Glanum were built, still show marks of the axe with which the ancients probably extracted, without the aid of gunpowder, those prodigious masses of stone, which still astonish travellers at Cortona, at Alatri, at Veroli, at Ferentino, &c. This is a new discovery to me, and

83649

one that I had in vain sought in the ancient quarries at Carrara; I was delighted with it.

You remember, my dear Madam, that we have seen the remains of an ancient aqueduct at Vaucluse; I found the continuation of it at St Remy, which is more than twenty miles distant. The same construction, the same form, the same kind of masonry, the same cement—identify it. This aqueduct then must have crossed the Durance by a bridge, above or under its bed, to bear to a distance the wholesome waters of the Sorgue; nor does it terminate at St Remy: we shall find it much farther off. As the inhabitants have no suspicion of it, and entirely forget that they possess these fine remains, look for them, if you should go there, at the north-west of the village on the road to Avignon, where it crosses some kitchen gardens, in the direction from north to south-east; but, in the first place, you ought to see it at the fountain of Vaucluse.

A craggy mountain occupies the left of the road all the way to Terrascone. I suspected that my aqueduct must follow me in this direction, resting against the mountain. In order to examine, I left the carriage (which I had hired to be absolutely at my disposal), and I found the aqueduct, at intervals, at the foot of the mountain, and still bearing the same marks of identity. Near Terrascone this mountainous

ridge makes a bend to the south, and the aqueduct takes the same direction, continuing still at its feet. Here then we must leave it; but we shall see it again after having visited two little towns which the Rhone separates, and embellishes in its magnificent course. Terrascone has a church which the inhabitants boast of, but in my opinion there is nothing remarkable except one good painting, which nobody boasts of. The body of St Martha, who died at Ephesus, has descended, nobody knows how, into this town and church, where it performs many miracles; that indeed is no wonder, for nobody comes such a journey for nothing.

A pier built out into the middle of the Rhone, upon which the two rows of boats, which form the bridge from this place to Beaucaire on the right of the river, meet, is a very bold and difficult work.

Beaucaire is a town much more important, and more interesting than Terrascone. The place in which the fair is held (which is considered one of the greatest fairs in the world) is spacious, beautiful, and cheerful; and the tufted avenues which surround it, provide a very salutary shelter from the burning sun. The foundations of its ruined castle are the remains of the ancient Ugernum; remains of a reticular form, new to me, and very extraordinary. From the towers of this

castle we behold a beautiful part of the vast empire of the Rhone; a most magnificent spectacle.

To hunt for antiquities I set off on the road to Nismes, the ancient Aurelian way, of which there are still some remains, and I found by chance a triangular arch, of the most simple, and consequently of the most beautiful, Gothic style. After having ruminated on its form, and on the history of the country, I allowed myself to make my conjectures, and I offer them to you, such as they are. I think that it may have been built by Charles Martel, when, returning from Languedoc, conqueror of the Saracens, he reassembled his troops at Beaucaire, where he repassed the Rhone; and that the three sides of the arch may represent the three roads which united at this place, and by which his victorious armies crossed the river. The building is in very good preservation, and will still resist the attacks of many ages, if the *barbarini* content themselves with having turned it into a chapel, like the Pantheon. It is unique in its kind, and yet, I think, nobody ever mentions it. The great canal, which the Rhone supplies at Beaucaire, by means of a lock,—a more than Roman work,—is one of the grand vestiges of the imperial government, which are so frequently met with, and which, *bongré, malgré*, will cause it to be remembered with admiration, "*per omnia sæcula sæculorum.*"

By means of it the most safe and easy navigation is established through great part of lower Languedoc.

After my exploits on the right of this river, let us pass, my dear Madam, to the left, like Charles Martel; but instead of ascending, we will descend, to Arles. This town, perhaps the most ancient in France, was the capital of the Gauls, and was called by Cæsar, Arelatum. If I except Rome, I have no where found so many scattered remains of ancient grandeur as here: I have taken the liberty to christen it "The Cemetery of Antiquities." Fragments of columns, friezes, capitals, pediments, metopes, triglyphs, &c. &c. &c., are scattered about in all directions. There is also an Egyptian obelisk, the only one that I know of out of Italy. The ruins of a temple, and of a basilicon, show that the Romans here exerted their architectural genius to the utmost. Lastly, its Elysian fields, where inscriptions and crosses show that Pagans and Christians have mingled their ashes; the vast extent of its theatre and of its amphitheatre; the yet colossal remains in its environs, which speak the same pathetic language as the ruins of Memphis, attest, and will long continue to do so, that Arles was one of the most important towns in the Roman empire; and that even before their conquests, it was perhaps second only to Rome;

By a curious coincidence, like Rome, it flourished in a marshy place; like her, it commanded the sea, though placed on a river; like Rome, it was compelled to bring its water from a distance; for the aqueduct of Vaucluse, which we left at the foot of Mount Dragon, extended to this place. Arles at this time is, as I have already said, no more than a cemetery of ancient ruins; a dismal, unwholesome, deserted town, where the muddy water repels the lips; and better they will never have, I suppose, till other Romans, or another Napoleon arise to build new aqueducts. I passed two days there, experiencing emotions of opposite kinds; and I thought I might have been obliged to pass many more, by a singular accident, which I will relate, as the *dénouement* is not far from the beginning.

The evening that I arrived I went to their theatre, which is modern and bad, while the actors are altogether *antique*. I soon perceived that a great many inquisitive looks were upon me, and that the commissary of police with his gendarmes were in motion and taking their posts. I suspected immediately that the description of my person had deceived them in some way, and I bethought myself of encouraging them in their mistake, by way of a little diversion. I played the part of an embarrassed man; they thinking all the time that the bird was in the net, and, as

I could see by their countenances and gestures, reckoning, some upon the promised reward, and some on promotion. I strongly suspect that the *maréchal de logis* of the gendarmes thought the epaulette was already on his shoulder. But it was time to put an end to all this, as I was become the principal sight in the theatre. I rose with a resolute air; they suffered me to pass the door of the pit, but they closed the door into the street. I asked what they meant? They demanded my passport: I replied that only swindlers kept one about them; that if they chose to see mine, they must come with me to the hotel. The commissary followed with six gendarmes, I showed him papers, as many as he pleased, and in the meantime I told him my mind about this disgraceful manner of annoying strangers. He was crest-fallen, and excused himself by showing me a paper in which the description of a certain colonel, the head of a conspiracy which took place lately at Besançon, corresponded in some particulars with mine; and thus the curtain fell, at the hotel, on the farce which had commenced at the theatre, and which the day after was the theme of conversation in all the little parlours at Arles.

This town contains also a modern building worthy of the rambler's attention. It is the town-house built by Mansard, and less *à la*

Mansard than any other production of his genius I have seen. The vaulted roof of his court of justice is very bold; and a good room, correctly proportioned, contains many curiosities, ancient and modern.

In leaving the bridge of boats on the Rhone, we leave Provence and enter Languedoc, which we have already touched at Beaucaire.

Camargue, an island formed by the Rhone, between Provence and Languedoc, is considered the most fertile tract in all France; it is seven leagues long, and finishes where the two branches of the Rhone, which form it, unite and flow into the Mediterranean. Thus have I passed by its grave, as by its cradle, which is at *la Furca*, a mountain of the ridge of St Gothard, the parent of the Ticino, the Danube, the Rhine, and, as some pretend, also of the Adige. We leave Provence then, my dear Countess, but before we advance to Languedoc, we must throw a glance over the whole of this interesting country, that we may afterwards be better able to appreciate it in detail.

This province made part of Gallia *Braccata;* from which distinction we may infer that the rest of Gaul was *inbraccata;* and consequently that the "sans culottes" are of greater antiquity than the Romans!

This province was comprised under Gallia

Narbonnensis, by the Romans, who, according to Cæsar and Livy, considered it of much importance, and who have left many traces of their attention to it, and of their magnificence. Honorius, who fell from weakness, while the empire expired from old age, yielded it to the Visigoths; Charles Martel took possession of it under pretence of driving out the Saracens. Charlemagne made it the appanage of his son the "Debonnaire," who, instead of being "*bon*," was a bigot and a fool. His governors revolted like his children, and taking advantage of the discord of this bad race, made themselves first counts and afterwards sovereigns, more powerful even than the kings of France, of whom they were formerly the dependants. The religious war, or war of the Albigeois, shook their authority, as we have already seen, at Avignon; and Languedoc, with all the domains of the counts of Toulouse, returned to its former subjection to France, under Philip the Bold; since which time they have undergone no other changes than those effected by the révolution and restoration. We are now able to travel through this country with more satisfaction and improvement: to shorten the matter let us begin from Nismes.

The amphitheatre of Nismes, if we consider the gigantic stones of which it is composed, and the art with which they are joined without cement, is superior to the amphitheatres of Rome,

of Verona, of Pera, and of Arles; but its architecture is in a style of Doric, rather coarse and heavy than simple and characteristic. All this great mass is imposing, but the eye does not repose on the several parts, as on those of the Arena of Verona.

The house called "Quarrée," which is in reality a parallelogram, is a *bijou*, unique of its kind; although some profane hand, by opening windows in it, has struck so many mortal blows at its uniform and harmonious beauty. What an absurd mania this, of consecrating to modern worship monuments of other times, which will always remind us of ancient religions, and thus produce a ludicrous confusion of devotion and veneration! For myself, I frankly confess that in entering this temple I thought only of what it *had been;* of the apotheosis of Caius and Lucius, which was there celebrated, in the presence of Augustus, their grandfather; I did not even ask to what saint or virgin the moderns consecrated the place; this would have produced a confusion of religious associations, which I do not like.

The great tower, if it be true that it was a light-house, would lead to the conjecture that the sea, in the time of the Romans, advanced much farther into the land than at present. It is possible, however, that this tower might be a kind of telegraph, to communicate with the interior. Be

that as it may, it is a rare and curious monument; while the remains of the temple of Diana are equally remarkable for their beauty. Nismes is the museum of antiquity, as Arles is its cemetery.

The new town, which encloses the old, is charming, and even in some parts magnificent; and its trade in silks, which is very active, is a great source of wealth. At the theatre they performed "The Vestal." Poor Spontini! The Romans of those days, too, in tunics of satin embroidered with gold! I ought perhaps to say a word on the horrors committed against the Protestants in this town in 1815, to celebrate the restoration and the triumph of religion; but the subject is too painful, and a rambler is not an historian. I am the more willingly silent, because the indignation that I felt in seeing Trestaillon, the chief executioner of this terrible tragedy, walking about the town, to the disgrace of justice and humanity, would perhaps induce me to pass the limits that a man who writes only rambles and letters ought to assign to himself. Let us then leave Nismes, and go to view the famous Pont du Gard.

We alight at an inn a mile and a half from the bridge, which is situated in a solitary place, well calculated to heighten the effect of this great exhibition of human industry. The antiquarians will turn up their noses at me when they hear that,

instead of going first to the bridge, I went out to hunt. I found a troop of young men ready to set off, they talked of rabbits, woodcocks, &c.; they pressed me with so much kindness, that the love of the chase conquered my love for antiquities. That day I was wholly a sportsman, and, if my modesty allows me to say so, not without glory. I saw the bridge, however, when I could not see the game, and I suppose I sometimes fired at both, for it was frequently before my eyes as well as before my imagination. This would be some apology, unless I had to plead before antiquarians; I have committed in their eyes a *crimen lesæ, &c.*, which will for ever exclude me from their sect. Let us see the Pont du Gard, nevertheless.

It is twenty miles from Nismes, at the bottom of a valley which ornaments it on every side with all that is most lovely, pathetic, impressive, and varied in nature. As soon as it breaks upon our sight, we stop and wonder; when we draw nearer, we wonder and stop. We see Roman genius and art under their sublimest aspect, and one of the most magnificent monuments of Roman greatness. I am almost tempted to forgive the ancients for the cruel slavery to which they condemned their prisoners of war, when I see the structures to which this barbarous custom gave rise; structures which adorned the reigns even of the most stupid and

most ferocious of their monarchs. Witness the draining of the lake Fucino by Claudius, the *Domus aurea* of Nero, &c. &c.

The Pont du Gard has three tiers of arches, which surmount one another with lightness and boldness, so that they seem to elude the sight; and the harmony of the whole is so perfect, that one forgets that examination of details which usually fixes the eye on what is most worthy of notice. The enormous and truly Cyclopean blocks which compose this great work, are joined together without cement or mortar, and the work is so perfect that, in some places, a pin cannot penetrate the interstices. Vanvitelli should have visited it before he built his bridge at Matalone.

This bridge, like that of Matalone, connects two aqueducts; that is to say, the aqueduct which terminates in this valley, from the north, with that which begins at the south side, and continues to Nismes. It was to Nismes that this great aqueduct paid the tribute of refreshing waters, which it carried from a limpid, bubbling spring, rising sixty miles from that city, in the mountains of User. At the same time, therefore, that you are astonished by the bridge of the Gard, you are borne, in imagination, to an immense appendage to this great work, an accessory far greater than its principal; the most

prodigious extent perhaps of aqueduct that is known.

You would have probably wished that nothing might happen to interrupt the pleasing emotions which this great work, its situation, its purpose, its accessory, &c., inspire in a well-disposed mind; but contrast is wanted in everything, and the *barbarini* have kindly provided it even at the Pont du Gard; they have destroyed much of its imposing appearance by building against it a new bridge over the Gard, which flows from this charming valley. They have also vandalized it on the north side, in order that new and old might be the more perfectly mingled; but they can hardly *fraternise* whilst the new is so bad.

I have exhausted all the resources of my treasury to give you an idea of the Pont du Gard. May they at least suffice to call forth yours, which are so vast and so profound! I have even made an effort to reinstate myself in the good graces of the antiquaries. Accept, and prevail on them to accept, my intentions—and now let us return to Nismes.

I know your turn of mind, my dear Madam, and I know that something is yet wanting to fill the chasm which your exact method of seeing and reasoning finds with respect to this water, conducted from such a distance to Nismes. I guess your difficulty: you ask if they still drink the

water of the aqueduct at Nismes, or if there is any other water equally good? In this latter case, you naturally conclude that it was useless for the ancients to bring it so far. Yes, my dear Countess, there is excellent water, perhaps better than that of the ancients, which the aqueduct brings no longer; but the water which is now drank at Nismes is a natural production of modern times; and it was the cardinal Richelieu who first made it serviceable to the public.

At the spot where it springs out of the rocks, at the foot of the mountain on which is placed the "Turris magna," and near the temple of Diana, he planted some beautiful gardens, through which this plentiful spring winds into a great canal, which afterwards supplies the town with water, animates all its manufactures, and flows through the fertile plains which extend on the south-east in the direction of the sea. Napoleon had already projected a canal which was to join that of Beaucaire, and the waters of this spring were to supply it. If you visit it, you will also see an enchanting shrine of the nymphs, at the place where this great treasure of nature first appeared for the assistance of mortals. A great temple should have been built on this spot, and the ancients would not have neglected to do so: the moderns would not have forgotten it either, if they had hoped to propitiate any divinity who would serve the purposes of the

Loyolistes, and of so many other sacrilegious traffickers in the religion of our divine Saviour.

Nismes is so favoured by nature, that agriculture and the arts cannot fail to prosper in a remarkable manner. Why should intolerance and the *ultra* wickedness of men pour out the contents of Pandora's box on so delightful a spot? Is this, too, all for the best? It is a strange "best." I quit Nismes, and am going to drink a glass of wine to your health at Lunel.

Yes, my dear Countess, it is very good; Your health! Another—The health of our friends! A third—Heaven bless our poor Italy! I should like a fourth, to the antiquaries, but they frown upon me—besides, I had better stop, for I have some fear of what happened to the German who was too eager to pay his respects to the excellent wine of Monte Fiascone; by constant repetition of "*Il est—il est—vraiment il est,*" he drank so much that he burst; and his servant, who understood Latin, wrote this curious epitaph upon him, which time has not effaced from his tomb in the cathedral of that place:—"Est, Est, Est; et propter nimium *est*, dominus meus mortuus est." At Lunel there is also a navigable canal, which terminates in that of Beaucaire, whose end we shall see by and by. This is also one of the consequences of the *Usurpation*. Whether words give value to things or not, I cannot tell, (since I am no metaphysician;) but

if ever things should happen to give value to words, I believe such *usurpations* will be worth more than certain *legitimacies*. I have found at Lunel another good thing, and somewhat extraordinary; a priest who did *not* preach jesuitically; that is to say, who preached pure morality! I am very much pleased with Lunel.

At Montpellier I can offer the antiquaries nothing but lancets, emetics, cathartics, &c.; if, indeed, they think them antiques. Montpellier, although called Mons Pessulanus, exists only within the last ten centuries, which is nothing for an antiquarian. It *sprung* (if we may use such a phrase) from the ruins of Maguellon, which was situated upon marshy ground, and at last swallowed up, perhaps at the time of some earthquake. We, who like modern things as well as ancient, may as well stop here a day. Firstly, a very good hotel, and not dear. The town (which in the heart of it is a mere nest of Jews, and offers nothing remarkable, except a few good paintings in its cathedral) is surrounded by great esplanades and beautiful walks, which render its appearance from without exceedingly pleasing. What is called the Peyron is, at the same time, a handsome square and a pretty public garden, commanding the town from a raised walk on the west. An aqueduct, which extends to a distance, and, having crossed a deep valley, unites the Peyron with a mountain from

which it is supplied with water, is more than a mere accident in the great picture which this spot presents; it is a very striking object of itself. It would even be a modern master-piece that antiquity might envy, if its architect, and those who superintended the building, had taken the trouble to borrow some lessons from the Pont du Gard, which is only forty or fifty miles from it. This aqueduct conducts the water into a hidden reservoir, whence it is thrown in a cascade over artificial rocks into a basin; by the columns which surround, and the dome which covers it, they probably meant to suggest the idea of a temple; but, loaded with absurd ornaments, and quite out of keeping, it is only a specimen of harlequin architecture. Rich Corinthian placed upon rocks! Modern Rome gave the first example of this kind of violation of rules, in its famous Fountain of Trevi. The students of this place, who are, like the students of everywhere else, amusing rogues when they are not mischievous, diverted me exceedingly with a sort of masquerade, in which they represented to admiration a character, which very likely they will one day assume,—*the quack;* and drew teeth already exceedingly well. The most amusing part of the business was to see some of them suffer their own teeth to be taken out in good earnest, to make the farce more perfect. This university still enjoys a great reputation for the

study of medicine and surgery. It possesses a physico-anatomical museum: if it is not as rich as those of Florence and of Bologna, it is no fault of these professors, for they never fail to dissect all the bodies they can procure from the cemetery, or from anywhere else, to furnish models of all the physical incidents of our mortal career.

Human nature is certainly a fine thing! Before we are born we are condemned to be torn in pieces, both during our lives and after our deaths; and at last, come the flames of hell, or of purgatory, or limbo; and all for an apple which we have *not* eaten.

At Montpellier is a theatre, where there is singing, quite in the French taste; and a canal of the same *illegitimate* construction noticed above.

The situation of the town of Cette is most curious and interesting; it is built at the foot of a mountain, or rather a rock, which rises by itself on a little neck of marshy ground, separating the sea from the morass of Thau, and joining the continent only by marshes and sands, on the south-west at Agde, and on the north-east by those of Aiguez-mortes. There is now a dyke through the morass of Thau, by means of which there is a convenient communication with this city in the direction of Frontignan; and it is to the *great* Colbert, rather than to the *great* Louis XIV, that this dyke, and also the maritime establishment, are to be ascribed. Next to Mar-

seilles, this is the most commercial port of the province. All the exports and imports of east Languedoc, and of a great part of west Provence, are made at Cette; at which place, passing through lake Thau, terminates the canal of Beaucaire and Montpellier, on the north-east; and on the south-west the grand canal of Languedoc, which we shall soon trace from its beginning to its termination.

Mounted on an ass,—a method of conveyance adapted to the wild and desert road into which inclination led me,—I went from this town to Agde, by the neck of land which, I have already told you, divides the sea from lake Thau. The contrast of the sea roaring on my left, with the stillness of the lake stagnating on my right —the beast I rode upon, who went on six legs when mine were extended—the shells that I picked up without the trouble of dismounting —my guide, and his *noble* expressions of scorn at my booty, which fell first on one side and then on the other—all this amused me so much, that, if ever I return through this country, I shall not fail to repeat this favourite excursion.

Agde (with the antiquaries' good leave) was the place of all Languedoc that I was most eager to see, although it contains no antiquities. Here begins the great canal, on the Mediterranean side. In order that you may explore it with additional pleasure, I will first give you

some preliminary notions, which will unfold to you the back-ground of the scene which is about to open upon you. That part of Languedoc which we cross between Agde and Toulouse, in a line almost due east and west, is (if we may use the expression) *embedded* between the Cevennes and the Pyrenees, which make it one great cradle, with a knoll rising almost in the middle. The only real obstacle then to a canal of communication between the Garonne and lake Thau, and consequently between the Mediterranean and the ocean, was this little hill; and the difficulty was not such that all its governors did not see the possibility of its being overcome. The Romans, who had not much to gain from a communication with the ocean, and who were not skilful in canals, had no temptation to do it; the two first races of the French kings never remained in peaceful possession of the country. The crusades, and after them the inquisition, found sufficient employment for the counts of Toulouse. The barons and the bishops, the court of Rome and the empire, left no leisure to the earlier kings of the third race. Francis I, engaged with Charles V, only *thought* of it; and the murderous poignard, armed by that sectarian fury which has so often sprinkled with blood thrones, towns, and even altars, (and will stain them again,) cut short at once the precious life

and the projects of the great Henry. Richelieu talked of it, only that the world might talk more of him. It was, then, reserved for Colbert to commence and carry on this great work, and to Napoleon to bring it to perfection.

Now, my dear Countess, if you are complaisant enough to follow me, I am going to show you the course of the canal; but I will be brief, both because its wonders are far beyond the reach of my description, and because this letter is already not a short one. Agde is a town only because it is, like Toulouse, an entrepôt for everything that ascends or descends by way of the canal, forming at this spot a great basin; it communicates by different cuts with the Herault, which runs into the sea four or five miles south of Agde, and with the lake Thau, which we have just seen. There is a third cut, by means of which it communicates with another canal which runs inland, and all these three water-courses are on different levels.

We must stop long enough at Béziers, which is on the summit of a delightful hill, to mount to the top of the cathedral, a fine Gothic building, from whence we may behold a charming country, admirably diversified with mountains and plains, with sheep-walks and vallies: it is esteemed one of the most fertile in Languedoc. It was here that, previous to the intro-

duction of indigo, the pastel, which gave the same colour, was successfully cultivated: having reduced it to a paste, they worked it into little cakes, which are called in the language of the district *cocagnes*. From this rich produce came the common saying, "c'est une cocagne," as applied to anything producing abundance and wealth. At Béziers it has been necessary to make high causeways, to prevent inundations of the Orbe from obstructing the course of the canal; this is a difficult work. The view of the boats, as they climb a high hill by means of eight locks, one above another, produces an extraordinary and picturesque effect. Five or six miles from hence is a mountain called le Colombier, which would have forced the canal to take a winding course, more difficult and expensive than the operation of cutting a way for it through its centre; they have therefore bored it, and boats pass through a tunnel in the rock, one hundred and thirty-five toises long, five wide, and four and a half high; the horses which tow the boats pass through it also on lateral shelves.

You can conceive, my dear Madam, the effect which such a tunnel must produce on a man of any imagination. It is now called the Mountain of Malpas. Here the canal flows for six miles through a straight narrow channel of a most extraordinary appearance, rendered yet

more striking by the whiteness of the rock in which it is cut through the whole of this part of its course.

Near Salleles a branch of the great canal cut by Napoleon proceeds to join the canal of Narbonne, which dates from the Romans, and which terminates in the sea at Narbonne, at the mouth, I think, of the Aude. I say *I think*, because, to my regret, I have seen neither Narbonne, nor the canal, nor the mouth of the Aude,—a river which we shall find higher up. At Répondre, at Somaille, and elsewhere, there are aqueducts, that is to say, bridges, by means of which the canal crosses the torrents, rivers, ravines, &c., all bold and difficult works; but those of Pont Rouge, and of Fresquel, are truly amazing: and here I must stop you a moment, to notice a circumstance which is necessary to form a general idea of this great canal. The contractor (whom I will name in proper time and place) liked "douceurs," as most contractors do, and threatened all the towns and villages which would not find "grease for his palms" that the canal should not pass near their walls. The town of Carcassone thought 100,000 livres rather too large a douceur, in consequence of which the contractor gave the canal a very inconvenient bend, through a desert three miles, from Carcassone. It remained for an *usurper* to repair the injustice; and it was he who, by a

new cut, six miles in length, brought the canal to Carcassone: the great works of Pont Rouge, and of Fresquel, also originated with him. The undertaking is truly great, but the execution is poor: the moderns have not yet learned the art of soldering the junctions of large stones as the ancients did it, and these two aqueducts, in spite of their magnificent and massive appearance, lose much of their water.

Carcassone, a very active town both in manufactures and agriculture, and one of the keys of the Pyrenees, well deserved this act of sovereign munificence. The Aude descends to Carcassone from the Pyrenees, and flows for more than thirty miles parallel to the canal. It was at first intended to make the canal flow into this river; but an Italian engineer showed the absurdity of expecting to convert a torrent into a navigable stream, and the plan was abandoned.

Let us proceed; at Castelnaudary the vessels, having ascended a slight elevation by four great locks, enter a superb basin, which is an ornament to the town, and a supply, in case of need, to the lower part of the canal: there is a walk all round it on a magnificent terrace, paved with large flags. But Narrouse is the most interesting part of the canal; it is the summit of the great knoll, which was the grand obstacle to the undertaking; this is two miles from Castelnaudary.

You think perhaps that the engineer, having found out how to cut his canal, and having arrived, by the help of his locks, at this elevation, might shout in triumph; on the contrary, it was precisely here that the grand difficulty of rendering the canal navigable presented itself; the difficulty, that is to say, of finding at this commanding point water enough to feed the two parts—that towards the ocean, and that towards the Mediterranean; and exactly here there was none. It was therefore necessary to bring it from a distant spot amidst the Cevennes, and to conduct it to the regulator basin at the Narrouse, by an artificial water-course, which, from its commencement in the Montagne Noire, to its termination in the basin, goes through an extent of about thirty-five miles. If you wish to see what is best worth admiring in this accessary work, have the goodness to follow me; we will be expeditious, though cold, bad roads, frequent steep flights of stairs, and my curiosity always restless in confinement, made me often "ride St Francis's horse."

After five hours hasty march, I arrived at Revel, a charming little town, queen of the valley of this name, niched in amongst the Cevennes. Two miles from it on the right we cross a small mountain, and reach the famous basin of St Ferriol. This basin is formed by building a dam completely across the little

valley of Vaudreûille. It is thus formed into a lake, of three or four miles in circumference, into which flow the waters of the Montagne Noire, and some others; and, that they may not be dissipated, care has been taken to direct them through a central bed in the lake; this lake is the "corps de reserve" in case of a drought. In order to proportion the supply of water to the demand, cocks have been made at the back of the dyke, under a deep and massy arch. To these the waters of the reservoir are conducted by pipes as long as the thickness of the dam, and when they are opened, the waters flow, by the water-course which I before mentioned, into the basin, which supplies the great canal in both directions.

I have explained to you the object, and some of the details, of the reservoir of St Ferriol; but it would be impossible for me to describe to you at once all the great and astonishing features of the work. You may easily imagine, that to sustain this little sea amidst the mountains, and to resist the enormous pressure of this great volume of water,—its rocking and its waves,—this dyke, and the embankment which strengthens it, are both on a prodigious scale. And man has brought this great spectacle of his industry to a place where nature seemed already prepared to deck it with

every variety of beauty—gay, pathetic, and romantic.

The *collège* of Sorrese is only three miles off; I went to see it. It is a college which has always done honour to France, even when it belonged to the Benedictines; but it could not fail of gaining a high reputation all over Europe under the direction of M. Ferlus, whom vast erudition, and a morality as pure as it is benignant, distinguish amongst the wise and learned of France. Eminent professors, some of them Italians, assist him with their zeal and superior endowments. He did not behave like the Jesuit at Aix,—he told me and showed me everything. Virtue and true merit need no concealment; and upright men are free from the restraint and embarrassment of hypocrites.

The place is magnificent; its situation and fine park afford the solitude so necessary for study; the air is physically and morally pure; for a retired village, in a valley of the mountains, is safe from infection, and from dangerous pleasures. The classes are well arranged, and order and discipline reign, without prejudice and without severity. Dancing, fencing, riding, swimming, games of skill and strength, exercise the body; the maxims of sound morality, and the pure doctrines of the gospel, form the mind. Drawing, painting, music, &c., add to the graces and ornaments of life. *Collèges*, where the objects of study

are numerous, and such as to qualify the pupils for the universities, and the polytechnic schools. A Frenchman cannot here learn dead and foreign languages before he is acquainted with his own. This should be rigorously observed everywhere, and especially in Italy, where we are taught Latin—often very bad Latin, and which, at best, serves only for conversation with the dead,—while we are led to neglect that beautiful *sì* which delights all the living: they want to make us priests from our cradle; and the first thing they make us read is the Breviary. In this college every religion, provided it is the Christian, has its ministers and its chapel; and no pupil is allowed to speak of his peculiar faith. The students are about five hundred—from almost all nations—American and European. This alone is sufficient to justify its celebrity. All within its walls are laymen, and there are even many married men, which is an advantage, because education has less to fear from the usual temptations of celibacy, and more to hope from an instructor who is the father of a family. At Sorrèse, as at the Ptolomei at Sienna, I could not praise a quality which I think most essential in a college,—cleanliness of body, which has great influence in promoting that of the mind. I wish a long life to this institution; but I fear much for M.

Ferlus. The Jesuits have already established themselves at Castres, ten miles from Sorrèse, and fortify themselves there as they do everywhere else; and, from a threat which escaped from the reverend rector of Aix, it appears that their object is to overthrow every institution which is not Jesuitical. M. Ferlus and his son-in-law do not believe it, but they will not be long before they make the discovery. The proverb is very true, that "standers-by see most of the game."

From Sorrèse, my dear Madam, do not turn your eyes to the west and north, but follow the example of the ancients, who even after death had their faces turned to the east, which they deemed the source of consolation and of happiness, as of light and life. You would be struck by the melancholy spectacle of the massacre which deluged these unhappy regions with blood; you would see Ambition in a sacerdotal cloak, armed with the crucifix and the poniard, murdering its thousand victims, under the pretence of sacrificing them to that religion whose maxims it profanes, whose precepts it has broken:—you would see the cardinal of St Ange ..... St Dominic ..... you would see, lastly, the cradle of that monster who has kindled fires around the stake all over the world, and perverted the gospel—the cradle of the Inquisition, and, in

consequence, the tomb of the pure and holy religion of the Saviour!

There it was that the Albigeois were sacrificed to the bigotry and the despotism of the court of Rome.

All these distressing recollections, and the reflections which they suggest on the past and the future, depressed me morally and physically,—I had hardly strength left to continue my journey. I must, nevertheless, return to the canal. Come, my dear Countess, let us pass on to the valley of Pepoul, where I would point out to you the touching contrast of its beauties with the perspective of ice which the northern slope of the Pyrenees presents, if I had a mind sufficiently free, and a more animated pen. Before we leave Narrouse, I must tell you one thing more—nay, two,—or perhaps three.

That portion of the canal which is level at the summit of the knoll, is the distributive point of the whole, and is contained between two locks, in such a manner that when water is to be supplied on the Mediterranean side, the lock of Mont Serrat is opened, and that of Medicin, when it is to be supplied to the side towards the ocean. The basin, in which the channel from St Ferriol terminates, is in the centre; and, to avoid an overflow, they con-

trived means of admitting only that quantity or volume of water which may be necessary. The number of locks from the top of this knoll to Agde is, according to some, seventy-two, and, according to others, forty-five; to the Garonne, which flows on for about two hundred miles before its waters reach the level of the ocean, twenty-nine or twenty-six. I could have rectified this discordance, but I was so intent upon admiring, that I forgot to count them.

This is a negligence not quite excusable in a man who rambles as an observer, and still less in those whose duty it is to know them exactly. I should perhaps have more to say about it, but my head grows heavy, and it is time to leave Narrouse. Let us open the lock of Medicin, and descend towards the ocean. I will only stop you to say, that the country from Narrouse to Toulouse is much finer, and the lands more fertile, than from Narrouse to Agde. Now let us proceed to the spot where the canal ends in the Garonne, a mile and a half below Toulouse.

The canal ends (to us who descend) in two large and magnificent basins; two little ports, one for the boats which are going down, the other for those which enter from the Garonne. A great lock forms the entrance, supported on a large half-moon-shaped exterior mound, which protects it against the current and the over-

flowings of the river. Another canal, which comes down from the town, and facilitates the commerce of upper Garonne, flows into it between the two basins; and there a magnificent bridge crosses it, on which Lucas has carved a fine allegorical bas-relief. All the goods which come down the canal are unloaded, and transferred to other vessels fit for the navigation of the river. I should like to have gone down the river in one of them to Bordeaux, but they are not tempting; the voyage is two slow, and the season not at present propitious.

At the Garonne they began to cut the canal; there the first stone was laid in the year 1667, and it reached Agde in 1680; parts of it were navigable in 1672, the whole in 1682. The medal which was deposited with the first stone, bore on one side the likeness of the king; and they addressed him, in the language with which he was occasionally flattered, as *Undarum Terræque potens atque arbiter orbis*: on the other side was the town of Toulouse and the canal, with a more rational inscription—*Expectata diu populis commercia pandit*. There is also an inscription in large characters, in which only one name deservedly figures—that of Colbert. I should have copied it, for the sake of the homage to his merit, but it is rather too long for a man who has little patience with flatteries and flatterers. When I think of the

unjust wars of Louis XIV; the power of his mistresses; the vices of his court; and the revocation of the edict of Nantes,—I see nothing but prostitution, disgrace, despotism, and perfidious policy, in his reign. Why do we say the "*siècle de Louis XIV*," instead of "*Louis XIV du* 17*ieme. siècle*?" He did nothing for his *siècle*, and the *siècle*, by giving great men to France, did everything for him. It was, in truth, the men of science and letters who conferred honour on him and on France; not he who conferred it upon France or upon them. If he sometimes patronised them, it was because they wrote verses to his honour; because they appeared to forget that he was a man, and a weak man, and attempted to raise him to the rank of a divinity. Louis XIV considered this canal only as one means of showing the grandeur of his dominion. Colbert calculated upon it as a method of promoting commerce, and retrieving France from the wretched condition into which so much extravagance had plunged her. To Louis belongs all the evil that was done during his reign; for the small proportion of good, France is indebted to his ministers; and to Colbert she owes the canal of Languedoc. It now remains that you should learn the name of the illustrious architect who conceived this great work.

A certain Riquet figures as such in the inscrip-

tion of which I have spoken; and this is quite *en règle*, since he put it up himself. He did not compose it, however, for he knew nothing of Latin; and two monks, to whom he read it, declared that it was shameful for the author of such an undertaking not to be able to read. I will illustrate this point, and set it in its true light, in a very few words.

M. Riquet was the collector of the taxes at Beziers, rich, as tax-gatherers always are, in countries where favour and interest are the sole controllers of public functionaries. He was intimate with a M. Andreossi, an engineer and mathematician, already well known in these parts. The possibility of cutting this canal had long been discussed; but the plans of Benean, of Louis de Foix, of Bernard Aribal, of Jean le Maire, and of many others, had already either excited ridicule, or been opposed on account of their impracticability. Andreossi drew one, and showed it to the tax-collector, who, intriguing and powerful, by means of the "irresistible arguments" of D. Basil in Figaro, contrived to get it accepted at court, obtained a decree for its execution, and, for himself, the eligible post of contractor-general of this great undertaking. Andreossi, a foreigner, without patronage and without resources, was obliged to be contented with putting himself under the

auspices of the rich financier, whom this triumph had puffed up to such a degree, that his friends feared he would die the death of the frog in the fable: while the humble executor of the great plan, who was the general overseer of the work from beginning to end, was forgotten. A man, who could scarcely scrawl a figure, thus gained the honour of sculptured inscriptions, was trumpeted by fame, and became, I think, baron of *Bonrepos*, that is to say, of a cottage in which his father and mother used to repose after the labours and toils of the day. But merit, which often breaks forth and makes a way for itself through all the intrigues and injustice which obstruct its path, was not long in becoming known. Andreossi was recognised as the sole author and executor of the great plan; and there is not, I believe, a sensible Frenchman (even among the heirs of M. le Baron) who does not believe that the honour appertained to him alone. This was so universally known, that they tried to Frenchify his name, by changing the final *i* into a *y;* but in vain they style him M. Andreossy. In spite of them all, he will always be the *Signor Francesco Andreossi, of the Lake of Como.* Poor Italians! You cannot even keep your own names from foreign invasion! Besides, everybody knows that, at this time, the French were not as far advanced in the fine arts and

the sciences as they now are; and that the Italians had already constructed the Louvre, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Mazarin and Conti palaces, &c., at Paris; canals in Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and England; and that their genius then extended over Europe, as widely as the sovereignty of strangers has since extended over their country, the Helen of Europe.

The bell rings for dinner, my dear Madam; you will not be displeased that I quit you, and leave you a little repose, after having dragged you over ruins and mountains, taken you a-hunting, and made you trot on a donkey. To tell the truth, I am a little fatigued myself. Let us rest then; I, that I may set off again on my journey with the same ardour, and you, that you may follow me with the same patience.

P. S. I forgot to remark to you, my dear Madam, that Napoleon opened a direct communication from the British channel to the Atlantic at Bourdeaux, by means of the canal of Beaucaire, and of that which connects the Seine and the Saone. I will give you a sketch of this great inland navigation in two lines. I may make some slight errors, for I have no work under my eye by which to assist or correct my memory; but I shall not essentially mislead you.

From Havre, in the channel, the boats ascend the Seine, nearly as far as Auxerre, where a canal, which terminates near Chalons, connects the Seine with the Saone. The latter river flows into the Rhone at the bridge of Perache, two miles below Lyons. You have already seen where the canal of Beaucaire communicates with the Rhone and the grand canal of Languedoc, and where that canal communicates with the Garonne; and you know that the Garonne flows into the Atlantic at Bourdeaux.

I forgot also to tell you, that the whole length of the canal is about one hundred and sixty miles.

LETTER IV.

Paris, 28th of February 1822.

HERE I am for the third time at Paris, my dear Countess, and each time I have been astonished at great events of a new aspect.—*Sic erat in fatis.*

When Jupiter consulted the fates about Hector and Achilles, he found that the hero of Troy must fall before the hero of Greece, and that there was no help for it, though the former was his special favourite; from that moment Apollo, the tutelary genius of the Trojan, abandoned him to his fate. It seems, therefore, upon the authority of Homer himself, that there is a predestination which gods themselves cannot resist: we must no longer wonder then that Napoleon and Paris have fallen before united Europe, as continental Europe had previously bent beneath France and Napoleon. It

has been said a thousand times, and we repeat it once more,—that if some Frenchmen, unworthy of the name, had not betrayed Napoleon, if Paris had added her efforts to his genius, both would yet remain to astonish the world; but it was written in the book of destiny, which controls the beginning, the progress, and end of all that exists, that there should be traitors and ungrateful Frenchmen; that Paris should think only of securing the riches which she had acquired as head of the empire; and that the emperor himself should be the Theodore of Elba, and in progress of time the prisoner of St Helena! Surely Pangloss is right in saying "that there is necessity in all things." But let us leave Homer and the Pharisees to contest this point with the philosophers and theologians who may be disposed to dispute it; let us, in the meantime, commence our fourth ramble, beginning (of course) from the spot where we concluded our third.

Toulouse is a large town; it even pretends to rank next to Paris in size, but assuredly not so in beauty; for if we except its environs, which are pleasant, the whole town is gloomy and bad, and the pavement is worse than the bed of Procrustes. Its antiquity is involved in obscurity by the conjectures of antiquarians; but it was certainly a town of importance in the time of the Romans, under the name of "Tolosa Colonia," or "Civitas

Tolosatiensis." It figures much in the decline of the Roman Empire, and under the earlier races of the French kings.

Under the counts of Toulouse it attained, at first, a degree of eminence equal to Paris; but the religious wars, and the inquisition (of which it was the principal seat,) afterwards rendered it a theatre of blood and desolation. Under the third race it fell into the hands of the nobles, the *capitouls*, and the *hommes de robe*, whose vanity suffered the town, well situated for commerce, to languish in idleness, while they employed themselves only in chicanery and intrigue, and in maintaining futile distinctions. It raised its head under the fourth race, that is to say, under the usurpation; and what did the restoration do for it? The restoration excited new contending factions in the place, and closed the manufactories which the continental system had opened.

No vestiges of antiquity are to be found at Toulouse, at least I could find none. Intolerance has perhaps obliterated all she considered profane. The revolution, on the other hand, has dealt as mercilessly with the church of St Dominic, as *he* did with the town and the whole province of Languedoc; fortunately for the Catholics, his body is kept at Bologna, or they would probably have lost that as well as his church. La Dorade is a superb church. A

virgin which it contains, sculptured by a certain *Luke*, is in great esteem, and works many miracles; its ostensible origin being a miracle also. It is reported to be the work of St Luke, whereas history (I do not know *what* history by the by) and even our Bolognese, in their famous sanctuary of the Madonna di St Lucca, give him credit only for being a painter. If anybody will enroll him as an architect, we shall then have three Michael Angelos, one at Florence, one at Marseilles, and one in Paradise. La Dorade has lost his right to the name; for this image, from some accident or other, is not gilt; it is as black as our Lady of Loretto, who has a good excuse for her complexion, having been long exposed to the burning suns of Palestine before she came to Italy. I cannot, however, find any pretext for the blackness of la Dorade. Either of them would be the pride of the negroes, but we white men like better what is clearer to the eye.

It is really a pity that the church of the Cordeliers has been converted into a magazine for forage. It is a fine structure of mixed architecture, Gothic and modern: caprice is sometimes admissible in a man of inventive genius, if he have taste.

The church of St Saturnin would be grand and majestic, if it were not so heavy and dark: it is one link of the historical chain of architectural

anomalies, all the offspring of the middle ages, but interesting and instructive from their originality. This church has been so fortunate as to preserve thirty bodies of saints, amongst whom are no less than seven apostles. The sacristan told me their names, but St Peter struck me as a disputed point between Toulouse and Rome, which has also her St Peter under the magnificent "confessione" in the great temple of the Vatican.

At Toulouse they have also a capitol, but disregarding the etymology, they have built it in a bottom. The Jupiters who presided at this sublime inauguration, were, nevertheless, ambitious *extollere caput;* for the great desire of the inhabitants of Toulouse, was to be *capitous* or municipal magistrates, and, in consequence, nobles. Amongst the busts and statues, which ornamented this oblong hall before the revolution, there was one, and only one, which deserved a place there. Guess it, dear Madam; it was that of a woman—of Clemence d'Isaure, who bequeathed the greatest part of her property to this town, for the institution of an annual fête early in May, at which four prizes are awarded for proficiency in literature;—a wild rose, a heartsease, a violet, and a pink, wrought in gold, silver gilt, and silver; the ceremony is called the festival of the floral games.

There is a museum at Toulouse, but the only good pictures renew the painful recollection of the remorseless rapacity with which the French, like their neighbours, have plundered Italy. Amongst the marbles, an infant Hercules strangling a serpent in each hand is striking, both from the beauty of the workmanship, and from the place where it was found, *the Jesuits' college.* They considered it perhaps as the emblem of what they aspired, and do still aspire, to become. But I have forgotten to notice a painting which, if not by its physical, at least by its moral effect, is calculated to inspire strong interest, and many profitable reflections—profitable indeed to all, but especially to rulers. In this painting, Raymond VI, count of Toulouse, to escape from the excommunication and crusade which Innocent III had directed against him, submits to the greatest of all ignominy; to be beaten with rods, naked, at the gate of the church of St Giles, in presence of twenty archbishops, and an immense concourse of people. It would be a good pendant to that of Henry IV of Suabia, waiting with bare feet, and a cord round his neck, for two days in the cloister of Canossa, for the absolution of Gregory VII; or to that of Frederic Barbarossa, stripped of his regalia, and holding the stirrup for Alexander IV, in the great square at Venice.

Toulouse is remarkable as the key of the Pyrenees, and also for its great arsenal, its great mills (one of which has twenty grind-stones, and another twenty-four) and for its fine bridge over the Garonne, from the middle of which the eye commands a charming land-scape.

I have been on the ground of the battle of Toulouse. This battle is so much the more honourable to Wellington and the English, as they found, in marshal Soult and his little army, a bone somewhat hard of digestion. Without resource and without hope of assistance, threat-ened by many enemies in his rear, he retreated —but he could not be subdued.

Montauban does not pretend to higher anti-quity than the middle ages. It appears to have been built in the twelfth century, by Alphonso count of Toulouse. Whether it was the country of Ariosto's Signor di Montalbano, or not, I cannot determine; but if it was, and he had seen it, he would have sung its praises along with those of his hero. There would have been a little anachronism indeed in making Rinaldo cotemporary with the foundation of the town; but, "poetis quidlibet," you know;—that is no such great matter. It is a charming city; the walks which have been made on the banks of the Tarn (which divides the town between Lan-

guedoc and Quercy) have a charming effect, enhancing the beauty of the view from the bridge, as well as affording delight to those who walk in them. The waters of this river, flowing from the Cevennes amongst the Albigeois, have often been stained with human blood—the blood of courageous men, who, daring to attack the luxury and corruption of the clergy, endeavoured to reform them, and lead them, in the footsteps of Arnaud de Brescia, to the orthodoxy of the gospel. But in spite of the horrors perpetrated here, under Louis VIII and Louis XIII, against the Albigeois and the Huguenots, it is still the part of the kingdom where the Protestants are the most numerous: at Montauban there are two evangelical colleges. If the Jesuits could have their way, we and our posterity should see much Christian blood spilt again to extinguish this importunate light. Within the walls of their colleges they are already training their recruits; and fathers of families, blinded by the fanaticism which the incendiaries of Japan and la Plata well know how to inspire, are unconsciously preparing their sons to be the scourge of their country, of humanity, and of Christian morality. The Greeks and Romans lent all their aid to the cultivation of mind, body, and soul, in their children, to fit them for becoming the valiant defenders of their coun-

try, to make them good citizens, and inspire them with generous sentiments: now, on the contrary, throughout all continental Europe, education, by the crooked policy of governments, is made subservient to the views and interests of despotism, temporal and spiritual; and of this education the Jesuits are the guardians. We are unhappy enough; it might be supposed that we could not be more so; but this is an error. If the Jesuits continue to rule for a few years more over the institutions and the consciences of men, posterity will be far worse off than we are. But let us continue our ramble, dear Madam. The cathedral of Montauban is a beautiful building, in which Monsieur Cotte has shown himself far superior to Manzard and Puget. If ever you should visit this place, you will see it to greater advantage than you could now, for you will find it embellished by walks which are now scarcely marked out.

At Agen I went hunting rabbits; it is wonderful to see the ferret hunt these animals, burrowing into the ground to drive them out of their holes, and expose them to the dogs or to the gun of the sportsman; and never were there more skilful ferrets than the three who hunted with us. This amusement has made me almost forget that Agen was the ancient, and *very* ancient Aginnum Nitiobrigum, and that there should certainly be some remains of

antiquity. Here is another mortal offence against antiquarians.

Near Aiquillon, we cross the Garonne at the point where the Lot falls into it, and we arrive in the province now called Gascony, among the Vasques, or Basques, who, during the decline of the Roman empire, took possession of this country. The Romans called it Aquitania, the etymology of which may perhaps be *Aquamtenens*, from the quantity of rivers, ponds, and marshes, which it contains. Charlemagne subdued it; but, under the feeble administration of his successors, this district, like Provence and Languedoc, became the property of its deputed governors. It afterwards came into the possession of the kings of England, and was restored to France by Charles VII. We are now, then, amongst this singular people, whose eccentricity, drollery, and wit, are well known; the only race in France perhaps, who, like the Jews and the Genoese, still preserve the characteristics of their fathers from the remotest antiquity; they are still the Biturigi and the Vibisii whom Cæsar found there. We travel but slowly, dear Countess; and the circuitous route which I have taken to arrive at this place (Paris) is of itself long enough. We will notice only what we find most interesting, for fear our ramble should become a tedious itinerary.

At Langon I embarked in a steam-boat,

which sets off every morning for Bordeaux. The charming banks of the Garonne would have absorbed my attention during the whole of this little voyage (of twenty-six miles) if the mechanism of the boat, and its effects, which had long excited my curiosity, had not kept me fully employed; nor were the accompaniments of the trip by any means wanting in interest.

Three or four most original Gascons enlivened the party, and the varieties of which it was composed were exceedingly singular. Gay fellows, who were at once Parisian and Gascon; little upstarts of the "nouveau régime," who gave great offence to antique perukes of the "ancien régime;" jolly companions, with their songs and declamations against the element on which we were gliding so swiftly and safely; speculators, turning the four quarters of the globe to account; politicians, partitioning it; Dulcineas, setting it on fire with languishing glances; here a sick lady, and an "aimable" offering salts and *consommé;* there a lady quite well, but wishing to be better; Englishmen examining the moon in bright sunshine, and making almanacks; on one side singing and whistling, on another yawning and snoring; priests praying, sailors swearing; a German who spoke French, and a Frenchman who spoke German, I myself endeavouring to speak both languages, and the trio making the

most harmonious jargon in the world: altogether it was quite unique, and I endeavour to recall the idea, when I want a good laugh to dispel painful thoughts. If Giraudi had been there, he would perhaps have conceived the drollest of all the comedies which his brilliant pen has produced. In France, whether by land or by water, you always travel merrily, and sometimes agreeably. You everywhere meet with clean hotels and good tables, and in general with amusing and well-behaved company.

Since we have touched upon *steam*, let us stop a moment or two on dry ground, to resist the foreigners who would lay violent hands even on the genius of us poor Italians, and enrich themselves with our spoils. French, English, and Americans, dispute with each other the merit of the discovery of the application of steam. It belongs to none of these nations;—it is due to an Italian, Giovanni Branca, who lived in Rome as early as the year 1629. If his experiments produced no brilliant results, it was because, instead of encouragement, he encountered the Inquisition; and it was reserved for a free people, like the Americans or the English, to perfect what they had learnt from us.

You may inform the antiquaries, my dear Madam, that there are antiquities at Bordeaux, (their ancient Burdigale) but that you have not patience, nor I time, to spend upon fragments

of old walls, whilst there are modern things better worth our attention.

Bordeaux, on the side next the Garonne (which forms it into a crescent) is magnificent; in the interior it is very ugly. Being interspersed with walks and avenues, it is not so regular as Marseilles, but it is newer and handsomer; the general effect of the "quartier de la Comédie" is magnificent; it is a sort of isolated parallelogram, but its defects strike the eye the moment you stop to examine. The façade is too long for its width, and, commanding a large square, as it does, it should have a pediment; small arcades, narrow porticoes, and a top story *à la Mansarde*, that is to say, between the roof and the cornice, are not at all suited to a grand and splendid building. The interior of the theatre is superb, if show and a profusion of ornaments are sufficient to gratify the observer; but he will look in vain for the beautiful harmony on which the eye loves to repose. Why great pillars, where there are neither porticoes nor boxes to support? And why do these boxes interfere with the pillars, and project like pulpits, while boxes, columns, and ornaments, all impede the voice of the actor? Monsieur Louis, however, may boast of an extraordinary production; for his theatre is neither ancient nor modern, neither French nor Italian. The architect has committed

another fault,—almost a crime,—in the form of the house; he has deprived the public of a great deal of space, and the proprietor in consequence of a great deal of money. Monsieur Louis is, I think, also the architect of the famous tower of Corduan, the great light-house which rears its head at the mouth of the Garonne: I have not seen it, but I am told it is wonderful. On a rock, and in the middle of the water, (always provided they do not adopt the Corinthian style,) architects may be allowed to disregard rules a little, and give scope to their fancy; but in a great town, and for a building which is to serve at once as an useful structure, an ornament, and a model, they are bound to conform to the rules of their art, which are all founded in mathematical principles and relations, like those of music.

At the exchange you stand in a large square, protected from wind and from rain, from cold and from heat; it is a very convenient and singular building. But why such a grand principal, and such paltry accessories? Why the Colossus of Rhodes with pigmies for supporters? It is the Micromèga of Voltaire, with the *insects* he found on the Baltic, and which still infest the earth. Porticoes low, narrow, dark, and blocked up,—tippling houses,—a staircase without proportion or exact gradation,—very small rooms and conventual doors;—in order to have a

little more space to let. If any one would learn to build an exchange, let him look at that of Ancona, so grand though small, and so magnificent though simple. A mercantile town always smells of trade, as a *parvenu* does of his workshop or his counter. Thus we find the front rooms of the theatre at Bordeaux all let off for clubs or private diversions, instead of being appropriated, as they ought to be, to the amusement of the company between the acts. The spectators must either sit still and yawn in their boxes, or leave the house in search of diversion. The members of the club have permission to enter; and as I had had the honour to be introduced there, I might have enjoyed the same privilege; but the stranger and the subscribers are not the public.

At Bordeaux there are some churches very well worth seeing, and a museum containing some beautiful paintings; there is also a public library, where I endeavoured in vain, for four days, to gain admittance, tried in vain for four hours to find a book which was there, and was at length driven away by a librarian who wanted to go to dinner at an hour when nobody dines; that is to say, at the dinner time of the *ancien régime;* it would undoubtedly be a profanation for him to dine at the same hour as the *philosophes*. Heaven bless him! But the illustrious sons of Bordeaux—Montesquieu and Mon-

taigne—would not bless him, if they could raise their heads from the tomb.

The stone bridge which crosses the Garonne at this place, uniting Bordeaux with the faubourg of Chapeau rouge, is truly astonishing: it is built upon twenty buttresses and eighteen arches; a bold and difficult undertaking, from the depth of the river, and the force of the current ascending or descending with the tide. The work had been in contemplation through many a reign, but this also was left to do honour to that of Napoleon. It is in vain to attempt to conceal the traces of him and his works; they will always appear. If his successors wish to show themselves, if not greater, yet better than he, the way is easy; let them do the good which he *did not*, though he could and ought to have done it: wisdom and moderation will be productive of more good than his genius united with his ambition; but as long as they do only mischief, they do but add, by contrast, to the effect of what he achieved worthy of renown. This bridge is not yet finished, but perhaps it soon will be.

I have been making a devout pilgrimage to the chateau de la Brède, fifteen miles from Bordeaux, the birth place of that great luminary who has thrown light on the legislation of the whole world since the seventeenth century. It is said that Homer had no mo-

dels; it is difficult to believe that his divine works thus sprung out of chaos; but it is certain that Montesquieu was his own original, and the only legislator, after the Evangelists, for the whole human race. "Mankind had lost their rights," said Voltaire; "Montesquieu discovered and restored them." You may imagine, dear Madam, with what sentiments of respect and adoration I saluted the sanctuary! With what emotion the sight of the chamber, the furniture, the ink-stand, the pen of this apostle of truth and justice, affected my heart! The sight of this sublime solitude, of these venerable trees, which perhaps fostered and refreshed his genius! Had it not been for the irresistible aversion with which I turn from everything bordering upon superstition or affectation, I could have kissed these sacred relics. But what object, think you, disturbed the fervour of my adoration,—the sympathy with which my heart was touched? The sight of terrible dungeons, in which the victims of feudal tyranny were permitted to languish. I will not suppose that Montesquieu used them as they had been used by his ancestors; but not to have destroyed them—not to have sacrificed them to that philanthropy which he proclaimed to the world;—this, I confess, has weakened the idea which I had formed of his generosity. I am more and more forced into the conviction, that man is

born with a thirst for despotic power. Look at children; if you allow them to follow their natural bent, they suffer nothing to oppose their will, and beat their nurse at the very moment she gives them the support of existence. Education corrects, but does not destroy. Human weakness is rarely proof against the *prestiges* of ambition and pride; and but rarely are the same sentiments in the heart as on the lips or the pen. I returned to Bordeaux full of gloomy thoughts. What follows is not more gay; but the reflections which the subject gives rise to may prove useful. After pondering on the vices which are born with us, and accompany us through life, it is a fit season to muse upon death. Let me conduct you to a *memorare novissima tua*—a burial place.

La Chartreuse of Bordeaux has been converted into a cemetery, which (if it were anything but a cemetery) I should call superb. The eye here suggests only the pomp of man: to be reminded of his nothingness, you must have recourse to meditation, and ask yourself what there is beneath these vain monuments, and these epitaphs vainer still, telling only what the inmate has *not* been, instead of what he now is. Flattery, thou pest! With life all delusion ought to end, yet flattery would spoil us after our death! Let us turn our eyes, dear Madam, from these altars, raised and decked by falsehood and by pride;

let us turn to the humble tombs where piety and truth are allowed to appear. Here we learn more, and find rest for our hearts.

A young girl was weeping bitterly over one of these; she was offering a tribute of love and respect to the virtues of her mother, and scattering flowers on the tomb. At a little distance, a woman, three children, and some aged persons, were kneeling and mingling their tears and prayers. It was the widow, the orphans, and the afflicted, who offered this tribute of gratitude and grief to the memory of their benefactor. A man of a noble air was bending over a simple urn, his forehead rested on his right hand, and he was motionless in grief. It was easy to see that his heart was torn, for he shed no tears .... he excited my compassion .... but I durst not disturb him: I know how sweet it is to converse with the dead! .... I passed on; a secret, uncontrolable impulse brought me back to the spot; I approached, but he did not perceive me. Alas! I read, "To FRIENDSHIP". . . . I understood his affliction and the tomb but too well; I could no longer resist. . . . I leant also on that sacred urn. At last we addressed one another; and in what language! .... We consoled each other. We would fain have remained, but night stole upon our melancholy thoughts and we were compelled to go. We left the cemetery together;

and the sweetest sympathy united our hearts. During the few days that I afterwards spent at Bordeaux, we were inseparable; my sympathy hovers over him still, and will ever continue to do so. But let us leave the cemetery, and make a sudden bound into the midst of the Carnival, and in Lent.

The most brilliant part of the Carnival at Bordeaux begins on the first day of Lent, and lasts till the third, inclusively. During these three days all is bustle and joviality. The first day the obsequies of the carnival begin, and on the second they carry him in procession to Chantan, two miles from the town, where they bury him. The third is full of follies of the same kind. Masked processions of all ranks and classes, an immense concourse of people on horseback, in carriages, and on foot, all flock to this spot; all the taverns, inns, and country houses in the neighbourhood resound, not with cries of sorrow, but with songs and shouts of merriment; great feasts are the offerings consecrated to his manes; and the choice wines of the country, the tears shed on his tomb. I wept my share, with more than fifty companions; we did not weep amiss; and this time, I believe, we surpassed the ladies, who on all other occasions are better weepers than men; they, however, performed their part pretty well even on this. With this noisy appendix to the Carnival, I began to fancy my-

self at the carnavolone at Milan, which is also held during the two or three first days of Lent. I have done right to remind you of the "*novissima*" before the Carnival; for, as you see, the day of ashes is lost at Bordeaux.

I turn with regret from this beautiful town, which will soon become more lovely still. The chateau Trompette, which was to it what the Bastille was to Paris, has been demolished, and beautiful walks are already marked out on its site. I wish Bordeaux much happiness, better architects, and mayors more true to their country than the one who delivered it to the English in 1814. I wish repose to the wounded soul of the friend that I leave there; but I know by experience that, when the treasure of friendship is lost, there is no hope of peace till it is found once more in Elysium. I am sorry to conclude the chapter of Bordeaux with tidings ominous to the constitutional government of Spain. I leave the Duke San Carlos there. It is said that he is *en vedette*.

I descended the Garonne to Blaye. The view, at the point where the Dordogne, which flows through the Angoumais, falls into the Garonne, and where these two magnificent streams are united under the name of the Gironde, is grand and striking. Lower down on the left bank is Pouillac, which I have only seen from the top of the fortress of Blaye. It was from this place

that the duchess of Angoulême embarked *en héroïne* during the "hundred days." The part of Guyenne and of Saintonge crossed by the diligence, before it enters the province of Aunis, is the land of plenty and rural beauty, without any large or fine towns. I come now to Rochefort in Aunis; this is likewise a spot which suggests meditation.

The *sic transit gloria mundi* here presents itself in its full force; it seems that Napoleon's star was clouded whenever he embarked from France, and shone only when he *dis*embarked. The humble shores of Fréjus and of Cannes received him like a triumphant conqueror, though he came as a fugitive; and when he first landed in France from his paternal roof at Ajaccio, we may almost say that he was attended by the high destiny which awaited him. On the other hand, when he embarked from Toulon, he was fortunate only in escaping from the fate which overtook the unhappy Kleber; when he embarked from Boulogne, he prepared that conflagration, which raged behind him till he hastened to Austria to extinguish it; when he embarked from Rochefort, he was dragged to a rock, where vultures preyed on the vitals of this second Prometheus, who, like the first, had brought fire upon the earth. It was at Rochefort that, after deliberating for a week, after refusing the pressing entreaties of brave and

faithful sailors, who would have conducted him across the Atlantic, he decided upon giving himself up to the English. He expected, like Themistocles, to find a Darius; and he would have found one in the Prince Regent, if the minister who was at the head of affairs had not been the agent of continental jealousy and ferocity, rather than the interpreter of the generous feeling of his country. Yes! If Napoleon had been in the hands of the English people, and not in those of the cabinet, his noble confidence would not have been betrayed. Whenever I embark, I am, with some slight difference in persons and things, like Napoleon: —I am undone,—for the sea kills me; when I land again, I triumph, after my fashion, for I return to new life!

Rochefort is also a great arsenal; its port is the Charante, which has been rendered by art sufficiently deep for ships of war of all classes to be launched in it. "Le Duc d'Artois," which is still on the stocks, is built to carry one hundred and thirty-two guns. The mouth of the Charante is only five miles from this place;—forts and batteries guard the entrance, and palisadoes enclose it; but all this did not prevent English fire-ships, in the last war, from spreading destruction and terror in this great naval establishment. Beware of the sea, when

you are at war with the English! They are as nimble as the ferret when it pounces upon the poor rabbits."

The town is neat and pretty, with a palace and royal gardens; fine avenues surround it, but the air is pestilential, and the water still more infected. Why should such an important dock be built in such a filthy spot? When it was planned, it was, perhaps, intended to drain the marshes around it. If so, Louis XIV must have consulted his mistresses' favourites instead of engineers, for it is evident that the marsh is so much below the level of the sea, that even Napoleon (whose engineers understood their business, and were appointed without the help of mistresses) was compelled to abandon the project. What is still more extraordinary is, that the good and unfortunate Louis XVI was persuaded to found here, at an enormous expense, a military hospital worthy of a great capital; as if the patient could breathe better air in this hospital than that which was destroying them in the town. On the contrary, it is much worse in an isolated spot in the middle of a bog, where they have not even the benefit of the small corrective to the atmosphere afforded by the fires of the town; and everybody knows what sort of air is inhaled in a fever hospital. Why was it not built two or three miles from the town, on

those charming hills where the north wind often drives away the miasma exhaled from the marshes? One would think the whole was devised, by a combination of physicians and apothecaries, to create a demand for prescriptions and drugs. I think Rochefort, from the time of its foundation, must have cost France more victims than all Napoleon's battles up to the time of his ambitious enterprizes in Russia and Spain. Now, my dear Madam, let us set out for Rochelle.

We are still in a district of sorrowful story, and I feel that my letter is becoming a *Jérémiade;* but how can one pass with indifference through a country which reads "a great moral lesson" to the reflecting passenger, and, by the horrors of the crimes, which each step recalls to our minds, teaches us the better to appreciate those virtues and sentiments which we ought to cherish? I fear your comments—you think I have missed my vocation, and that I ought to have been a missionary. By no means, my dear Countess; I say only what I think, without consulting its policy. I should, therefore, have made the worst missionary in the whole world.

In entering upon the district of la Rochelle, a flat and marshy tract which offers no object of interest to the eye of the curious, other horrors, not entirely unconnected with those committed

upon the poor Albigeois, present themselves to the memory, in the shape of religious wars. This country recalls to you the massacres of Cabrières and Merindol, of Vasi, of Roen, &c., and that of St Barthélemi; massacres which excite such a hatred of intolerance, as ages to come will never efface. It recalls to you the assassination of Anne de Bourg, of admiral Coligni, and of so many others; the gibbets and faggots, the plunderings and burnings, which overspread France, in defiance of faith and of treaties. It recalls to you a duke of Guise, who wrote word that "all must be killed;" a Gregory, who granted the requisite dispensation for a marriage, to lull the suspicions of the Huguenots, and by that means to facilitate the dire conspiracy to murder them all at the same day and hour; a dispensation which a more conscientious Pius had uniformly refused, and which all canonical laws imperiously forbid. Why must it also recall what I wish to forget, and to pass over in silence;—a monster of that sex, which in history, ancient and modern, shines with so many gentle, amiable, generous, virtues? And this monster, dear Madam, for the shame of Italy, bore a name often dear to her, and yet dearer to you, to me, and to our friends:—Rochelle, in a word, calls to mind more than a million of victims sacrificed by fanaticism in France alone, for the honour of the

true faith. With such recollections I entered the bloody theatre of those wars of which religion was never the cause, and always the pretext.

This town, the refuge and stronghold of the oppressed Huguenots, (hunted like beasts of prey,) is one of the great historical monuments of their dreadful sufferings, and of the courage with which they repelled their assailants. I lodged in the house, now an inn, which received Jeanne d'Albret, queen of Navarre, when, in 1568, she took refuge in these walls, with her son, (afterwards Henry IV,) the prince of Condé, admiral Coligni, and many more of the proscribed, who fled from the sword of the Inquisition. Something still remains of the mole which Richelieu constructed in 1682, to cut off all communication between the town and the sea, (by means of which the inhabitants received constant supplies from the English,) and thus to subdue by famine a courage against which arms had so often proved vain. This great work, which, if I may use the expression, enchained the sea and the besieged, shows the enterprising and resolute spirit of this powerful minister.

La Rochelle is still strongly defended by double ramparts and ditches. Its harbour is a very fine basin, which the phenomenon of the tides, so much talked of and so little explained, fills and empties periodically every six hours;

its entrance is a good deal obstructed, and, in part, by the remains of Richelieu's great mole. The armoury is spacious, and rich in all sorts of destructive instruments. The whole forms a pretty little town of modern date, upon the ruins of an old castle which had been built to oppose the incursions of the Normans. Let us leave La Rochelle, and pray to heaven that no more Clements and Ravaillacs may arise in France, or elsewhere, to renew these persecutions and murders.

At Marons the Sevre divides Aunis from the province which in the French revolution made so much noise, and very often seemed from a distance a giant, while it is, in fact, but a pigmy. We enter upon La Vendée, which is properly only lower Poitou; why it is called Vendée, I cannot imagine, unless from the little river *Vendie*, which waters a part of it. I have endeavoured to ascertain what it was that facilitated the astonishing resistance made here to the republican armies; whether I have succeeded or not, I cannot tell; but you shall hear all I saw, knew, and thought about it, on the spot.

La Vendée, if you consider its progress in civilization, is the poorest and weakest province of France; the richest and strongest, if you reckon only its natural advantages. Before the revolution, it might have been called the Arcadia of France, had it not been inhabited by priests,

too much like those of modern times, and by nobles who were worthy of the darkest period of the middle ages. Its population was a race of shepherds, as robust as they were simple and rude, and as brave as they were ignorant and uncivilized; and a country interspersed with meadows and brush-wood, thick woods and plains, hills and vallies; guarded by the ocean on the west, by the Loire on the north; having neither great roads nor towns, nor even large villages; abounding in pasturage and cattle, in grain, pulse, fruits and fine water,—was sure to be a stronghold to its inhabitants, and a dangerous labyrinth to the stranger. So much is this the case, that it has always been necessary to resort to negociation when La Vendée was to be subjugated.

Perhaps you ask why and wherefore they have so often and so furiously rebelled. The wherefore they did not know themselves, and some of them do not know yet; but the why was intelligible enough—their priest or their seigneur bid them rebel. Having no ideas beyond their own field, the church, and the "chateau," they consulted no other oracles than those of the two divinities, the priest and the feudal lord. Having no middle class, (nothing between vassalage and these super-human personages,) not knowing how to read, write, or speak for them-

selves, they spoke and were informed solely through the medium of their masters.

With nothing French but their wretched *patois*, which is about as much Turkish as French, they hardly knew that they belonged to France, and some of them perhaps did not know that such a country existed. They were informed that there was a *king*, (a divinity of a higher order than their lords and priests)—that monsters were about to destroy him; and this was probably all they were taught to believe. A levy of troops for the republican army alarmed them; they were told that they would become the assistants, perhaps the victims, of these monsters, which was true; and at length the assassination of that good monarch, (and almost all his family,) who might be reproached with some faults, but had committed no crimes, was the grand spring which excited them to action, and completed the exasperation and horror which already filled their minds. It was gunpowder thrown upon a raging fire.

With excitements so powerful, acting upon the little understanding they were permitted to exercise; and comprehending as much of the revolution, of the opinions and the wants which gave rise to it, as the natives of Thibet comprehend of their Grand Lama,—it is not astonishing that the people of La Vendée gave themselves up

to revolt and resistance. The excesses which followed were the natural result of the revenge and ferocity which distinguish the heart of "the most noble of creatures." Here you have, my dear Madam, the brief historical sketch, and still briefer reflections, which I made in passing through La Vendée. But its inhabitants, though a little spoiled by civilization learnt in *such a school*, are still the best people in the world, though in some places they are looked upon as cannibals. It is matter of astonishment, that their commander-in-chief, Chatelineau, who was a waggoner, should so often have led them to victory, even in pitched battles; (though this is but one illustration of the common remark, that men are formed by circumstances.) It is still more astonishing that France, torn and desolated by her own children,—by the royalists on the south and west, and by the republicans on the east, in the centre, and in the north,—assailed by formidable foreign armies, which hemmed her in by sea and land,—could resist at once so many external forces, and internal horrors, combined to destroy her. Nor were these the sole causes of her sufferings: millions of money were employed, (foreign, as I suspect,) to pay the butchers of both parties, Jacobin as well as royalist; a too frequent concomitant of the subsidies granted by foreign powers to blind and furious faction.

We may now, my dear Countess, pass over La Vendée with a few words, for I have already done my best to show it to you such as it once was; we will now and then stop a few moments to make some slight observations on what it has since become, and now is.

Napoleon intersected it with good roads; constructed ports and bridges; built towns and villages; he made it a fine department, and he caused its capital to rise into sudden existence, by one of those strokes of magic so familiar to him. He called it Napoleonville, and I knew it only by this name, as I had seen it on the map.

When I reached Bourbon-Vendée, I asked, very innocently, for Napoleonville;—the people all laughed in my face; of course I thought this the fault of my French, so I tried again with all the skill I could muster, and with every kind of circumlocution, to make myself better understood: in fact they understood me well enough. "Sir," said the master of the hotel (or, as they call him, the *bourgeois*,) with his powdered hair, his pigtail, and his impertinent tone,—"Sir, you are there already: we do not choose to be laughed at." You, who know me, can guess what sort of an answer I made, and how I turned my back on him; but you do not know what was the consequence. Some of their gendarmes did me the honour to inform me that the commissary of the police wanted to speak to

me, and they were even obliging enough to accompany me thither. I cut the matter short. I saw a map hanging up in the room, and I bid him observe that in this map, as well as in my own, the town was called Napoleonville, and not *Bourbon-Vendée;* that when it was thought proper to re-baptise a place, the maps should be re-baptised also; and that they were annoying me for a fault entirely their own. I let drop a word or two more about giving information of their proceedings and abuse of power, and then I turned my back upon *them* also, after my fashion. I was half inclined to go and complain to the *préfet;* but I thought it was better to turn the thing into ridicule against the inn-keeper of the old régime, and the police of the new; so I contented myself with a walk through *Bourbon-Vendée, alias* Napoleonville, or, before this last *alias,* Roche-sur-Yon. Napoleon, as it seems by the fine streets and the handsome square which he had laid out, intended to make it a very fine town. Its situation on the flattened summit of a beautiful hill in the centre of La Vendée, intersected by the high roads, which cross from north to south, and from east to west, and watered by the Yon, which flows through the lovely surrounding plains,—all these favourable circumstances, united to the industry and civilization which had already arisen there,

could not fail of rendering it a place of political and commercial importance. Napoleon had discovered the only method of permanently subjecting these people, and had succeeded even in attaching them to himself. Now all its new works are suspended, and the old are going to ruin.

Having seen what La Vendée was and is, we may now, if you please, my dear Madam, go and drink cider at Nantes in Bretagne. Here we are then at the Armorica of Cæsar, the little Bretagne, peopled by the fugitives from the great Bretägne (Britain) when the Anglo-Saxons subjugated it. This province has been successively in the hands of independent counts, —of Charlemagne,— of governors under his successors,—of petty kings,—of the English,—and of dukes; until at length Anne, daughter of the last of these dukes, brought it in marriage to the crown of France, to which it now belongs, and is one of its richest provinces. Nantes is one of the most important, perhaps *the* most important of its towns, though Brest and Rennes have each their pretensions,—the one as the greatest station of the French navy, and the other as the most central and ancient capital of the province, and the former seat of its parliament.

Nantes is the ancient Condivienum, inhabited by the Nannetes, and one of the most flourishing

commercial towns of modern France. The Loire and the Ezdre, which unite there, divide the lower part of the town into three islands, which are connected by magnificent bridges; the upper part of the town rises gradually on a charming hill, crowned by other hills at the back. It carries on trade with all parts of the world; that trade even which human nature loathes, and law forbids,—the trade in negroes.

The tide, which affects the waters of the Loire much above the town, brings ships up from the ocean; the larger ones stop at Paimbœuf, near the mouth of the river,—a great *entrepôt* for the commerce of Nantes.

Its cathedral is a superb building in the Gothic style, the more beautiful and majestic for being simple and light. If its height be out of proportion, it is perhaps because the English, who built it, were driven away before it was wholly completed; the fault is, that it is too high for its length, and too short for its height. Behind the cathedral is a large square, shaded by rows of thick trees, and extending on the south as far as the banks of the Loire, and on the north to the new canal communicating with the Vilaine, which flows through Rennes, and falls also into the ocean. Another canal was to be cut from the Vilaine across Normandy to the channel, but it seems that all these great pro-

jects are abandoned, since the fall of the *little man* of great genius! We meet him at every turn; it is impossible to help exclaiming, "Why did not he know how to reign?" He would have been a second *Missus à Deo.* In short, dear Madam, Nantes is a superb town, and, seen from a little eminence on the left bank of the Loire (that is, from south to north,) it affords one of the finest views that ever was beheld.

I will not disgust you with a recital of the horrors which that wretch Carrier,—one of those monsters who disgraced human nature, the revolution, and France,—committed at Nantes: if I did, I should destroy the pleasing effect of the sketch which I have just presented to your imagination; suffice it to say, that, in one single month he sacrificed more than 18,000 victims —men, women, children, and aged people; and as scaffolds and executioners were insufficient to glut his savage fury, to complete the horrible carnage, he took pattern from Nero, and renewed, on the banks of the Loire, what the Carrier of antiquity executed against his mother at Baia. Let us throw a thick veil over the memory of these tigers, their victims, and the French revolution; and pray heaven to send us another Clement XIV before the Jesuits have time to prepare a second.

I would have ascended the Loire, but I found

nothing but barges used for the conveyance of goods, and this everlasting sort of navigation did not tempt me.

Between Nantes and Angers the country is fine, and well cultivated; but as the Loire is entirely out of sight, the road loses that charm which the windings of a fine river never fail to afford to the eye of a wanderer seeking variety. I should certainly have found the road very monotonous, if the society of two agreeable and sprightly ladies had not enlivened it. They are good specimens of the ladies of Angers; I saw some very pretty women there, but I doubt whether there are many so interesting as my fellow travellers. The society of woman is a fifth element to me, when she is what she should be—that is, like yourself, my dear Madam.

Angers has nothing remarkable beyond what I have already described, except the view of the Mayenne. From the centre of the bridge, and from the top of the cathedral, you see it fall into the Loire, about four miles to the south of the town, and wind northward through a beautiful valley, whose sinuosities and distance were lost in the mists of evening. There is also a beautiful promenade, which extends to a hill behind the town; and a fine royal college, which can only be seen by permission from the *préfet*, and consequently I had not time to inspect it. A

Jesuitical precaution this: these gentlemen have a passion for secresy.

In the cathedral, which is pure Gothic, is a consecrated wafer, the subject of a wonderful miracle. The canon Berenger had no faith in the real presence. One day, when he was celebrating high mass (a day, probably, when he was a little more incredulous than usual,) at the moment of consummating the sacrament, he felt something in his mouth more solid and substantial than a wafer usually is; he took it out, opened his eyes (which I suppose he shut to aid the illusion) and saw the blood starting from every print of his teeth; the miracle was proclaimed, and all France flocked to adore the wondrous host. It is solemnly commemorated every year, not on the day when it pleased Heaven to work the miracle, (why, the sacristan could not tell me,) but at the Fête Dieu. The sacristan also informed me, that the Host disappeared during the revolution, and returned when it was over: I wished to see it, but he could not show it. Angers is the capital of Anjou. It was inhabited at the time of the Romans by the Andegravi, and subsequently (with few exceptions) shared the vicissitudes of Bretagne.

From Angers to Saumur the Loire is often in sight, and I felt as if I breathed the more freely;

but poor Berton was very near giving me a taste of the air of the prison in this town. I was in Saumur the very night that he made his bungling attempt at a revolution. It was one of the few times in my life when I saw that a man might lose his head by deserving it. He stopped, with two or three of the unhappy wretches who followed him, at a little bridge, two miles from the town, and sent to ask the mayor's leave (or something like it) to enter. It was natural enough that the mayor should not accede to this polite request; and that it would give him time to reflect, to enquire into the enemy's resources, and to put himself in a posture of defence, all which accordingly happened. He went to them and desired them to march off, which they did.

Here, then, are the gendarmes making a general search in all the hotels. I am an Italian,—which is sufficient to excite suspicion; and that is natural enough also;—for, as everybody knows that our situation is very bad, and everybody feels that we must wish to make it better, people never meet with an Italian, but they take it for granted that he is a *revolutionary refugee*. Besides, they are very well aware that the stranger has shorn us to the quick; (these gentlemen, the gendarmes, have very likely had some share themselves;) and, as we are con-

sequently all very poor, they do not expect to find such crack-brains as myself, emptying their pockets to get old stones to shew to insatiable antiquarians, and running about to see things of which we have such store at home—fine towns, fine country, fine rivers, fine women, miraculous hosts, dead saints, &c. The fact is, dear lady, I was well accompanied to the house of the *sous prèfet;* and it required all the eloquence of my frankness, my conscience, and my papers, to keep me from being handed over to the castle "until further orders:" now the castle is worth seeing, it is true, but I did not wish to see it in this way. I am not offended either with the *sous prèfet* or the gendarmes, for the circumstances were urgent, and their situation difficult. On the contrary, I am pleased with them for doing me the honour to profess that they were convinced of my being an honest man. I hope they were not mistaken; what do you think, my dear Madam?

This Berton is one of the wretches who forge chains for despotism, and its pernicious satellites, to bind upon men. Saturn devoured his offspring; these men devour the liberty they affect to produce.

Saumur is a charming little town on the left bank of the ever beautiful Loire. Its military school is a grand and splendid establishment,

instituted principally by "the Little Corporal." It contains specimens of all the regiments which compose the French army, and of course the finest of each.

On a single parade they can show you specimens of all the different armed bodies of this vast kingdom. The pupils, after having finished their course of studies and tactics, return to their respective regiments, with the office of teachers. I left Saumur with the misery of knowing that many of its inhabitants, and of these pupils, were compromised by Berton—God forgive him! On the road to Tours I met the commandant-general of that place, who was going to Saumur with his suite.

I need only say that Tours is the capital of Tourraine, the garden of France, to give you an idea that it is a pretty town; it fully corresponds, indeed, with the loveliness of its province; just as Florence does to Tuscany, the garden of Italy. It seems that the beauty of Tourraine has the same attractions for the English as that of Tuscany, for they choose it as a place of residence: I saw great numbers of them. I should have liked to question them a little about the resemblance of these two provinces, and about the character of the inhabitants of Tourraine, who seem agreable people;

but, as you know, there is too much ceremony required to get acquainted with an Englishman; and a man always in a hurry, and running about the world like myself, has neither time nor patience for empty formalities; besides, these gentlemen, for the most part, see nothing, and think of nothing, but themselves and their own country. This is a sort of patriotism which I respect; and if I do not like the cabinet of St James's, and still less its premier, I cordially esteem the English, as a sensible, firm, enterprising, consistent, and brave people; with some abatement of personal and national pride, and with a little more affability towards well-bred strangers, they would be better still, and I should like them much more.

Tours is of great antiquity. Under the emperors it was called *Civitas Turonorum*. It is also one of the prettiest of modern French towns. It is a model of beauty, like its cathedral—of which the portico, the great window above it in the form of a rose, carved in the most delicate tracery, and the two towers, are masterpieces of the grandest style of Gothic architecture. The main street, which begins from the magnificent bridge over the Loire, intersects the whole town from north to south, and terminates in a great avenue, which leads from the *Porte*

de Bourdeaux in a straight line to the river Char. The coup d'œil is as beautiful as it is grand, and the Rue Royale is truly worthy of its name.

The situation of this place is so lovely, and the air so inspiring, that Louis XI hoped to experience its soothing influence on his sombre and corroding temper,—the curse of all tyrants. He built a palace here, but the revolution, which had "Destruction" for her motto, razed it from its foundation, as she did also the celebrated abbey of Marmontiers, of which this holy monarch was abbot. The materials of these two great structures now figure in walls of houses which have been recently built in the town. All things considered, perhaps, it is "all for the best."

During the wars, or rather the dissensions of the French with their kings, Tours was commonly the seat of the *anti-parliament* (for they had their anti-parliaments, as we had our anti-popes.) The *illegitimate* parliament held there in 1591, condemned without scruple the bulls which the very legitimate Gregory XIV had the effrontery to fulminate against Henry IV, for the benefit of his dearly beloved king of Spain, who modestly aspired to the crown of France, as the Bourbons, with more success, afterwards aspired to the kingdom of Spain. It is a strange history this of popes and of kings—

or rather of *man*. I do not understand how our pontiffs, with all their passions and their vices, pretend to represent Christ upon earth.

I should have liked to visit the residence of the Magdalen of France, the chateau de la Vallière, which now belongs to an Englishman. I gave up the project, however, for one sometimes exposes oneself to humiliations by applying to an Englishman with whom one is not (in their own phrase) "acquainted." It is a sanctuary, nevertheless, in which I should have liked to say a "pater."

There is a fine view from the top of a terrace at the chateau d'Amboise; the chateau in which the simpleton Charles VIII (who entered Italy only to make a parade, and take his turn in ravaging it a little) was born, and died. Like many other kings he had better not have been born, that he might not have died with the opprobrium of having done a great deal of harm, and no good. The view from the castle, however, is charming, and the glorious Loire is the most beautiful feature of the scene.

The chateau of Blois is grand, and its gardens are very beautiful. There, in the time of the league, the States were held; and there Henri de Guise, and the cardinal Louis, his brother, expiated with their blood the frightful massacres which they planned and perpetrated at

St Barthélemi, and on other occasions. They were, however, but two victims the more of religious intolerance, and their murder was only one additional pang to humanity. Henry III, who was accused of this murder, soon followed them, killed by a Christian, a Catholic and a monk! *Abyssus abyssum invocat;* and they are, I fear, opened afresh under our feet. Let us leave this scene of gloomy associations, dear Madam, and proceed to Orleans.

But whither shall we fly from the horrors of superstition, of fanaticism, and of that monster *policy*, the prompter of all the blackest crimes? You no sooner enter Orleans than you are distressed by the sight of the statue of its celebrated heroine in the square. It reminds you of her unhappy fate, and calls upon you to admire her patriotism, (which was her real inspiration,) her exploits, and the intrepidity with which she braved the mean vengeance wreaked upon her by her infamous judges, because she had saved her country and the honour of the French arms.

Orleans is an ancient town; it is even supposed to be more ancient than the *Aureliana civitas* in the time of the Romans. It is said that the Druids delivered oracles here, and found it a very profitable trade. This trade is, we find, very ancient, as well as very

modern. The town is not beautiful, but it contains a fine cathedral, which is Gothic, though built in the reign of a king by no means a Goth, viz. Henry IV.

There was a Gothic mania in France, and Bernini was the first who strove to correct it. The two towers of this cathedral are so very pretty, that, like those of Florence, they should be kept in a case and shown like jewels.

Amongst the relics which this place formerly possessed, there were two most precious and extraordinary—some of the Virgin's milk, and some of our Saviour's blood, both quite fresh, and not at all coagulated; a miracle which it could not be difficult for such relics to work; I only wonder they had not power enough to escape the revolution, which put an end to so many others. Perhaps the people of Orleans had rendered themselves unworthy of such an honour by some grievous sin. It was a mortal one, doubtless, to make cannon of two bronze statues, representing the Pucelle of Orleans and Charles VII, and of a great bronze cross supporting a pelican. These cannon afterwards fell into the hands of the Chouans. The holy Virgin had already shewn, in Italy, that she did not like to stay in impure places.

In a little village of Friuli I was told that a wooden Virgin, which was unworthily worshipped by the inhabitants, sent expressly for the Goths

to carry her off; liking better to fall into the hands of barbarians than to be profaned by Christians. The good people now adore the empty niche, in the hope that the virgin, forgetting the past, and witnessing the repentance they show for the sins of their fathers, will one day return to her deserted place. If, however, the Goths burnt it, which is possible, they may long wait in vain. I took the liberty, therefore, to suggest to them that they had better make another, and make her of stone, that she might not so easily desert. The syndic of the village did me the honour to say, that my plan was a reasonable one; but, he added, the *curé* liked the niche better than the Virgin.

To come back to the bronze figures which were melted: they formerly decorated the bridge which unites the town of Orleans to the faux-bourg on the other side of the Loire.

From Orleans to Paris you traverse la Béauce; a rich but monotonous plain, about sixty miles in length; you reach Paris in the night, pretty well tired by a bad diligence and a road not over smooth, and harassed by the custom-house officers and the gendarmes. I had been moreover annoyed by two ladies, who were, I suppose, going to seek their fortunes in the metropolis, and disgusted me during the whole journey by the forwardness of their manners: there was no escape, for one was in the inside and the other in the

cabriolet, and there was not much to chuse between them.

Here we are then at Paris. I wish to drive away some of the melancholy thoughts which have accompanied me in this ramble; I doubt, however, whether I shall succeed, for, I repeat, after a loss like that I have sustained, the world becomes a desert: but it is not so, when your friendship meets me; let it then visit me often.

P. S. I have just received your charming letter of the 9th of this month. Encouraged by the generous expression of your friendship, and inspired by your eloquent kindness, I can more easily continue to talk to you of my rambles; and since you permit me to believe that the recital of them is agreeable to you, I shall enjoy them the more, and be more interested in enquiring into whatever meets me in the course of them. Stoics and sophists pretend that a man can only be called happy after his death; but is it after death that he tastes the pleasures of friendship? And what can render us more happy than friendship? I know not what they mean, (perhaps they knew not themselves;) but I know, that I shall always consider myself happy, while I enjoy the friendship of a person whom I esteem,—while, in short, you continue to honour me with yours.

LETTER V.

Frankfort on the Maine,
May 19th, 1822.

My fifth ramble, dear Madam, has been the most prosperous and agreeable. I set out accompanied by two of your letters which awaited me at Paris, and on arriving here I found that which you did me the honour to write me on the first instant. It followed my traces, and, perhaps, went in quest of me on its way; but how is it possible to find me, when I know not in the morning where I shall find myself at night? It guessed my destination, however, better than I could have done: it came and waited for me here, and by anticipating my arrival, prepared an agreeable surprise for me. With all my heart I thank this sweet letter, so nobly inspired by the cares and sympathies of friendship.

It is in vain that we attempt to hide ourselves,

to be ignorant of what passes in our own hearts, or to keep silence: when our happiness or misery are once decreed by fate, they will find us out wherever we are. My creed is, that Providence has scattered pain and pleasure on the earth in equal proportions, and that we are more or less happy or miserable according as destiny conducts us more or less in the way of the one or of the other.

May she be ever thus propitious to me! She will be so, while she leads me in the track of your letters, so long as it pleases Providence to number them among the pleasures which soothe my unhappy existence.

I am extremely flattered by the desire you express, that I would continue to relate the course of my wanderings to you, and especially by your complaining that I hurry you along. I thought, and still think, that I strolled slowly enough, and stopped oftener and longer than I ought. In writing to a reader like yourself, dear Madam, it is sufficient to suggest;—your own mind and history will do the rest.

The limits of a letter, and my own laziness, forbid long narratives; and brevity, which ought to govern the pen of a rambler, permits only light and sketchy touches. Be prepared, therefore, my dear Countess, for more slight and hasty descriptions, and let us set out again on another

still more rapid excursion. You will fare all the better; you will have no time to be *ennuyée*, and we shall get over the more ground, and give the wider scope to our curiosity.

I shall not detain you long at Paris, where I parted from you last, because you know it well, and inhabited it in the time of its greatest splendour;—when all Europe flocked thither to prostrate themselves before the modern Jupiter, and when it contained many things which it contains no longer.

Its vices and its pleasures remain unchanged. Men still ruin themselves and descend to the lowest depths of vice in the gambling houses. The Palais Royal is still the palace of the Syrens; spies still haunt you at every step, and still play the double game of bearers of soft messages, in order the better to catch *les dindons;* politics are still discussed at the shoeblack's as well as in the *salons;* blind men still sing well at the *Caveau,* and those who can see, ill at the grand opera;—in short, Paris, take it all in all, is still the metropolis of the world; and to me who had not, like you, seen it in the days of its greatest brilliancy, it had yet many agreeable surprises in store.

I found magnificent buildings where I had left miserable cottages; fine bridges and canals, which before did not exist; large streets and cheerful

galleries where alleys and *culs-de-sac* formerly rendered the way dirty and dangerous. I reposed under the shade, and refreshed myself at fountains, in places where formerly I found only scorching heat and thirst. Fine squares adorned spots formerly encumbered with shabby huts; the obelisks and monuments with which they are decorated, are worthy to rank with those of antiquity. Delightful public walks now surround the town in parts where all was desert. The Exchange, without examining its details, is unquestionably the finest temple ever dedicated to the god of commerce; and triumphal arches recall the glories of France; that of the Tuilleries is, however, pitiable. Instead of effacing inscriptions, and destroying trophies which did honour to the nation; instead of attempting to sully and deface an image which stupid envy and jealousy can never obliterate from the admiring memory of the world, it would have been better to raze to the ground a work which is the disgrace of modern taste and architecture.

The architect tried to imitate the arch of Septimius Severus in the Campo Vaccino at Rome, without reflecting that a building which has a good effect in a hollow, is by no means suited to a vast square like that of the Carousel; without reflecting that the large objects which

surround this building must necessarily make it appear very small and dwarfish; or that the arch of Severus is a very bad model, with its side doors out of all proportion to its middle ones, and its cumbrous heaviness oppressive to the eye of a spectator of the least discrimination; and why seek a model in the decline of the fine arts? Neither had the French any occasion to go for one to Rome: the triumphal arches at St Rhemi, at Orange, a single arch of that at the Pont du Gard, would have afforded them better ones. The little soldiers too—a la Française! They are ruffles upon an elephant.

Philosophy, munificence, and grandeur of design, are all equally conspicuous in the construction of the sewers, by means of which Paris is freed from the noxious exhalations which infected it, and which still infect many places claiming a high rank among civilized towns. They have also been built throughout France. This is one instance of the benefits arising from general laws; they give an uniform impulse, and spread equal advantage throughout a nation, and harmonize the whole. The *ordonnances* and customary laws of former times were a chaos, an inextricable labyrinth, in which the rights of the citizens of this magnificent country were confounded and lost.

I dare not assert that Napoleon could say of

Paris what Augustus was so fond of saying of Rome, that "he found it brick, and left it marble." But without pretending to such a metamorphosis as this,—which probably existed in the exaggerations of flattery alone,—living testimony speaks much more loudly of the changes Napoleon wrought at Paris, than the written testimony of history does of those which Augustus wrought at Rome; yet Napoleon had not an Agrippa nor a Vitruvius; he (may I say it without offence?) did everything himself; with great resources certainly—those of a great nation; but everybody has not the art of accomplishing great things with great resources. He effected great changes in this capital.—Would that he could have changed himself!

I found the public institutions also enlarged or revived. Those of the fine arts are inferior only to the Vatican and the Florentine galleries. The prodigious collection of machinery for the purposes of arts and manufactures in the abbey de St Martin, is perhaps the richest and the most astonishing which ever fixed the attention of man. The productions of both hemispheres are seen collected in the cabinet of natural history at the Jardin des Plantes. A new institution for the blind, which is, in some respects, still more interesting than that for the deaf and dumb, excited my admiration and

touched my heart. It is surprising to what a degree these unfortunate beings are restored to society and to themselves, and how completely the sense of touch is subjected to instruction and science. The hospitals exhibit human misery in the human frame alone—to restore and preserve which is there the subject of the greatest zeal and skill. The manufactures of porcelain and glass are carried to the highest pitch of perfection. The Venetians, who taught these arts to the whole world, now look on while others practice them. Poor Italy!

As for *good society*, as it is called, I had only a glimpse at it. I had determined to study the French character in the capital; and in large parties the exotic is confounded with the indigenous, the little with the great, the knave with the honest man, the spy with the minister; and dissimulation and flattery veil and disguise both persons and things. I chose therefore to frequent the *guinguettes*, where wine and gaiety draw out the natural language of the mind, and shew the heart in all its nakedness; where the French talk a great deal, but do not get drunk. I frequented the markets which Napoleon, probably not without some great purpose, converted into vast halls of general resort, which present food for enquiry and materials of information to the poet

and the philosopher, the moralist and the politician, the architect and the painter.

I frequently went to the theatre, where the public does not sit in judgment on the actors, but the actors on the public; where the occupants of the pit ought to be seated in the boxes, and those of the boxes in the pit; for the pit is in general most respectably filled, while the boxes are in a great measure occupied by courtezans and idle fools.

I went to the chamber of deputies, where the interests and welfare of the public serve as a pretext to the adherents of old and pernicious institutions, to gratify their private enmities, and to pursue their private advantage; where two opposite parties, while they wage war on each other, carry on a still more destructive hostility to the charter with which the restored government affected to unite them; and a third maintains that selfish and hypocritical neutrality which the Greeks condemned to public execration.

I visited the churches, especially those of St Eustache and les Petits Pères, where the Jesuits, (who have begun again exactly where they left off,) true to their character of mortal enemies of kings and of people, sow tares and discord, instead of preaching the morality

and peace of the gospel; where the gendarmes, always the *scabellum* of despotism, and whose numbers a mistaken policy is continually encreasing together with the power of the Jesuits, do the honors of the house of God with muskets and bayonets, hand-cuffs and *poucettes*.—I frequented the burial-grounds, the places most congenial to the present frame of my mind, and in which the French now appear to the greatest advantage.

The cemetery which is now profaned by the name of Père de la Chaise, would be the most imposing, and even the most affecting spectacle of its kind, if it were not surpassed by that of Bologna in simplicity and true pathos, and if inscriptions, too characteristically *French*, did not interrupt the deep and tranquil melancholy with which so venerable a spot inspires a susceptible mind;—a spot which contains the remains of Abélard and Heloisé! But hatred and malignity have pursued their victims even in the grave The hand of power has torn away the monument which filial and conjugal piety had raised to the memory of Marshal Ney. It was feared, perhaps, that it would awaken sentiments of indignation at the miserable end of the *brave des braves*. But history cannot be silenced or obliterated.

Why is the cemetery called by the odious

name of Père de la Chaise? It destroys all the venerable charm of the place. A spot in which men of all professions of faith repose together in peace, ought not to recall the memory of the author of the decree for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or the intrigues and conspiracies which he organized, and which covered France with *lettres de cachet*. His name ought to be inscribed on Mont-Rouge, where these scenes were revived, and effaced from this place sacred to tranquillity and repose! This name would excite fear and irritation even in the Elysian fields. That borne by this spot, before Louis XIV bartered it for the complaisance and indulgence of his confessor, was admirably suited to it. It was called *le Mont de St Louis*. If this had been another Napoleonville, it would, ere this, have been re-baptized.

I revisited some of the environs of this capital; for I feel an actual want of occasional excursions into the country. I went to see the monotonous Versailles, because one must go to see it;—St Cloud, because I like to contemplate the vestiges of the eighteenth of Brumaire even in the works of nature. But the most delightful excursion to my eye and my heart, was that to Morfontaine, where water, hill and valley, have been brought into admirable subjection by the good taste and the money of Joseph Bonaparte;

and thence to Ermenonville, where the Girardin family converted a wild and unpromising waste into a spot of the most touching beauty.

A solitary island, surrounded by vast and venerable forests, and by melancholy swans, encloses a most precious deposit—the remains of Jean-Jaques, who died here. Weeping willows hang their ever-mournful branches around his tomb. This touching place exhibits a striking contrast to the bustle and the disgusting gaiety of the Tuileries.

I know, my dear Countess, that you wish to ask me some questions about Montmartre, but you feel a repugnance to the subject. This was my case when I ascended the tower of that Telegraph. I have the same reluctance; yet, since I had gone so far, I could not resist my desire to ascertain the celebrated positions which the French occupied, and which, formidable as they were, they abandoned on the 31st of March 1814,—capitulated,—and suffered the allied armies to enter Paris. They had much less reason to despair of the fortunes of their country than Emilius had at Cannæ; but the French *consul* was no Roman; and while the sale of this defection was going on at Montmartre, *le Renard boiteux* was bargaining for that of his docile *Patres conscripti* in the capital. Paris was too rich and luxurious to feel any desire to imitate

the brave youth of the Polytechnic school, who performed prodigies of valour worthy to be recorded in a bright page of history. Paris fell; and the fall of Paris, the senate, and the army, necessarily involved that of their mighty chief. Had it not been for treason and perfidy, he would still have given Blucher and the Austrians some good lessons in tactics; he had even prepared one which would have led them far enough from Paris; if indeed he had allowed them time to make good their retreat.

Lastly, I went to St Ouen. You imagine, perhaps, that I went to see the spot on which the boon of liberty was conferred upon the French; or to see the new chateau which is building for the new Duke of Bordeaux. No, my dear Countess; the first will soon end in nothing; the second is well adapted to its purpose—it is a child's baby-house. The porter, who is dressed in the old bag-wig style, would be much more appropriately employed as the gaoler of one of the prisons of the Inquisition. He frightens one from the gate by his hideous countenance and brutal manners. I went to St Ouen, for the sole purpose of admiring Mr Ternaux's Cashmirian sheep, and his private manufactory of shawls from their wool. I say private, for it is only a little workshop which he has established in his country-house for his

own amusement, and for experiments. With great kindness he granted me access to everything, and without the slightest reserve or jealousy. This is very rare among manufacturers, and especially in establishments devoted to new undertakings. It is true that he had nothing to fear from a man who knows as much of manufactures as Adam did of the trade of a tailor; but this he could not know, for I had no other introduction to him than my own confidence in his high reputation for politeness.

I quitted this great capital on the 1st instant. I perceived that I am beginning to grow old, for I experienced none of those emotions which are often inseparable from a departure from this labyrinth of pleasures, adventures, and all the offspring of the corruption of the human heart; where life is more living than in any other place.

The chambers being closed; I left the Parisians seriously and intently occupied by the Zodiac of Dendera. It was downright rebellion against the laws of *bon-ton* not to talk about it—at all times, and in all places, *à tort et à travers*. One man of quality, of whom I civilly enquired for his health, replied in a fit of abstraction, "that he thought it *un objet d'ancien culte*." Another very sensible man called to invite me

to a breakfast given in consequence of a wager he had won from a man who had the presumption to maintain that it was *un signe astronomique*. A lady, of whom I was taking leave, begged me to postpone my departure till the question was decided, for that it was still *une pierre conjecturale*. I set out, notwithstanding, being credibly assured by my hair-dresser, that it was a *joujou d'antiquaire*.

The Parisians were also a good deal puzzled to choose a picture, in the exhibition of this year, deserving the prize. None such was to be found; not even Vernet's Tempest, which has considerable merit, but is very far below the station to which a certain national fanaticism would clamorously raise it.

"The road from Paris to Meaux is a continued transition from one delightful scene to another. The forest of Bondy, belonging to the Duke of Orleans (whose prudent mother had the address to preserve all his property through the tremendous storms of the revolution) is a grateful and salutary refreshment to the spirits, wearied by the bustle and whirl of the resort of all Europe.

"The Marne, which divides Meaux, and the smiling hills which surround it, present the eye of the approaching traveller with enchanting valleys and distances. Its cathedral, a

magnificent Gothic structure, rises majestically in the midst of this beautiful picture.

At Meaux I saw the great works carrying on upon the canal of Ourk, which was begun by Napoleon, like that of St Denis and St Maure; and will soon supply all Paris with excellent water, facilitate the communication between Brie and Champagne and the capital, and give activity to many considerable manufactories. Meaux is associated with great events in the religious wars of France. Here it was that the Protestants first began to preach; here it was also that Clotaire caused the body of the miserable Brunnehaud to be torn in pieces: both were led by ambition to the commission of a thousand atrocious crimes.

The valley of la Ferté, which extends nearly from Meaux to Montmirail, watered by the Marne, and skirted by thickets, could scarcely be adequately represented by the pencil of Claude.

At Montmirail I heard an enthusiastic description of the battle fought there between Napoleon and the allies in 1814. In this place that treachery first began to shew itself, which gained strength at Craonne, broke out openly at Montmartre, and ended near Fontainbleau.

But for the mercenary manœuvres which conspired to ruin him, Napoleon, with a handful of

brave men, might yet have driven out the hosts of conquering invaders. So mighty was the influence of his genius, both from its own native resources, and from the courage which he had the art of rekindling even in the wreck of his armies, when he had to contend against the defection of all Europe;—the defection of the kings, princes, dukes, and marshals, whom he had created;—the defection which extended to his own family, when the wretched Murat imitated Bernadotte, and joined the coalition! It was in this French campaign, and chiefly at Champaubert, Chateau Thierry, Vouchamps, Montereau, Montmirail, &c., that Napoleon displayed the energy, the firmness, and the superiority, of a great genius; and gave a lasting reply to those who affirmed that he could only conquer in *masses*.

But we must moralize a little, and ask whence arose all these misfortunes conspiring to ruin him? From despotism, my dear Madam, always most fatal in the end to its possessor. By his despotism he disgusted his friends, exasperated his enemies, and damped that enthusiasm which had been excited by the name of liberty, and had enabled France to perform so many prodigies. By his despotism he alienated all minds from his cause; men thought only of delivering themselves from the present evil, and looked forward

to the future with hope. They were deceived;—but the new despots may be deceived in their turn; and it is precisely because they feel this, that they have called to their assistance *angels of darkness*, (more powerful, in my opinion, than the genius of Napoleon,) in order to blind the rising generation, first as to their designs, and next as to their actions. But we have made too long a halt, my dear Countess, at this little village of Montmirail. It is time for us to proceed on our ramble.

The Marne adorns Chalons with the same charms as Meaux. Chalons is a pretty little town. Fine umbrageous walks and a public park render it a delightful summer residence. The towers of its cathedral are beautiful specimens of architecture.

St Didier is a place of great activity, and has quite the air of a little dock-yard, from the boat and raft-building constantly going on there. A prodigious quantity of wood, cut in the immense forests surrounding the town, is conveyed by the Marne to Paris.

Bar-le-duc was a frontier town of France until Lorraine was exchanged for a portion of Italy, which, ever since the fall of the Roman empire, has served to glut the avarice, ambition, and tyranny, of the stranger. It is a pretty little town, and the valley leading to it would remind

one of Thermopylæ, were it less smiling and delightful.

Toul, a fortified town on the Moselle, which descends from the Vosges, belonged before the revolution to one of those seignorial bishops who refused to recognise kings as their sovereigns, while they preached to others the divine right of kings.

Nancy was the brilliant little capital of Lorraine; nevertheless, Messire François must have willingly exchanged it for Florence. The revolution has destroyed the ancient tombs of its former dukes; new tombs are now constructed for the reception of bones which, although confounded by insolent demagogues in the same earth with vulgar remains, are easily distinguished by their superior lustre. They are picked out without the slightest hesitation or difficulty.

The tomb of king Stanislaus, who obtained a charitable *apanage* in Lorraine, when driven from his kingdom of Poland, was perfectly respected. So powerful is the effect of the memory of virtuous princes in restraining even the blind fury of a mob! The mausoleum which contains these venerable remains inspires admiration, rather for the sublime qualities of the hero it recalls, than for the talents of the sculptor.

A *Cena a fresco* in the refectory of the Corde-

liers exhibits the same features and character of countenance in the figures, the same folds and pattern of the table-cloth, as are to be found in the celebrated *Cena* which immortalized the name of Leonardo in the convent delle Grazie at Milan. This picture may perhaps excite disputes in the republic of the fine arts: the long residence of da Vinci in France, where he died, and the touches of the figures, which happily have not yet been *restored* by M. Laurent, lead to the conjecture that he repeated this extraordinary work. This would be a pretty little discovery.

At Luneville, on the Meurthe, which also takes its source in the Vosges, we find the ruins of the noble castle and the delightful gardens with which the good Stanislaus embellished the town in which he consoled himself for his past misfortunes by the company and conversation of men of letters. He had rendered Luneville the Athens of Lorraine, the abode of the arts, of study, of beneficence and friendship. The tragical accident which accelerated his death, was a calamity to his people, and a grief to all Europe, which admired his virtues and his philosophy.

If kings really wish for good maxims, let them bear in mind those bequeathed to them by Stanislaus. They are admirable, and ought to

be worn round the neck of every monarch, as salutary relics worthy of the most ardent devotion.

When his partisans wished to replace him on the throne of Poland by force of arms: "No," replied he, "my friends, if my throne must be cemented by the blood of my subjects, I had rather renounce it for ever."

When compelled to fly a second time by the fickleness and turbulence of the Poles, he took refuge in Prussia, which offered him assistance in the recovery of his crown. Upon this occasion he said to his daughter, "Our misfortunes are great only in the eyes of ambition, which can conceive of none more overwhelming than the loss of a crown. Shall I stretch out my hand to regain it? No; it is better to await the decrees of Providence, and to endeavour to attain to a perfect conviction of the emptiness and nothingness of all below."

But kings, such as those we are now blessed with, would laugh at Stanislaus and at his maxims, and would assure me, (if they ever vouchsafed a word to an insignificant mortal like myself,) that the goodness, and what they would call the weakness, of Stanislaus, were precisely what ruined him. As a man, and as a prince of Lorraine, he was the happiest man and the happiest prince in the world. Let our

kings confess to themselves, if they will not to a meaner mortal, whether their restless passions and caprices furnish them with enjoyments as pure as those which attend the exercise of moderation and benevolence? whether the possession of power satisfies all their desires? whether they and their subjects are tranquil and happy? If they are not prepared for a negative, let them not venture to put these questions either to their own consciences or to their people.

Voltaire frequently visited Stanislaus at Luneville. It was there that he received letters from Frederick II, expressing his astonishment that so great a man should become the child of madame de Châtelet.

Lunéville has another claim to celebrity, from being the place at which Cobentzel and Joseph Bonaparte ratified the short-lived peace after the battle of Marengo. Let us now go on straight to Strasburg, my dear Countess.

This great city, the capital of Alsace, very inappropriately compared to Mantua for strength, is now the out-post of France on the side of Suabia.

The Ill, which flows through the town, gives activity to its manufactures, which are considerable, and, in time of siege, fills the double fosses by means of locks, with which it is surrounded. It is a city of great importance and extent, and

the size and magnificence of its new theatre shew the high rank it now holds among the cities of France.

Pigall has given proofs of a fine imagination in his mausoleum to the Marshal de Saxe, but his chisel could not do it justice This building is regarded with almost religious veneration by the Protestants, who carefully preserve it in their church of St Thomas. Their veneration is perhaps heightened even by the name he bore. The name of Maurice must be full of interesting associations to them; for had it not been for the famous Maurice of Saxony, Charles V and the council of Trent would have succeeded in crushing all the rebellious sects.

Pigall's design, well executed, would form one of the finest works ever produced by the art of the sculptor. It deserves to be described:—

At the foot of a marble pyramid appears the hero, armed and crowned with laurel, and with the baton of command in his hand. With an air and countenance of calm intrepidity, he is descending some steps which lead to the tomb. He is looking upon death with steadfast indifference. On his right, the nations he conquered, represented by allegorical figures, appear with terror in their looks, and with torn and broken banners; the standards of France are on the same side. On the left, a weeping love, or

Genius, fixes his eyes upon him, and reverses his torch. On the steps is France; her air is not sufficiently noble or interesting, and her countenance is deficient in expression, grace, and majesty: with one hand she tries to detain the marshal, and with the other to repulse Death, who is on the left of the tomb; while Death, with the hour-glass in his hand, tells the hero that his doom is sealed, and beckons him to the tomb, which he holds open: this part of the composition is sublime. On the other side of the sarcophagus is a figure of Hercules, whose deep and manly grief is in striking contrast with that of France, which is, as it ought to be, more lively and expressive, but is, in some points rather too *manierée*. Altogether it is a grand and interesting composition, and atones for many faults of the chisel: but the conception, beautiful as it is, has one fault—it is too sublime for a tomb.

Some of the churches in Strasburg are divided by partition-walls, and one roof thus shelters the followers of two different modes of worship. Catholics occupy one half, and Calvinists the other. This singular alliance delighted me much. It seems that the Deity has placed one such example before our eyes, and says to his creatures, "Since you all acknowledge me as the creator, the preserver, the ruler, and the supreme judge

of the universe, for once, at least, unite in common adoration of me, and cease to hate and to persecute each other in my name. You are all equally my children, and if your intentions are pure, it signifies little whether the form of your worship be uniform or not." Such, at least, were the heavenly words which seemed to fall upon my ear as I entered one of these singular churches; and I felt my heart warmed with equal sympathy towards Catholics and Protestants. Would that it might produce the same effect on the hearts of the Jesuits! But I talk nonsense; it is not religion they are solicitous about, their objects are far different. You, my friend, are well aware of this; indeed I think everybody is. Ambitious men and despots think they can turn these men to account: but the day will come when, if things go on as the reverend fathers desire, their patrons and employers will find themselves in a curious mistake. They are fools indeed who imagine that Jesuits labour for others.

Strasburg has a university and other useful and charitable institutions. The great hospital is really an affecting sight: the assiduities of art and benevolence are there bestowed with equal liberality on Catholics and Protestants.

The cathedral is a wonderful monument of human industry. It is a Gothic building, re-

markable for its antiquity, size, and majestic beauty. The tower has, I think, no parallel in the world. It might have excited the astonishment and jealousy of Greece or Rome in the best times of their fine arts.

I have reason to flatter myself I climbed it higher than anybody had done before me, for I got beyond the region of those inscriptions by which travellers endeavour to transmit their names to posterity. As I consider myself nothing better than a rambler, I have no such ambition. This is a pity, for I was thus deprived of the opportunity of leaving the traces of my discovery of a new world.

I was on this tower at a most extraordinary and disastrous moment. Just as I was coming down, a lady, who was walking on the great terrace over the roof of the church, threw herself headlong to the ground; I saw her execute her dreadful resolution, and I could hardly resist the natural and almost involuntary impulse to precipitate myself after her from the top of the tower, as if I could have flown and snatched her from this terrific fate. The watchmen, who are constantly stationed on this spot, ran instantly to her assistance, but in vain. My blood runs cold whenever I think of the spectacle then before my eyes—I cannot describe it—she was a beloved wife, and the mother of five children.

She had long been the prey of a secret and corroding grief.

I saw no more: I hastily quitted the town, with the most heart-rending emotions, nor have I ever been able to get rid of the gloomy and melancholy impressions left by that horrible day. While I write a cold shiver runs through every limb. I must quit my pen, my dear Madam, and seek refreshment and repose abroad.

A walk along the smiling and solitary banks of the Maine has soothed my spirits. I resume my pen with fresh pleasure.

At a league's distance from Strasburg, we cross the Rhine and take leave of France, at a point in which everything would invite us to linger and to wander farther within her boundaries, if the Revolution and the Restoration had not sown division and paralyzed the energies of society.

But you reproach me, my dear Countess, and justly, with hurrying you through France, without telling you anything about the French. You are weary of stones, ancient and modern; mountains and plains; hills and vallies; pictures from the hand of nature and of art; gendarmes and Jesuits: nothing certainly can be more melancholy or more disgusting than the latter, and even the other topics are dull enough

in the long run. But national character is a very difficult and a very delicate subject. I will touch upon it, since you desire it, but my disquisition will be neither long nor satisfactory.

But few years ago, the French, in my opinion, still answered to Cæsar's description of the Gauls,—prompt in resolution, ardent in fight, impetuous in attack, and easily discouraged: of late, however, they seem to me rather changed.

Though still kind-hearted and frank, or educated with dispositions fitted to render them so, I observe nevertheless in their present air a certain reserve, seriousness and disquiet, which render them less open, less agreeable, and more pensive than formerly. I cannot pronounce decidedly on the causes; but it may well be imagined that all those great and extraordinary revolutions, which have followed so closely upon each other during the last thirty years, must have produced some changes in their character; for whatever Tasso may say, it is institutions and political vicissitudes, rather than climate or country, which

"Simili a se gli abitator producono,"

to use the words of the poet in an inverse sense.

May I hazard a farther guess at the principal causes of the change? This is another difficult and delicate point; but, if I may judge by appear-

ances, the idea of having done so much and accomplished nothing, is deeply mortifying to the national vanity. They cannot but remember that they have descended from a station of glory and power, without obtaining that compensation from independence, tranquillity, and political securities, which they expected; and it appears to me that pride, vexation, and shame, alternately influence their temper and their manners. That national vanity which formerly impressed upon their lips the eternal *chez nous*, is no longer so eloquent as it was, either among themselves or with foreigners.

On this occasion they appeared to me less *légers* than the inhabitants of other countries have always been accustomed to consider them; but even if they were as much so as ever, the policy of the government must be not the less circumspect and prudent. The mobility of a people is the more dangerous when, in such a moral situation as I have described, they are agitated by the idea, or the suspicion, that they are deceived by the tortuous conduct of a government which they had accepted as the best alternative. A country, too, swarming with young men of a new character, who have sucked in the principles of the revolution from their birth, and the major y of whom lead a life of idleness;—a country, whose population yearly increases

half a million, while its resourses are considerably diminished,—is a subject for deep reflection, especially when it is the scene of intestine discord and religious intolerance.

How, my dear Countess—you wish also to hear something about the king? You wish then to see me under bolt and bar. Remember what the inquisition of state at Venice said,—"*Pauca de Deo, nihil de Principe.*" It will be so much the worse for you—you will be bound in conscience to pay me a charitable visit.

The king is a good sort of man; I sincerely believe it. He would act better if he acted alone. The good he does is his own; the evil originates with others. But surrounded, like his predecessors, with errors and darkness; besieged by the importunate desires and passions of *his companions in misfortune,* who take advantage of his good nature, and by the Sejani of France and Spain, who mislead and deceive him; influenced by a foreign policy, which can never be the true policy of France; this unlucky king finds himself in a most unfavourable situation, and he would rather, I think, be Stanislaus Leckzinsky than Louis XVIII.

The great bridge which Napoleon built over the Rhine, to unite the road from France to that of Germany—from Strasburg to Kell, was very large, though built of wood. It was indeed,

like himself,, too vast and overpowering, and became formidable to its neighbours. It fell,—and the Rhine is now crossed by means of a bridge of boats, removable in cases of need.

The landing-place is at Kell, which is now only a little village built on the ruins of the fortress of that name, which made so much noise at the beginning of the revolution. Kell is in Swabia, a name which I cannot write without remembering the miseries of which it was the source to my unhappy country; miseries, any intermission in which was only followed by a renewal of them under aggravated forms, and all falling upon Italy during a long series of years. All the horrors which tore the bosom of our country, during the wars in which the dukes of this province (so frequently raised to the Imperial throne,) were alternately the aggressors and the defenders, struggling against the pretensions and the anathemas of the church, were present to my mind. Nor could I forget that the blood of the last scion of this race fertilized the stem of that family, whose power now enshrouds hapless Italy as with a garment of death.

Baden, from its mineral waters, the gay loveliness of its situation, and the elasticity of its air, is truly the temple of the mystical Esculapius, and his still more mystical daughter. This

delightful little town is built upon the eastern verge of the Black Forest, the celebrated Sylva Hercinia of the Romans. It was first penetrated by Marius, and finally conquered by Germanicus, that generous hero, whose death is one of the most atrocious in the dark catalogue of the crimes of ambition.

From him these regions probably took their name of Germania. The inhabitants were called Cimbri and Teutones before the Roman conquest. The name Germanicus, which is of Roman origin, was not derived from the Teutonic, as some antiquarians pretend. It was therefore Germanicus who gave the name to the country, and not the country to Germanicus.

The castle of Rastadt bears witness to the good taste and the magnificence of its ancient Margraves. Here was held one of those iniquitous congresses,—the offspring of crooked policy, and the scene of duplicity and bad faith,—where nations and their rights were brought to market. Here was consummated that crime against the Republic of Venice, which was begun at Campo Formio. Alas for Venice! She who had withstood all the shocks of fourteen centuries, whose brave and precocious infancy stifled the jealousies of the eastern and western empires; whose Herculean youth conquered the Ottoman, and resisted Germany and France; whose robust old age braved the league of Cambray, the thunders

of the Vatican, Maximilian, and the infamous conspiracies of the Spaniards,—fell at Radstadt: —venerable, but not decrepid, she fell, and for ever! She had been the refuge of those unfortunate citizens of abject Rome, who fled from the sword of the Goth,—her reward has been to be delivered up to the Austrians. And by whom was this infamous bargain made? *By a republic —the friend of liberty, the champion of the rights of the people!*

At Carlsruhe I can find nothing for your antiquarians but the name of the Sylva Hercinia; everything else is new. I have kept them upon short commons a long time. I was on the point of giving them a magnificent treat at Strasburg, when that terrific accident made me drop my pen and hasten from the spot; and things out of their places are worth nothing, especially in a ramble. But let us revert to Carlsruhe.

Charles, one of the family of Hemans, margrave of Baden, built a town in the midst of the forest of Harwald, a dependancy of the Hercinian forest, and commanded that he might be interred on the spot where he laid the first stone in 1715. *Carls-ruhe* are the German words for *Charles's repose.* This city was afterwards, as it still is, the capital of the state.

It is a delightful residence. It is built in the form of a fan. The grand-ducal palace, which is the end of the handle, commands the whole

town. The donjon, or keep, which crowns it, overlooks the immense forest, which, together with the enchanting pleasure-grounds around the castle, are completely open to the public, and the duke walks there surrounded by the inhabitants.

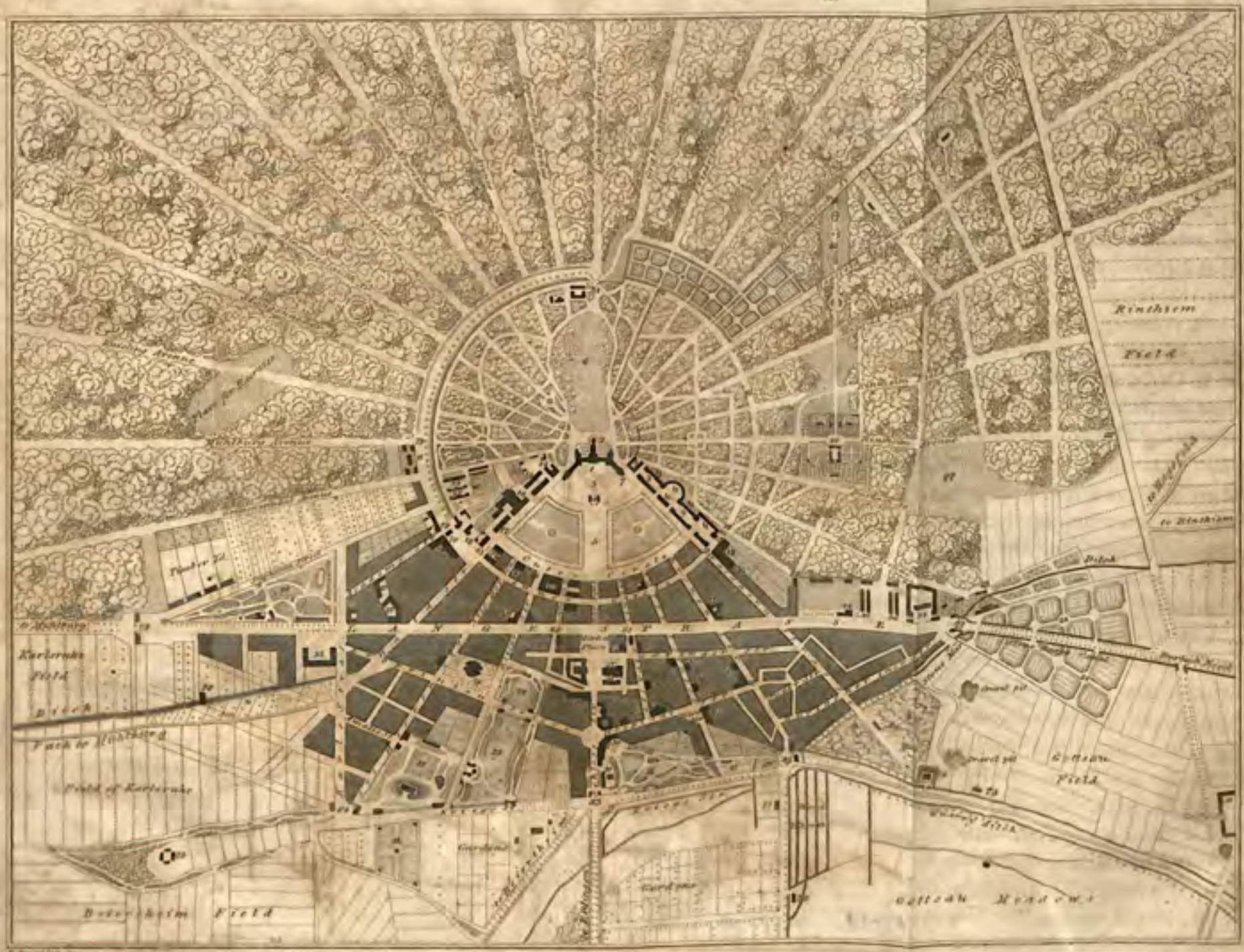
In the interior of the palace, as everywhere else, are marks of the confidence of the sovereign, and of the respectful liberty of his subjects. None of those prætorian guards, who drive you back with violence;—none of those courtiers, who scrutinize you with an insolent air;—or of those inquisitors, who beset and entrap you with captious questions. A foreigner is treated with respect and politeness, and is spared the hideous sight of the police, which other governments seem to delight in constantly parading before his eyes.

A wise constitution, voluntarily bestowed, fixes the necessary counterpoise between sovereign and people; and the noble and frank affability of the present Grand Duke has more influence on his subjects than the *morgue*, the disdain, or the affected condescension which are seen elsewhere. The free access which everybody has to his presence, keeps in check those ministers who might be disposed to be either oppressive or unfaithful, and unveils the mystery or the falsehood of those oracles which are easily imputed to *Grand Lamas*.

The soldiers, when their country is not in danger, (and a country thus governed can seldom be really so) are occupied in the labours of husbandry, or in useful arts; they are consequently neither burthensome to the state nor troublesome to society. The glittering ranks of arbitrary power, who sell themselves to him who pays them best or affixes the gaudiest trappings on their coats, are useless to a prince who is nobly guarded by the repose of his own conscience, and by the love of his subjects. For the first time in my life, my dear Countess, I wished to be a sovereign. He closes his eyes in peace with the delightful consciousness that his subjects will wake happy. What a rare and two-fold blessing!

In this place I began to know and to appreciate the Germans. They are the only civilized people who retain any traces of the patriarchal character. They are commonly described as hard, but this is quite a misrepresentation. I have everywhere found them very obliging, and often truly and sincerely polite. Instead of insulting you with a contemptuous laugh if you do not speak their language correctly and fluently, they help you to express your meaning with the greatest kindness and zeal. The mere varnish of good breeding is only a veil for the concealment of vice; and the more a nation is

Plan of the Town of Karlsruhe



REFERENCE

TO THE

PLAN OF THE GARDENS AT SCHWETZINGEN.

A. The Chateau.
B. Dining and Assembly Rooms.
C. The Orangery.
D. The Theatre.
E. The Sea-horse spouting water.
F. Orangery and Hot-house.
G. The Temple of Apollo.
H. The Baths.
I. The Grotto.
K. The Botanic Temple.
L. The Aqueduct.
M. Roman Ruins, with a cascade.
N. Hydraulic Machine.
O. The Barracks.
P. Ruins of a Temple to Mercury.
Q. Turning Bridge.
R. The Mosque.
S. The Temple of Minerva.
T. The Grotto of Pan.
U. Hotbeds and Houses.
V. The Kitchen Garden.
W. The Fruit Garden.
X. Plantation for young trees.
Y. Ditto for foreign trees.
Z. Plantations.

a. Parterres in the French fashion.
b. Succession Beds to the Orangery.
c. Flower Beds.
d. Fountains.
e. Statues and Vases.

advanced in civilization the thicker in general is the veil it needs. Of this truth I could give you plenty of illustrations. I travelled from Strasburg to Rastadt with two ladies, the one a German, the other a Parisian; how superior was the lovely and engaging simplicity of the former, to the affected, insipid, and presumptuous manners of the latter.

The Palatine Charles Theodore was the Augustus, the Lorenzo de' Medici, of his state. The gardens of Swetzingen are equally remarkable for their enchanting beauties, and for the excellent specimens of sculpture which adorn them. They are esteemed the finest in Germany, and are probably surpassed by few in the world.

Manheim owed its origin to the intolerance which deluged the Netherlands with blood;—its beauty and its prosperity have grown up under a system of toleration. Its inhabitants, animated by the true spirit of the gospel, regard each other as brethren in this world, and wait calmly and without presuming upon any claims to precedence or superiority for that day when the Judge of all shall decide on the merits of their respective creeds.

Here is one of the finest palaces in Europe, built by Charles Theodore. Although the bombardment of 1795 destroyed the whole left wing, enough still remains for the habitation

of many sovereigns; and the last dowager of Carlsruhe, Stephanie Beauharnois, who is its solitary occupant, may change her apartment as often as her gown.

The confluence of the Neckar and the Rhine adds to the beauty of the country round this delightful town. There is an island lying in the midst of these beautiful waters, which Calypso might claim for its beauty, and Pomona or Ceres for its fertility.

Manheim is the scene of the tragedy acted by Sandt. The inhabitants appear to have lamented his death much more than that of his victim. He is remembered with the feelings inspired by a young man, whom some regard as a madman, and others as a hero. Perhaps, as the assassin of the good Henry IV was almost canonized, people may think themselves justified in extolling the murderer of Kotzebue. Bad example, particularly when it receives the weight of priestly authority, is dangerously powerful.

Heidelberg was formerly the residence of the counts Palatine, but when it was burned and devastated by the French, in 1694, they fixed their residence at Manheim. The ruins of their palace, situated on a hill commanding the town and winding valley of the Neckar, in the midst of fairy gardens, afford a singularly

romantic picture. The Italian chisel may still be traced in its ornaments; and its architecture, although *bizarre*, and contrary to all received laws, astonishes the spectator; the eye reposes upon the whole with considerable satisfaction.

A Frenchman has, for ten years, been paying enthusiastic worship to these venerable ruins. He has made a collection of drawings of them, which he intends to get engraved; his intention is praiseworthy enough; but if the graver is faithful to his pencil, I am afraid we shall have a new illustration of the fable of the mountain and the mouse.

Heidelberg is the seat of one of the most eminent universities of Germany, resorted to by students of all countries. Two nephews of the present Grand Seignor are now there;—two sons, that is to say, of his wife's sister.

At Weinheim, the delightful environs of which are all sacred to Bacchus, we quit the territory of the Grand Duke of Baden. It was enriched with Constance, Swetzingen, Manheim, Heidelberg, &c. out of the spoils of Napoleon, probably at the intercession of the elder dowager, mother of the empress of Russia. It is impossible to quit this little state without regret. Its magnificent forests and lovely rural scenery are not vulgarized and profaned by the tawdry embellishments of luxury and vanity, as

is the case in some places where even nature becomes insipid, if not disgusting. The pure and salubrious air is free from fogs, and enhances every charm of this terrestrial paradise.

Inhabited by a people of the most amiable and excellent character, governed by a representative government, by a prince of unshaken honour and fidelity, it is the land of tranquillity, and of that just and equal liberty to which alone men ought to aspire. Those who aim at too much defeat their own wishes; like the Guelphs, who wanted to unite the whole of Italy under one government, without considering the Apennines, by which nature has clearly divided it into two; nor of the immense difficulties which passions and interests would have opposed to the choice of a single capital. In short, my dear Countess, this is the place I should choose as an asylum, if I could bear to renounce my country.

At Darmstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, I was surprised at finding a company of actors, whose melodious and excellent singing made me enjoy, as in a trance, the sweet illusion of being in one of the best theatres of Italy. For a moment, I could almost have taken the principal actress for our charming Dogliani. I had already come to the conclusion, at Carlsruhe, that the German stage

is far superior in music to the French, which is sometimes paradise to the eyes, but always hell to the ears. I was confirmed in this opinion at Darmstadt.

The duke has great taste for music. He encourages the actors by his attention and applause: nor does his fondness for this art render him negligent of others. His palace, which is plain and unostentatious, contains some excellent Italian paintings, and a very choice museum of natural history, especially in all that relates to the family of the *polypi*.

Here is a covered *place d'armes*, the timber-work in the roof of which is interlaced (if I may use the expression) in so magical a manner, that it appears to be self-sustained.

The sumptuous Casino of the nobles, in which the congress meets, is also deserving of notice. The new town is handsome and cheerful, as are its gardens and suburbs.

These people and their ruler also enjoy the happiness of a government founded on the basis of the three powers; a basis pointed out even by Cicero as the best means of establishing a firm and durable republic.

This reform has already introduced order into the finances, and has placed them on the same footing as those of the neighbouring states of

Wurtemberg, Bavaria, and Baden, whose sovereigns had set the example as if by common accord.

They have wisely anticipated the revolution which all men are meditating, and which oppressive measures, by retarding, will serve but to mature. They have at the same time emancipated themselves from a powerful influence which might very likely have enslaved them as it has done so many monarchs before them, and renew the history of Sigismond, Charles V, and Ferdinand II.

The most striking object at Mentz, excepting the fortifications, is the view of the Rhine; it is very varied, and affords a wonderfully fine distant prospect. The curiosity of Mentz however is its garrison, composed of the troops of Prussia, Austria, and Hesse-Darmstadt, who shared it among them when the Confederation of the Rhine, like the rest of the world, made the most of its defection from its protector. One might be tempted to suspect that the members of the Holy Alliance, though *saints*, are not wholly free from suspicion of each other. History too reminded me, in her severe and eloquent language, that this place, which is now become the bulwark of legitimacy, is the very spot where Boniface authorized the usurpation of a throne

in favour of the very *illegitimate* Pepin; an usurpation which pope Zacharias confirmed in consideration of receiving the exarchate of Ravenna and Pentapolis. Kings and popes make and mar legitimacy at their will and pleasure. They give it as a tonic to the sick whom it is their interest to keep alive, but as a powerful depletive to those who are upon their condemned list. It is like the sacred vessels which none but priests, and those whom they privilege, may touch: *anathema sit*, if the profane vulgar lay a finger on it.

Boniface was an Englishman; it appears therefore that Englishmen were not quite such strict maintainers of legitimacy then as they are now.

Mayence, Mentz, Maintz, or, if your antiquarians choose, Maguntia, is an ancient city, but I know not at this moment whence to derive its origin. It was the capital of the electorate of that name, and is of considerable size. It contains handsome palaces, beautiful fountains, and fine walks; and its cathedral is a noble specimen of Gothic architecture. The Chapter of Mentz is the most celebrated for its aristocracy in all Germany. Even princes are members of it, nor can any one be admitted to a seat in it unless he be born a canon—that is to say, unless he come of a privileged family. It signifies little

whether he be good or bad; whether he can read and write, or not. Anybody can read the service for *M. le Chanoine;* and the vices and debaucheries of the great are only lively, engaging, fashionable sallies.

It was necessary that these canons should be exalted personages; for as our pope is taken from the body of the sacred college, so the chief metropolitan, and first elector of the empire, was taken from this chapter, and took precedence immediately after the king of the Romans, or, in other words, the emperor of Germany.

It is not necessary to be a priest in order to be a canon of Mentz; indeed, it would be manifestly useless, for if a man is born a canon, he must of course be in priests' orders before he is born, after the fashion of the family of Aaron.

From Mentz I ascended the Maine, which at that point flows into the Rhine on its right bank. The boat was not splendid, but the country all the way was most agreeable. I shall stop two or three days longer in this delightful town, and shall then pursue my way;—what way, I know not; for, as I am independent of everything but the laws, divine and human: I do not choose to make myself the slave of plans—which, moreover, are constantly subject to be thwarted and baffled: I like to leave myself open to chances and surprises.

You shall hear from me, however, from my next halting-place. I will then tell you all about Frankfort. *Au revoir.*

P. S. That your letters may be sure to find me, have the goodness to direct them hither, addressed to the Baron de Bettman.

LETTER VI.

London, July 10th, 1822.

I HAVE been in this world of worlds but a few days. At my first entrance I was surprised at nothing but the absence of everything I expected; everything in this vast theatre seems to me infinitely little. I soon however perceived that the millions of different objects which flit rapidly past the eyes, dazzle and confound the senses and the thoughts. Everything here is motion—physical and moral. I cannot help thinking that even the affections must be in danger of being worn down and bewildered; for the more one feels the want of a person to whom to open the heart and the sympathies, in this state of *égarement,* the greater is the apathy which takes possession of the mind, if one meets only with a void in which there is no resting-place for the inclinations or the feelings, or with a labyrinth in which they are lost.

Such was the situation in which your letter of the 20th of June found me yesterday. It brought me home to the safe and tranquil harbour of your friendship, refreshed my agitated spirits, and gave a new spring to my mind, thrown back upon itself. I stood greatly in need of it, and I thank you with the most affectionate gratitude.

Let us take a little breathing time, my dear Countess, to recollect ourselves, and to ascertain where we are; in what world, under what sky, and among what race of men. I feel as if I had been transported in a dream from one world to another, and were dreaming still. It is, however, beyond a doubt that *I am* in London; —I have already spent more guineas here than we spend *paoli* at home in the same time. This, unhappily, is no dream; and my poor purse begins to make wry faces. But let us leave this astonishing country for a moment, and return to Frankfort, since you are so good as to follow me in all my wanderings. Meanwhile my eyes and my understanding will grow more accustomed to their new situation, and I shall be able to see my way through the chaos with less difficulty. Time familiarizes everything.

I am very glad you found *chiaro scuro* in my last letter: you will thus have found it less monotonous, and I may hope to make you pay less dearly for the patience you bestow upon

me. To attain this end I endeavour to shew myself alternately a disciple of Heraclitus and of Democritus; and I shall think myself happy if my narratives enliven and affect you by turns. This is the only compliment I accept; the rest are the effect of your indulgent kindness alone.

We start afresh from Hanau, whither I made an excursion from Frankfort to see the field on which Wrede gave battle to the man who had made him what he was, with the intention of cutting off his retreat across the Rhine; when, from his own imprudence and the treachery of others, Napoleon and his conquering troops were driven back to that point whence they had issued forth to devastate Europe. Many traces are yet visible of the combat in which the Bavarian general incurred the double disgrace of defection and defeat. Here also Napoleon shewed that he could conquer without masses; the reverses of fortune might diminish his forces, but could never enfeeble his genius; on the contrary, long success appeared sometimes to dull its brilliancy. At the battles of the Beresina, Smolensko, and the Moskwa, but for his irresolution, the Russian armies would have been destroyed. In his retreat from Leipsig to the Rhine, harassed in his rear, cut off in front, he surmounted all the obstacles which his terrible situation, the superior forces of the enemy, and the treachery that surrounded

him on every side, conspired to oppose to him. If the retreat of Zenophon was not a fable,—as his hero was an adventurer, or at the best a mere mercenary Swiss—it would be the only one that could be compared to this of Napoleon. But the world was so accustomed to his exploits and victories, that it thought nothing of his cutting his way through *masses* with a handful of heroes: if he did not advance, he was always supposed to be beaten.

The baths of Wilhelmsbad, in the midst of picturesque gardens and woods, are worth visiting; as is also the castle of Philipsruhe.

This was a delightful little appendage to the larger possessions enjoyed by that brother of Napoleon, who was allured by the lustre of a throne to forget every tie of gratitude and of blood. These are crimes which heaven does not leave unpunished,—of this Napoleon himself had ample proof. His excellent Josephine, admired as she was by France, and by all the world, faithful and winning as was the manner in which she gave her salutary advice, would have in time tamed his inflexible temper, and directed the genius with which nature had so lavishly gifted him into channels advantageous to himself, and beneficial to all Europe.

But when a new and splendid alliance had rendered him blind to all the dangers around him, and had lulled him into a deceitful security,

he anticipated triumphs where destruction awaited him; he found only traitors and enemies where he expected affectionate relatives and grateful friends. He thought it necessary to ennoble his dynasty, in order to secure its stability; and nobility was his ruin,—both the nobility he created, and that which he courted. May this serve as a lesson to all who neglect *the people!*

Frankfort, formerly one of the Hanseatic towns, had been given by Napoleon to that prince who acted his part with the most address, so as to save appearances, and at the same time to preserve the wealth he had sucked from the bosom of the unhappy *nurse* of the universal rapacity.

This city was afterwards the central point for the formation of the treaties of the revolted confederation. It now fancies itself free, although the Germanic diet, deserted by the influence of Ratisbon, holds its seat there under the presidency of Austria. The diet was formerly the sovereign of Germany; it is now but a shadow; it pronounces what others dictate, and its decrees have no power except what the emperor gives them.

Frankfort was greatly enriched by the continental system, of which it complained so loudly, but which it now, like many others, regrets. Rothschild, who is become the financial dictator

of Europe, is one instance of the advantages it reaped. He has probably a good deal to fear from political changes; and there are perhaps others yet more stable than he.

The cathedral, in which the emperors are crowned, is one of the shabbiest in existence, and is hardly decent, either for the performance of this august ceremony, or for the worship of God.

The banquetting hall, in which the emperors dine after the coronation, contains nothing remarkable but Luther's slippers; the only relic of the great reformer. I did not hear that they have worked any miracles.

The new part of the town is superb, and the public walks, planted in a varied and uncommon style, are extremely pleasant. The old town looks like the abode of Jews.

Apropos of Jews. You recollect the furious persecution which, about two years ago, suddenly broke out in Germany, and with peculiar ferocity in this city, against these poor wanderers of Israel. The people here assured me that it was caused by the intrigues of Russia, in order to get them and their wealth into her territories.

——— "Auri
Sacra fames! quid non mortalia pectora cogis!"

Frankfort contains some considerable institutions for purposes of philanthropy, public in-

struction, and amusement. The great Casino is magnificent, and a stranger is everywhere admitted and received with the greatest civility. Letters of recommendation are not mere waste paper at Frankfort, and especially when they happen to be addressed to the Baron de Bettman.

I embarked on the beautiful Maine, and returned very agreeably to Mentz, whence I commenced a regular voyage down that majestic river, which has employed so many pencils, and furnished matter for so many poets, historians, geographers, and fablers. As I depend solely on the suggestions of my eyes and my heart, I have only to relate to you, my dear Countess, what I saw and felt, or, to speak more accurately, what I thought I saw and felt.

At Biberich is a palace built by a branch of that house whence have sprung an emperor, a number of little independent princes, the line of Stadtholders, and the present sovereign of the Netherlands. This building, magnificent as a work of art, and situated as it is amid the enchanting beauties with which nature adorns the Rhine, is altogether one of the most delightful of residences. The whole of Nassau is its dependancy.

Napoleon had rewarded the exploits of Kellermann with a beautiful estate at Wehen, the castle of which commands a charming view of

the village and the Rhine. By one of the chances of this world, this property has now been given to prince Metternich,—or rather to his hatred of popular liberty.

At Bingen the Rhine exhibits a remarkable phenomenon, which however seems to me the effect of a very obvious cause. This vast stream, which appears an ocean above this point, is here enclosed in a very narrow channel; and, although deeper, its volume of water cannot be the same, especially since it receives a number of tributary rivers between Mentz and this point. Whirlpools, which, though scarcely perceptible, do not escape the eye of an attentive observer, occur during twenty-five or thirty miles of its course; which shew that there are subterranean abysses or cataracts which swallow up its waters, and perhaps form considerable lakes and rivers in other places.

The gorges of the mountains through which it winds, present enchanting views at every turn; their only fault perhaps is, that they are too frequent, and consequently somewhat monotonous.

The numerous ruins of old castles, scattered on these rocks, form so many romantic pictures, and give an idea of the number of petty tyrants whose feudal sway was formerly the curse of these beautiful regions. Some idea may be formed of the fate of the poor Germans of

those times, from the first act of the reign of Frederick II. He made the nobles swear to coin no more counterfeit money, not to rob on the highway, &c. What a pest must such chiefs have been to their vassals!

The vine which yields the delicious wine called Rhine-wine, clothes all the hills, and even the rocks, which rise from either side of the river from Bingen to Coblentz. In my opinion, this is the best and most wholesome wine in the world. The German who replied to the Mussulman that he found his one wife too much for him to manage, and that he liked a plurality of bottles better than a plurality of wives, was probably from this district.

Those who do not like to make the passage from Mentz to Coblentz in the boat, may equally enjoy all the enchanting scenery of the Rhine by the road which Napoleon cut on its banks, across the mountains and rocks, rivers and morasses, which obstructed this great undertaking. Let us go on to Coblentz, dear Madam.

This city belonged to the elector of Treves. It was added to France at the time of the revolution, and Prussia has taken it to herself by way of healing her past wounds at the expense of the *Restoration*.

It is now become a perfect school of fortification. You will ask me for what end?—I have

no idea. It can hardly be with a view of making a rampart against the attacks of foreign powers; for, as it is situated on a slip of land wedged in between two or three different states, and might of course easily be cut off from all resources, fortifications would be a mere drain of men and money to Prussia in time of war, and would offer a very tempting bait to the enemy. The point of land on which the city stands is a peninsula, of great natural strength, formed by the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine, which add to the strength of its artificial means of defence. Would that sovereigns and their subjects would fortify themselves by means of mutual good faith and confidence! This was the sentiment which rendered the armies of Greece and Rome moving fortresses.

I spent two days at the baths of Ems. They are situated in a perfect well, and have all the disadvantages, and none of the advantages, of mountainous country. They are notwithstanding extremely frequented on account of the astonishing effects of their waters. While I was there, a lady, who had long given up all hope of becoming a mother, found her wishes realized almost as soon as she arrived, and was even persuaded she should bear a son. These baths are perhaps the sanctuary of *Aracœli* of Germany, and this a true miracle *del Bambino*.

I stopped at Neuwied for the purpose of

knowing, or rather, I should say, of seeing, the Moravian brethren. They regard Huss as a martyr, and Martin V as an assassin. They cannot reconcile themselves to the circumstance of his having burnt the great reformer alive, although furnished with a solemn safe-conduct; nor could I persuade them that there are cases in which nothing is inviolable to sovereigns, and that reasons of state and of religion take precedence of all others.

The austerity of their manners is much softened. That community of goods, which made one great patriarchal family of the whole body, exists no longer; and my pocket suffered for my high opinion of their good faith and probity in the sale of their merchandize. I found them more rapacious than Jews or Catholics.

In proportion as the head gains, my dear Countess, the heart loses. This is a truth which strikes one particularly in travelling; and when I ruminate on the notes I have made in various establishments for education, it appears to me that the youth of the present age are formed rather with a view to personal advantages than to enlarged and generous sentiments.

The prince who bore the title of Neuwied, and was formerly its immediate sovereign, has been, like many others, mediatized. He is the happier for the change. He is enabled the

better to perform the duties of domestic life, and the people revere him as a good citizen.

His gardens on the banks of the Rhine are delightful, and his exotic cabinet of natural history is rich in animals which his brother collected in America, especially in the Mediterranean parts of Brazil.

On the opposite side of the river is seen a mausoleum raised to general Hoche, on the spot where, like Epaminondas and the great Gustavus, he perished in the arms of victory.

Andernach is, in my opinion, the point at which the Rhine is seen in its greatest beauty. The most varied scenes fade into the distance, and recall that extraordinary one at the theatre of Caserta, when at the time of the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius the back of the stage is thrown open, and that magnificent and tremendous spectacle, at a distance of twenty miles, presents itself to the eyes of the spectators. Ruins scattered here and there form most striking incidents in the picture; such are the different objects which form the middle scene; mountains jutting out, one behind another, are exactly the side-scenes; and the boats moving along the surface of the water are the actors. I was really in extacy.

An old convent in the island of Frauenwort recalls the history of the unfortunate Hildegonda. On the opposite side of the Rhine are seen the

remains of the castle whence the disconsolate Rolando, whom she thought killed in the crusades, incessantly reproached her with her precipitation in taking the veil, and whence he beheld her committed to the tomb. This was the termination of her long sufferings.

Il più bel dei suoi dì fù il giorno estremo.

Lower down on both shores the celebrated Seven Mountains seem to have clustered round this mighty stream, as if to form a crown worthy of its deity.

At this point the allied sovereigns have erected a monument in commemoration of their glorious passage of the Rhine in 1814.

It never occurred to them, apparently, that they thus recall to the mind of the spectator the many occasions on which the French passed it to their shame. Nothing blinds princes so much as flattery.

The king of Prussia transported the university to Bonn, on account of the tumults which had taken place in it, and which made him think it expedient to get rid of it from the interior of his dominions, and to place it between the fortresses of Cologne and Coblentz, under the guardianship of a regiment of cavalry, and of the orthodoxy of the people of this district.

The magnificent palace which was formerly the residence of the electors of Cologne, seems to have been built on purpose for this establishment. It is exactly fitted for it.

A magistrate, intrusted with the discipline of the university, is empowered to prevent and to punish the *poetical licences* of the students: the excellent order which prevails, and the learning and talents of its professors, seem to promise it great celebrity. One thing struck me as remarkably useful: in many of the sciences theory goes hand in hand with practice; for the professor goes with his scholars directly from his school and his lectures, to the sensible demonstration of the facts he has expounded, in clinical halls established hard by.

Before the Reformation the Germans went into Italy to study what are called the faculties, the sciences, literature, everything in short belonging to the higher branches of education.

Bologna, in particular, was greatly resorted to by them, as well as by students from all the north of Europe, who were attracted by the great celebrity of that university and of Italy. Now Germany is independent of Italy, and of the whole world, in literature, science, &c. The Reformation diffused light; and the dukes of Saxony, Frederick the Great, and Joseph II, civilization. For the last half century Germany has swarmed with men of learning.

Napoleon taught the Germans to fight and to combine as a nation. Even the nobles blush to remember what they were, and the whole people are no longer machines or mercenaries: they are valiant soldiers, and frequently profound thinkers. The revolution is said to be ended in France; how true that may be, I know not; but in Germany it is only beginning; nor will all the efforts of the Holy Alliance arrest its progress. Germany may point to her youth with as much pride as Cornelia did to her sons; let us hope they will be more successful. If I had the presumption to give advice, I would recommend their princes to give them good institutions, rather than surround them with fortifications and dragoons. The time will come when they would find the wisdom of this course. Instead of allying themselves with the supporters of Ultramontane policy, let them ally themselves with their own subjects. In the love of the latter they will find living ramparts in time of need; from the perfidy of the former they will find, as Henry VII of Luxemburg did, poison even in the sacred elements. Let them recollect what the emperors promised their people at their election, before the despotism of Charles V broke through the formula of the oath.

The elector of Bonn, or of Cologne, was one of the ecclesiastical electors, like those of Trèves

and of Mentz, whom the newly-elected emperor always called "*his dearly beloved nephews*," though they were generally three times his own age. I only remark this circumstance as one instance of the strange, extravagant, and often ludicrous character of the forms of courts.

The number of electors was at first limited to seven, and the reason for this number is as singular as the epithet *Nephews*. Charles IV, the author of the famous golden bull, wished to consecrate its creation or confirmation by some sacred number. Seven was accordingly chosen, on account of the seven gifts of the holy spirit, the seven agonies of Christ, the seven rejoicings of the Virgin, the seven branches of the mystical candlestick, the seven mortal sins, &c.

Towards the end of the last century, however, the number was encreased to nine; what was the peculiar recommendation of this number, I have not learned. They are now reduced to No. 0, by far the most convenient, and, in my opinion, the most sacred number for this purpose.

Elections are now dispensed with; and by way of marking the commencement of a new era of independence, the present emperor, who was Francis II, is now Francis I; so that any future historian who attempts to rectify chronology, subverted by all-subverting ambition and policy, must call the husband of Maria Theresa,

who reigned under the name of Francis I, Francis 0.

In the terrible struggle with Napoleon the sovereigns have been the only gainers. The Germans, who made such generous and devoted efforts to support it—especially the Prussians—remain precisely as they were. They have not forgotten however that the promises solemnly made them have been violated.

But we have lost sight of the city of Bonn, my dear Countess. Let us return to it a minute. I am led back by a very curious circumstance.

I was introduced to Dr Walcher, and was taken to see a woman for whom he had made a new nose, after the original one had been entirely corroded by cancer. The piece of flesh with which he performed this extraordinary operation was taken out of her right arm. It is really a wonder of art, and forms a sort of revolution in surgery, which has hitherto taken away, but never added. If we have a cancer, the surgeons cut away the diseased part, and often a considerable portion of the sound with it. If we break a leg or a thigh, for expedition's sake, or perhaps by way of experiment, they cut it off. If our tooth aches, they pull it out, and happy are we if they pull the right; in short, we are always sure to be losers by surgery

as well as by medicine. Here, on the contrary, is a part of the body restored,—a nose too! Surely after this Dr Walcher deserves a temple more than ever Esculapius did, who, with all his herbs, I am convinced, never made a nose. The lady, it is true, has lost something; but what is a little bit more or less in an arm, compared to a whole nose? Let us go on to Cologne.

The journey from Bonn to Cologne is more agreeable by land than by water. When the surrounding country becomes flat, a river loses all its charms.

Cologne is an immense city. It was sanctified by the presence of innumerable abbeys, convents, colleges, relics, miracles, and true believers; and was of course a rich mine to priests and monks. These gentlemen have not been great gainers by the Restoration, which they worked so hard to bring about. The king of Prussia has found it extremely convenient to leave them in the state to which Napoleon had reduced them; of course they grumble most delightfully both at the Restoration and at the Restored;—and really they have reason, for in a change which they invoked as they would a second Messiah, they have lost a prince whom Pius VII proclaimed the *Restorer* of the church, and gained a most determined heretic.

They have, however, still the body of St

Ursula, and her eleven thousand virgins. My guide assured me they were all perfectly genuine; but as the Germans are rendered rather sore towards the cabinet of St James's by the disappointments of the Restoration, these English virgins are no longer in great request in Germany. The only person who gains by them is the sacristan, who gets a few Frederics from strangers by opening the door of the church (kept constantly shut) around which these venerable remains are suspended.

The bodies of the Magi add something to the reduced income of the cathedral. A heretic, who has six francs to throw away on saints, may always see them; but they are shut to a pious Catholic who has nothing to offer but his devotion.

Their identity is established beyond a doubt, by a Latin manuscript which I saw, and which, having an episcopal seal attached to it, cannot of course be apocryphal. It is to be regretted, however, that it is still doubtful whether the three venerable men, who visited the infant Jesus at Bethlehem, were Magi or kings,—a point which, as you know, my dear Madam, has caused much discussion among ecclesiastical historians. Some even go so far as to assert, that they were neither the one nor the other; but such people are clearly convicted *modicæ fidei*. For my own

part, I must confess, that I am acquainted with no other ecclesiastical history than that which the reverend father, rector of the college of Somaschi, made me learn, and which instructed us to believe whatever our priests told us.

The only observation I shall permit myself, therefore, on this important subject, is, that the reverend gentlemen of the cathedral of Cologne appear to think it a sacred obligation to reimburse these three kings, or Magi, out of the pockets of strangers, for all they expended in the gold, myrrh, and incense, which they offered to our Lord. It is impossible on any other supposition to account for the charge of six francs to see the outsides of boxes,—for one is not permitted to know what they enclose.

You probably wish to know how they succeeded in collecting the three bodies, seeing that one was an African, another a Persian, and the third I know not of what country. The manuscript informs us, that these three sacred bodies were transported by St Helena from Persia to Constantinople;—(you are so well versed in history of all sorts, that you doubtless know whether St Helena ever travelled into Persia);—that the Crusaders presented them to the archbishop of Milan,—which may be true enough; and that from Milan they travelled to Cologne, nobody knows how: but there is no doubt about

the fact. From whatever place, or by whatever means, they came, one thing seems clear, that it was their destiny to travel both during their lives and after their deaths. Their travels recommenced in these latter times, for the canons took them about to escape the dangers of the Revolution. They now repose in peace under the auspices of the Restoration, and make more money than any merchant in Cologne.

The king of Prussia has fortified this city likewise: I wish he may not meet with the same fate as the king of Sardinia at the treaty of Cherasco in 1796, when general Bonaparte took away all his fortresses with the dash of a pen,—or of the emperor of Austria at the battle of Marengo, when the First Consul took them by dozens without giving him breathing time.

The lovers of the fine arts must not forget to see the Martyrdom of St Peter, whom Rubens has represented crucified with the head downwards, in the most difficult and astonishing manner. What a picture! It is brought back from Paris and placed in the church of the same name.

I intended to continue my route along the Rhine, and to see Holland before I crossed over to England; but the heat, which was insupportable, although at fifty-one degrees of latitude, and we were only in June, discouraged me, particu-

larly as my health was not good. I therefore shaped my course towards Belgium. I felt great regret at taking leave of an excellent Saxon family, with whom I had travelled very agreeably from Mentz.

Another Prussian fortress at Juilliers,—and the work of fortification is still going on.

Had it not been for one of his latest faults—that of leaving his best troops imprisoned at Hamburg, Dantzic, &c.,—Napoleon would perhaps have obtained more decisive victories at Lutzen and Dresden, would not have lost the battle of Leipsic, and, by stopping the progress of the enemy on the banks of the Rhine, would have gained time to unite his forces, and thus have obtained an honourable peace, or have prepared for fresh exploits.

This is a striking lesson, and has obviously not been lost upon the principal actors in the drama, who are all building fortresses. But why are they arming themselves thus? This is a question *I* do not choose to answer, but which must be answered in time. History, and observation of the ordinary effects of the wilfulness of kings, teach us that nations are often on the verge of slavery when they make an indiscreet display of their vehement desire for freedom.

It was tyranny alone, and not fear of foreign

invasion, which reared the castles of Naples, Rome, Sienna, Florence, Milan, Turin, &c. The king of Prussia has refused his subjects the constitution which he distinctly promised them as the reward of the heroic efforts they made to replace him firmly on his throne; he may well therefore have to build fortresses. He has had the miserable bad taste to become the very humble servant of the Holy Alliance, and the enemy of his people. This is not taking the highest or the safest political ground.

I took a few baths at Aquisgrana, or Aix-la-Chapelle, which has suffered greatly in the opinion of travellers by the exorbitant charges of its inhabitants at the time of the convention of the three great monarchs. This is a very small local evil, in return for the very great general benefit they confirmed upon legitimacy and upon all Europe.

The tomb of Charlemagne is as simple and unpretending as he whose ashes it covers was heroic and illustrious. Nothing now remains of his sword, buckler, &c., which have been dispersed since Otho III took them, with a profane hand, from this cathedral. It is consolatory however to find that Aix-la-Chapelle still possesses one of the Virgin's gowns, the swaddling clothes of the infant Jesus, the sear-cloth which enveloped his body after death,

and the napkin which received the bloody head of St John. The satisfaction we must all feel at this circumstance, is indeed somewhat alloyed by their being kept from every eye under triple lock; they are shown to the faithful only once in seven years, and even then from the top of the tower, which is much higher than the body of the cathedral—itself by no means of inconsiderable height. It is important to observe that the napkin, which wrapped the head of St John, may serve to determine a serious dispute among historians and painters, who insist on putting it on a dish.

In the public palace, in which the emperors were crowned before the religious wars, is the picture representing the Congress which Maria Theresa won over,—and with it the empire,—from the claims and influence of France; her handsome Kaunitz figures as the principal person in it.

All recollection of that great congress which established the Holy Alliance, and thus gave peace and happiness, as they assure us, to the whole world, seems to have vanished.

The road through the Ardennes is skirted with pastures, copses, and valleys, which furnish full employment to the eye and the imagination of the traveller. It leads him most agreeably to Liège,

now the frontier town of the kingdom of the Netherlands.

The continental system had raised the manufactures of this town to a high pitch of perfection, and greatly enriched its inhabitants. It is now in a very declining state, and finds out that it cried "*Wolf*" without reflection, and in mere imitation of its neighbours.

There is a very fine manufacture of arms, and a great cannon foundry, on the banks of the Meuse. It is, I suppose, for the sake of keeping them employed, that the government surrounds the city with forts and ramparts. One is led to imagine that in Germany, as elsewhere, sovereigns are afraid of losing what they have acquired ill, and govern worse.

At Liège we quit Germany and enter the Low Countries. I take leave of the good Germans with regret; I already began to get attached to them. The Germans I have met with in the course of this and the preceding ramble are kind-hearted, calm, obliging, well informed, and eager for information; industrious, simple and sincere. Their temper is mild and humane, their opinions are liberal; nor would they now sell themselves, as they formerly did, to combat the rising liberties of America: but there is nothing violent or ferocious in the resolution they appear to have

taken with one accord—no longer to be the Germans of former days. I wish their calmness and moderation might serve as a model to the people of other countries, who are too ardent and impetuous in their wishes and designs. Their success would be the more certain in the end. In Germany we do not meet with that revolting display of vindictive passions or of religious intolerance which we are still condemned to mourn over throughout a great part of Europe. The bitterness and rage of persecution are unknown. Yes, my dear Madam, I repeat, the Germans are the only civilized people who preserve some vestiges of patriarchal manners. It is with the liveliest satisfaction that I avail myself of this occasion of paying my humble tribute of esteem and admiration to this excellent people; I wish them, with all my heart, the happiness they deserve.

There is nothing remarkable in Louvaine, except a great university without students, a great canal without commerce, and a great cathedral without a steeple or a bishop. Those however who are fond of shapeless masses and architectural extravagancies, may go to look at the Town Hall.

Although Brussels is a town of great importance, adorned with magnificent buildings and delightful walks, cheerful from its general air of

comfort and from the amusements with which it abounds, rich in manufactures and in the produce of its soil, and interesting from the political changes with which it is so largely associated, yet my mind was so absorbed by that last and greatest event which changed the face of Europe—perhaps of the whole world,—that I approached it only as an accessory to the principal object of my curiosity—Waterloo.

Grouchy remained inactive in the rear, four leagues from the field of battle;—perhaps indeed the Prussians had intercepted the dispatches which ordered him to advance. We must try to believe that this was the case.

Ney, on the left, from obstinately persisting in obeying the orders he had received, more effectually served the king who sentenced him to be shot, than the emperor who had created him marshal, duke, and prince. Soult, at the head of the right wing, observing Blücher advancing towards him, vainly urged to an immediate retreat "*cette tête obstinée*," which, invariably rebellious to every opinion contrary to his own, resisted even the evidence of demonstration. Napoleon declared that he was determined to brave, by a daring movement, both treachery and the enemy. He advanced rapidly with his guards upon Wellington's centre, hoping to break his line; but the latter, opening his formidable cross

batteries at a judicious and well calculated distance, and presenting fresh troops advantageously posted behind a hill, successfully repulsed him, till he was supported on his left by the arrival of Blücher, who fell upon the right of Napoleon, and thus disconcerted his whole plan of attack. He was then enabled to reinforce his right, which had given way, to strengthen his centre, and with one powerful combined attack carry all the French lines. The latter, surprised at the news of Grouchy's absence, and overpowered by the junction of two powerful enemies, offered farther resistance, only to render the enemy's victory still more glorious, and to exhibit to Europe the remains of French bravery. My *cicerone*, who was one of the guides of the French army, and who would give you any account of the battle you liked for your money, frankly said, that everybody had fought bravely in that great *Carrousel*.

But desperate would have been the situation of the English, had they been unsuccessful. The vast forest in their rear might perhaps have afforded them a momentary concealment; but when dispersed, they must eventually have fallen, in detail, into the hands of the conquerors, and the *materiel* of the army must have been completely destroyed.

This imprudence, as it is called, on the part of

Wellington, is regarded by the partisans of Napoleon as a proof that he advanced with some confidence of success; but unprejudiced people will admit that the English, and Wellington fought like heroes, bravely and fairly; for the English on the field of battle are very different from the English of the cabinet of St James: and history, without indulging illiberal conjectures unworthy of her pen, will proclaim this day's fighting, and this victory, as the greatest and most important military exploit recorded in its pages. The battles and victories of the Greeks over the Persians, and those of the Romans over the Carthaginians, were productive only of partial consequences; but the battle and victory of Waterloo shook the whole world, and still influences the opinions and passions which agitate the two hemispheres. The partisans of Napoleon still console themselves with the *ifs* and *buts*; but fate admits of no *ifs* or *buts;* the career of this extraordinary man was closed,—and he fell. Fate decreed that Toulon should be the cradle of his extraordinary political and military renown, and Waterloo its grave. It was also the will of fate that we should be spectators of both. Let us meditate on the subject, and draw useful lessons from it: but glory, which, when once obtained, fate itself can no longer withhold, will be his to the end of time.

What may be considered as a singular coincidence in this battle is, that the French empire perished near the spot where the French republic laid the first foundation of its existence; near the spot where was fought the famous battle of Jemappe. One more observation, my dear Countess,—it flows naturally from my pen;—Soult seemed destined to give Wellington a great deal of trouble: at Toulouse, but for the difficult and dangerous circumstances in which he was placed by the invasion of the allies; at Waterloo, had his advice been taken, he would probably have cast considerable shade over the military glory of the hero of Albion. I quit Waterloo with a mind plunged in meditation on the fall of empires and of kings.

I arrived at Ghent, the residence of the ancient earls of Flanders; embellished by the dukes of Burgundy; and the place fixed upon by Austria for the capital of the domain which she inherited from the daughter of *Charles le Téméraire*. This city still retains the traces of its ancient splendour. Intersected by canals supplied by the Scheldt, the Live, and the Lys, every merchant can ship the goods from his own warehouse to Antwerp, Lille, Bruges, Brussels, Ostend, and the ocean; and a number of swing bridges admirably facilitate the passage of the inhabitants and of the vessels. They

are not often opened since the last partition of these countries, nor from the period that the influence of England over this kingdom has depressed its manufactories and commerce. This was to be expected.

The great bell of the town-hall is a curiosity worth seeing. Though pierced with bullets, it still retains its tone, and contributes its portion to the harmony of the Carillon as well as the other forty-seven. This was a trifling punishment inflicted upon it from the citadel by the Austrians, when in 1792 it sounded the signal of revolt to the inhabitants, who vainly exclaimed against the violation of their privileges. Ringing, even for mass, would be forbidden throughout Italy, if the bells were so impertinent, or the people so unreasonable.

Ghent has also rendered itself memorable by the asylum it afforded to the family of the Bourbons during the hundred days.

Here we enter upon the country of those painters who have bequeathed us works of such infinite variety; some the most majestic and pathetic; others the most simple, amusing, and comic. It was in this city that I learned the origin of the *Bèguines*.

They are an establishment of women, who differ in no respect from what we understand by that appellation; but the history and details

connected with them are too long for a letter; and on the subject of women it is difficult to be brief. We will resume it by the fire-side, if my return is written in the book of fate.

The fortifications, docks, quays, and arsenals, by means of which Napoleon had rendered Antwerp a place of great importance and strength, have been sacrificed to the *omnipotence* of the English: this also was to be expected. Such neighbours are not pleasant, and people don't give kings and kingdoms for nothing. The English knew not how to pay themselves out of the little Nassau, which has neither docks nor arsenals, for the crown which they gave the prince of Orange; and it was but reasonable that Holland and the Low Countries should pay something for so good a king. I don't speak ironically, my dear Countess; he is really an excellent prince. If things are not yet exactly as one could wish, the reason is, that this kingdom, composed of Holland, a part of Belgium, and Flanders, whose respective interests are completely opposed to each other, has not yet been able to assume an uniform and harmonious course.

It is, I believe, in political economy as in chemistry—the amalgamation of opposite substances is effected through the medium of a neutral substance. The king acts as the neu-

tralizing principle to the heterogeneous parts of his kingdom; and in time things will go on better, and to the satisfaction of all parties.

What still remains of Napoleon at Antwerp, as the quays and basins upon the Scheldt, &c., will extort an admission from impartial persons, that he has done too much good to deserve the ill that is said of him; but posterity will never forgive him for not having effected the great political regeneration which it was in his power to accomplish; and for having himself, in a great measure, marked out the path which has conducted many of his successors to the despotism with which they now oppress their people; for his memory is still cherished for all he did attractive to ambition.

He had studied what the Romans did in Greece, in Africa, and in Asia; but he ill calculated on the difference of times; and those who imitate only what is bad in his conduct, calculate still worse.

Rubens exists at Antwerp in all his grandeur in his almost incomparable pictures. They have imparted a character of divine glory to this town, which deplored his death, and possesses the mortal remains of his immortalized hand. And the works of Matsys, Frank, Jordaens, Vos, Venius, Vandyke, &c., together with the most celebrated sculptors of the Flemish school, have

converted many of its churches into superb galleries and museums.

One great advantage of the Catholic religion is the encouragement it offers to the fine arts, in the representation of the innumerable subjects of our religious worship; but this does not lead to heaven, any more than the pomp of our ritual ceremonies, which exert more influence over the senses than over the soul, and which have a closer connection with vanity in the creature, than with humility towards the Creator.

Whenever I have visited the temples of the Iconoclasts, I have been convinced that their devotion is much less divided than ours between celestial and sublunary divinities, and that motives purely spiritual conducted them thither with respect and decorum. The cathedral and its tower are two of the most magnificent and surprising edifices.

The thunderbolts of heaven destroyed the church of the Jesuits a short time before those of the Vatican annihilated their society. This circumstance suggests the spontaneous reflection, that Clement XIV, and the sovereigns his contemporaries, were perhaps the true interpreters of the divine will. It is a singular incident.

Bruges, anciently a city of great splendour, and the residence of the dukes of Flanders, is also remarkable for its beautiful pictures, and

for the productions of the best statuaries; and the painted windows of its magnificent cathedral appeared to me superior to those of Arezzo, which are the most beautiful I have seen in all Italy. It possesses a very precious and unique deposit—the blood which Joseph of Arimathea took from the wounds of Jesus with a sponge; even the sponge has been preserved from the injuries of eighteen centuries.

I went to Ostend by the beautiful and spacious canal, and in the passage barge, which is a *bijou* in its kind. It was from the district around this that the descendants of the ancient Veneti extended their empire to the British isles; the same Veneti who peopled the marshes of that Rialto which has been the great school of navigation, and which is now decaying amid the mud, and under the ruins of its ancient grandeur. This is a striking coincidence, which induces the belief that these people were destined to rule over the maritime world. But for the dikes formed by Napoleon, Ostend would have been swallowed up by the ocean during the frightful tempests which occasioned so many ravages last winter.

It is true that he filled Europe with his ambition; but it is equally true that he filled it with useful monuments of his genius, grandeur of conception, and munificence. We shall see what those who have succeeded him will leave to

posterity: for my part, I already declare myself "*pour le bénéfice de l'inventaire.*"*

Napoleon intended to make Ostend a powerful bulwark against the English. The intention now seems to make it a powerful bulwark against the continent; for its fortifications have been entirely neglected on the side of the sea, while it has been strongly fortified towards the land. And this, I think, is both natural and reasonable. It is reasonable,—because such is the situation of Holland and the Low Countries in respect to England, that they will commit a great error whenever they depart from a firm alliance with that formidable maritime power. And although they might in time reconstruct the docks, arsenals, and ships, which they have lately offered up as a tribute of homage to these auxiliary masters, yet such efforts in case of a rupture would serve as a pretext for the English, (who are so vigilant and jealous of their absolute empire upon the sea,) to pick a quarrel for the purpose of destroying what would give umbrage to their maritime despotism. France is convinced of the truth of this, and Denmark still more so. I think, therefore, they do perfectly right to fortify themselves on the side of the land;

* A law term, signifying that the heir declares himself not responsible for the debts of the deceased beyond the value of the inventory of his effects.

which may at least protect the maritime places from a continental invasion: from the sea they have nothing to fear whilst they continue the faithful allies of England, and submit to the dictates of her policy. It is natural,—because the English ought not to permit those continental governments over which they have any influence, to oppose land fortresses to those floating ones in which they sail over seas, gulfs, and bays, with unobstructed course, as for the pleasure of taking the air, like Venetians in their gondolas.

We are continually inveighing against the English and their selfishness; but let us be candid. If we were shut up in their island, like them, and placed in their peculiar political situation, we should perhaps act as they do: and as their cabinet has expended immense treasures in making great blunders, it is now particularly the dictate of prudence to protect themselves against a continental ascendancy. The enormous debt,—(the still existing consequence of the *continental system*,) the general peace,—the rumoured war in Turkey, where alone it would be dangerous to them;—all these circumstances would place England on the very verge of ruin, did she not endeavour to prevent such a crisis by every possible means, and by now and then sowing the seeds of discord on the continent, to shake

its strength, its tranquillity, its industry, and its commerce.

"Liberal institutions," said their very amiable minister at the congress of Vienna, "are adapted only to England, and even there . . . :" It seems, therefore, that those who expect to obtain any upon the continent, either from the influence or the assistance of the cabinet of St James's, may wait much longer than the Hebrews waited for the *promised land*, for which they are still waiting, as well as for their Messiah; unless these institutions should happen to favour its political views.

With regard to the continent, the English seem to think,—and to wear the sentiment engraven upon their hearts,—what the ministers of Charles of Anjou induced that king to think with regard to Conradin, when the Frangipane, to whom he had fled for refuge, sold him to his ambition: "*Mors Conradini vita Caroli; vita Conradini mors Caroli.*" I am sorry to confess it, but, in the situation in which they are placed, they are forced to regard this unhappy maxim as the palladium of their political and commercial existence. I do not undertake to say that it is their intention to act upon it *à la lettre;* but I think they consider it as the grand principle for the regulation of their conduct. And indeed, if the continent conspires against them, they must in self-defence conspire against the continent.

But it is said, "they excite the people, and carry fire and sword among them." Half-measures in politics are good for nothing, my dear Countess. It is usual to look to the end without considering the means; and if you glance over the pages of history, you will see that the reaction of the English on the continent has invariably been terrible. The reason for this, I think, is, that being obliged to leave behind them, or upon the sea, the whole of their principal force, they are compelled to take advantage of every possible means of warfare by land. Besides, reflection upon the means frequently consumes the time necessary to the success of an enterprize, and turns against oneself the very evils intended for one's enemies.

Politics, my dear Madam, before I am aware of it!—but perhaps I have already caught the epidemic of the country. Very likely; for here nothing is read, nothing is talked of, but politics. Perhaps, however, I naturally fall into these observations for the purpose of telling you that I come not here "*bouche béante;*" and to undeceive you, if the good people at home have made you believe what they have believed, or feigned to believe, themselves. I forgive them for having unjustly persecuted me; for it is the fate of ministers, as well as of kings, to be deceived by knaves, who are irritated by the

presence of good men; but I am, and shall be, wounded to the quick for ever, at having been suspected of being simple enough to fall into the trap. In short, I have indulged a little in political remarks to convince you that I am not quite unacquainted with the English, and that I can judge of them without suffering myself to be influenced, on the one hand, by unfounded prejudices, which sometimes induce us to condemn the nation for individuals, or individuals for the nation, and to mistake the English for the cabinet of St James's; or, on the other, by those flattering appearances by which they sometimes endeavour to dazzle us. To be frank with you, my dear Countess, when I read the work which, two years ago, so *eloquently* described the tyranny of the several despots of our unhappy Italy, I thought I discovered the artifices of a policy which guilt and shame stimulated to the formation of new plots, rather than the expression of a generous mind; and the state of vacillation in which the continent then was, and the circumstance that France was also, nearly at that time, enlightened by a ray from the same source, increased my suspicions. But let us go on to the close of our ramble.

At the distance of two miles from Ostend is the sluice of Stythen. It was constructed to stem the fury of the ocean, which formerly

rolled its waves as far as Bruges. It is a work of much labour and difficulty, and the best undertaken by the Austrians in the part of Flanders which belonged to them. It was completed by Napoleon.

I quitted Ostend in an English packet, and entered the stately Thames.

To describe it to you in all its majesty, in all its grandeur; to exhibit to you the numerous ships, steam vessels, and vessels of every size and form, some sailing up, and others down; the towns, villages, and delightful pleasure-grounds which adorn, and the arsenals and docks which animate its banks; to paint the vast floating forests of innumerable masts which, rising above the dark smoke that covers London as with a perpetual veil, seem to pierce and tower above the clouds;—would require the pencil of a great painter; I have not the presumption even to attempt it. I shall only give a slight sketch, which your lively and fertile imagination will paint to you more vividly than all the eloquence of astonishment and admiration. We arrived after a passage of twenty-six hours, which is considered a remarkably short one.

You have the goodness to enquire concerning my health. The physical often depends upon the mental state. You know the situation of

my mind. I require some days' repose and solitude, which I shall try to find in the tranquillity of some rural retreat.

You inform me of the engagement which your niece has thought it her duty to break off, *à la Gordienne*. I deserve this additional proof of your confidence and friendship, from the lively interest I take in whatever is connected with your happiness or with that of all your amiable family. I will therefore express my sentiments on the subject with all the sincerity for which you are disposed to give me credit. Your niece has acted wisely in declining a marriage which was not the choice of her heart. She has thus given a fresh proof of a strong and independent spirit, superior to the seductions of vanity, appearance, and *family alliance*, and will avoid the unhappy consequences of a forced union.

And you, my dear Madam, who are so judicious and prudent, will commend her. But she is censured for not having expressed her determination sooner. We yield, for a time, to importunity; we may sometimes be too feeble to resist the means employed to divert us from reflection; but eventually the eloquence of the affections and the empire of the heart dispel every illusion, and our spirit triumphs over its oppressors. Marriage is a step which cannot

be retraced, and a determination which should not be taken without serious reflection: but we are still in *tempore habili* whilst the hand has not yet signed the important contract, which, although intended to effect the happiness of society, is often productive of the most dreadful of its evils.

Express my congratulations to your niece, if she really thinks herself released from an unhappy engagement, and forget not to remember me to your family, to your friends, and to that respectable orphan family which will ever be dear to me.

LETTER VII.

London, September 10th, 1822.

I HAVE received your dear and welcome letters of July and August. Compliments again—you wish to spoil me then! I will accept what you are good enough to say honourable to my heart, but the rest I must refuse; I will not contract debts I shall never be able to discharge. The world is but too apt to presume upon indulgence and partial blindness. Check therefore, my dear Countess, a generosity which might render me a greater *bore* than I am; but I shall always covet a place in the good opinion of a lady who is so good a judge of mankind, and whose merits command my respect and admiration.

The contents of your letters are the more delightful, since they not only divert me by their wit and talent, but console me for the pains

of absence from all I love and value in Italy. One can never forget one's country, and it is refreshing to be transported back to it by the sweet illusions of a valued correspondence.

I thank you for the kind and friendly wishes you pour out with so much warmth and cordiality, and for the salutary counsels with which you seek to soothe my afflicted heart.

Time, my dear Madam, may weaken sentiments which are the offspring of the passions, but has no power over those which have grown out of admiration for virtue—those which I feel will, I am persuaded, attend me to the end of my mortal career. There are, however, griefs which are dear to the sufferer, and which he would rather perpetuate than remove. Good and evil form the links of the chain of life; it depends on us to render it more or less unhappy according to the idea we form of the one or the other. I believe the contrast to be necessary to beings constituted as we are.

Since you wish me to continue to associate you with me in my rambles, you must now arm yourself with a double store of indulgence, for my pen is, I think, arrived at the most difficult point of its undertaking. Never did I find it so reluctant to obey my dictates. The number, the variety, the vastness, of the objects by which I am surrounded, arrest it every moment.

It is bewildered in the chaos, and fears lest it should lose itself. It makes a thousand essays, and all in vain. It is like the bird which longs to extend its flight beyond the bounds of space and of ocean, but dares not spread so venturous a wing. You see then, my dear Countess, that, far from borrowing from my imagination, I cannot even describe what strikes my senses.

You accused me of silence in your letter of July, and you repeat these flattering reproaches in your last. I did not choose to take up your time with myself, who am but a little accessory to the main object,—my rambles. I waited, therefore, till I could tell you something about London, and the English people; and, in order to be competent to that task, I wished to penetrate a little into this great opaque body, to arrange my confused thoughts, to discern the true appearance of objects, to unravel and distinguish things, before I came to any opinion about them, or attempted to guide yours. But the moment I pause before one object, a thousand others crowd around me and distract my attention, so that I continually leave off without having even made a beginning. I return to the charge, but always in vain. I then give up all hope of details, and aim only to give a sketch of the general effect; but my pen falls pointless before this immense and complicated mass, like

Don Quixote's sword before the windmills. Then I think I descry a pigmy at a distance; this appears to me within my grasp; I run to seize it, but as soon as I approach I find a giant; it comes upon me like the phantasmagoria, and makes me involuntarily draw back.

I see a man of elegant appearance, dressed in black with silk stockings and breeches;—now then, I think, I shall be able to describe a lord:—it is a footman, disguised (to the eyes of the uninitiated like me) in this sort of minor court dress. I meet another man with long gaiters, a very plain coat, and a face and manner the most unpretending possible. That's a very neat-looking servant, I say to myself; I wish ours were as clean. Alas! my dear Countess, this is the duke of ——.

I will now go to the House of Commons. What an august assembly! an assembly, to which are entrusted the honour of the crown, the privileges of the people, the form of government, the religion, the liberty, and the destinies, of this great nation—perhaps those of the whole world. Here I shall find all the majesty of the Archons and the Ephori of Greece, and of the senators of Rome; the pomp and state of œcumenical councils, congresses, councils of Castile, &c. I shall see grand robes, wigs four or five stories high, halberds, guards, &c.—At the door I find two old

porters in black great coats; and within, very humble hats, coats of the ordinary fashion, spurs and whips; very plain-looking men, either carelessly seated, or lounging at length, upon the benches, appearing to have no other pride than that of being in all things, and in all places, at their ease; no other ambition than that of imitating no people in the world; of being in all things, and at all times, originals; and of laughing at their greatest orators, as well as at other men, if their eloquence does not fall in with their own opinions. This, by the bye, is perhaps for the purpose of proving to those who might be tempted to think them puppets, that they feel their own importance, and that, though sometimes very complaisant, they are sovereigns in the parliament as well as in their own houses. And the embroidered suits, the orders, the haughtiness, the stately repulsive air, of our ministers? No such thing! The ministers of England, often the arbiters of both hemispheres, are not distinguishable from the other members of parliament, either by their seats, their dress, or their manners.

I enter large palaces: I ask to whom they belong:—to superannuated or wounded soldiers or sailors, or to public institutions. I go to small obscure-looking houses, and I am informed that they are the residences of the king,

or of a prince of the blood. I see the universe around me, and yet in no place on earth, not in the most secluded cottage in Italy, is one so solitary, so isolated, as in London. I fancy I see the most perfect uniformity, but I find the most astonishing contrasts. The men, the customs, the fashions, and the *convénances*, of to-day are not those of yesterday, nor can one guess what the morrow may bring forth. You try to distinguish yourself from the vulgar by uniform politeness, and by the observance of strict and regular decorum towards society; you pass for a person of *mauvais ton:* to escape from this imputation—the horror of all Englishmen—you must display contradictions without number, and run into extravagancies the most extravagant. After all this, my dear Madam, how can I reply to the confidence, the eagerness, with which you ask my opinion of England? How can I give you even the slightest idea of this extraordinary country?

Many of our travellers talk of it, *à tort et à travers*, often with a dogmatical and conceited air of raillery. This is mere presumption and prejudice. It is talking of navigation without knowing even the compass; it is making a shew of *esprit* at the expense of all good sense; it is attempting to walk boldly in the midst of darkness.

The people who built the tower of Babel

84,000 feet, some inches, and a few lines high, certainly built a very high tower; nor can one wonder that the god of the Hebrews confounded the audacity of that ungrateful family (as ungrateful as favourites always are) whom he had saved from the general destruction wherewith he saw fit in his wisdom to renew the human race—whether for good or evil I know not;—the Talmud declares that the first race was much the best.—Homer certainly displayed wonderful efforts of imagination in the creation of gods and heroes, unworthy either of heaven or of earth; and the invention of the loves, the combats, and the truly magical enchantments, of Tasso and of Ariosto, is not little surprising.—Those prodigious men who separated the waters and enabled countless armies to pass dry-shod through the sea;—those learned persons who make the stars move, or stop, or fall, at their pleasure; who ramble over the valleys and hills and adamantine mountains of the moon, who open the earth to give place to the sea, drive back rivers to their sources, and do eternal violence to mother Nature;—those who guide the course of the planets and bring them down to take a walk upon earth;—Joshua, who made the sun stand still, and others who have made it quicken its pace;—last, but not least, the Jesuits, who make everything proceed or halt at their bidding;

—are all unquestionably very wonderful persons, and have done great and strange things; but I would take any odds that, with all their genius, their calculations, their telescopes, their magic, and their humbug, they would be excessively puzzled to give an exact idea of London, and still more of England and the English.

I think, dear Lady, I have said enough to convince you of my incompetency to satisfy your curiosity as you desire and deserve. It is the more difficult to me, because the English language itself presents almost insurmountable barriers to the acquisition of any knowledge of the country.

When we have learnt a little of it on the continent, we think we know enough for the necessary intercourse of life; we read it, and we fancy we understand it; we come here, hear it spoken, and it is worse than *Con-cin-cin-nois;*—we cannot understand a single word. If you speak it as you read it, it is a charming jargon; your mouth and eyes are thrown into the most beautiful grimaces; every limb of your body is convulsed in the struggle to pronounce all these consonants, these strings of monosyllables. You give utterance to sounds which come from your stomach like volcanic eructations, shaking your whole frame like an electric shock, and, by sympathy, those of all who have the patience to listen to you. I forgive the English from the

bottom of my heart, if sometimes they cannot refrain from laughing at the novelty of this exhibition. Often indeed I anticipate them, and laugh myself, to encourage them to give vent to a convulsion which, if repressed, might do them harm.

Another difficulty presents itself to my poor pen. The English, though they by no means spare each other, are not very well pleased if foreigners take the liberty to criticise them; and true good-breeding forbids us to say anything in a man's house which he would not like to hear. What you say is true enough,—that they are not remarkably delicate when they speak of us; that they lay down the law to the right and left without being very nice whether their assertions are founded in truth or not: lady Morgan carried this so far, that she even scandalized her own countrymen. But when I pretended to study law, the first rule I learned in the *Instituta*, is, *adducere inconveniens non est solvere argumentum.* I ought not therefore to imitate them; nor have I any desire to share the reproaches which the British Aspasia, and others of the same class, who have fallen foul of the poor Italians, have drawn upon themselves. But let us have done with this, my dear Madam, and make our bargain.

We will set out on our rambles about London; but I will stop you only at the most remarkable objects, and even upon them we will cast only our physical eye. If any observation or reflection, "not in the bond," should occasionally escape me, it will be by mere sudden accident, or by one of those *àpropos* which it is impossible to resist. In these cases, if there is anything piquant, keep it to yourself; for otherwise some rattle of your acquaintance may tell it to the travelling English, and thus procure me the honour of an *auto da fè* from the cabinet of St James's, or from those ridiculous coxcombs who fancy themselves fallen from heaven, like Mahomet's half-moon, to enlighten the benighted world *out of England*, and imagine that foreigners are to come here only to admire, and to go away open-mouthed with wonder.

We will begin with antiquities. But here I am sorry again for our antiquarians, who have been fasting so long. There are none in London: the fragments of walls, which are shewn with great devotion, do not appear to belong to any of the different styles of building which characterise the different stages of Roman masonry, from the conquest of the island until its final abandonment.

Everybody knows that a number of authors

affirm that, before the Roman conquest, there was a city where London now stands, and that they say it was called *Civitas Trinobantum*, or at least that Cæsar called it so; but a great many people do *not* know that these gentlemen are in a great degree mistaken. If you take London in a mass, when you wish to fix in your mind the spot on which this *Civitas*, or rather this camp of the Trinobanti, stood before the Roman conquest, you will fall into the common error. You must therefore divide London in two parts as the Thames divides it;—London on the right, in Surrey, and London on the left, in Middlesex; and as Surrey, before the time of Cæsar, was inhabited by the Regii, you must confine yourself to that part of London which is in Middlesex when you wish to ascertain the exact spot on which the Romans found what they called, first *Civitas Trinobantum;* and afterwards *Colonia Augusta*—a name common to so many of their colonial cities. The Trinobanti inhabited Middlesex: this province, or county, was so called by the Anglo-Saxons, in consequence of its being the centre of the Heptarchy, or seven provinces which they had conquered from the Britons.

In this slight sketch of the site of London, I do not pretend to inform you of a point of his-

tory, which, from the extent of your historical knowledge, I am sure is familiar to you, but only to settle it accurately; for, in geography as well as in politics, it is necessary to know well where we are, if we would speak to the purpose, and profit by what we hear.

I don't know whether you can congratulate me on my clearness, for there is a great difference between understanding oneself, and making oneself understood; but you will guess my meaning. I should not dare to write thus off-hand on subjects so complicated and so various, if I were not addressing a lady whose intelligence will supply the deficiency I feel of time and materials for ruminating attentively, and explaining myself precisely. I have already told you that I do but suggest, and that you must do the rest.

Now we must see a little of modern London: I say a little, for if we launch upon this ocean, without marking out our course, we shall infallibly be lost. Long details would fatigue your patience, and my pen is grown more than usually lazy, for never did the hand that guides it feel so completely crippled as in England. Besides, the desire to be brief gives me no quarter; it haunts me incessantly, and rigorously forbids all lengthy descriptions. Good writing does not consist in telling everything,—

something is to be left to the imagination of the reader. The not doing this, is the fault of Fenelon's divine Telemachus.

London, my dear Madam, taken as a whole, is vast rather than grand. It is not a city—it is a province covered with buildings, and contains nearly as many inhabitants as the whole of Tuscany. Every time that I retrace my walks over a spot I have already traversed, I find new houses and streets sprung out of the earth as if by enchantment, and the materials and preparations which one sees in every direction shew that it will become a vast forest of houses, as the Thames is already a forest of masts; I say a forest, because, in a city like a world, it is impossible to observe a regular and equal form; and old buildings, or those raised by trade alone, which, with its narrow views and sordid calculations, cares very little about rules of art, or beauty of design or of situation, cannot be like the modern, or those dictated by the taste and the wants of people who are already possessed of wealth and independence, and have therefore leisure to attend to the conveniences and decorations of life. But one sometimes meets with beautiful bits, which arrest the eye and extort the admiration of the stranger, in spite of all the irregularities he may find in them. These indeed are only relative; for, in criticising

the architecture of a people, one ought to take into consideration their habits, climate, local peculiarities, and even their manners. The metropolis of England is like her gardens;—there is something of everything in it; it is the favourite empire of variety and of caprice, and there is space for the display of all.

I doubt whether such a city as Thebes, with its hundred gates, and its hundred thousand men ready to go out in arms to meet any assailant, ever had existence among the ancients; but certainly the moderns see such a one realized in London.

I think we had better stop here, my dear Countess. You wished to see London,—and I have shewn it to you. But you say that you would have seen it better in a microcosm than in anything I have yet told you. To speak the truth, I think that is the best way of seeing it, so difficult is it to describe it in any other way.

You may perhaps think these are mere pretexts to cover my laziness. No, Madam; to satisfy you, I would conduct you through the air, into the moon, wherever you will, if I had the magic of astronomers, or the Hippogriff of Astolfo. Since you are peremptory, therefore, I must comply. I cannot stand a reproach from such lovely lips; keep that delightful smile, and I will do my best. But take notice, I shall want the whole armoury of your graces, and

your eloquence, and your reason, to defend me against the English; for, as I have already told you, they give no quarter to an unhappy foreigner who lets fall an observation which annoys them. It is true some of them are very reasonable, but, generally speaking, their vehement patriotism naturally leads them to fall with resistless vengeance upon any *lapsus linguæ* which derogates from that sort of pretension to *infallibility*, that unconquerable pride, which is the dark spot in the English nation.

Don't receive as oracles what I present, either materially to your eyes, or morally to your judgment; I have no presumptuous confidence in my own powers—regard what I say merely as the genuine *naïf* expression of my own views and opinions on men and things.

Since I have had nothing ancient for you worthy the notice of our antiquarians, to compensate them a little, I will make you travel *à l'antique* for a few minutes. I shall take you then, like the Greeks and Romans, in the first place, to prostrate yourself before the Deity in the principal temple of the town you are visiting; and St Paul's is the great temple, the wonder of London. It is indeed a wonder.

You must enter it by one of the side doors, because it thus presents itself in all its interior majesty. Advance, looking straight before you,

till you get to the star in the middle of the pavement, which is directly under the lantern of the great dome above it; keep your eyes in the direction of the two side doors;—now raise them up to the sides of the dome, and you will think it still very majestic and grand; but do not turn them towards the nave; you will break the charm in a moment—you will fall from heaven to earth. Those aisles are wholly out of keeping with so grand a temple; they are more like narrow galleries, or mere passages. Neither must you raise your eyes quite overhead; if you do, you will see a grand cupola with little windows, and small and dirty panes, which tend to diminish the little light that penetrates; while dark and gloomy paintings contribute to destroy its grandeur and its internal elevation. What is the good of painting the history of St Paul where nobody can see it, and where, even if one's eyes could reach it, one would be afflicted with that terrible crick in the neck which Michael Angelo fixed upon himself for life, by holding back his head to paint the ceiling of the Sistine chapel? It would have been better to distribute this history through a series of large pictures, and to hang them along these miserable aisles, so as, at least, to make them serve as galleries.

You will ask me what is the form of this

church. I should be puzzled to tell you: it is neither a Greek cross nor a Latin one: the three aisles are sufficient to exclude it from the former class. It cannot be of the latter, since the upper part of the shaft is almost as long as the lower; and at the foot the architect has placed two excrescences, like the pocket-hoops of our grandmothers, which would destroy the Latin form, even if the head and shaft were in due proportion. But you will not easily guess the motive for these two extraordinary protuberances. I must explain it to you:—it is for the purpose of displaying a façade much larger than the body of the church. It was probably discovered too late that it was disproportionately narrow, and that the extreme smallness of the three aisles rendered it a perfect monster as considered with relation to the rules of art. The expedient of these excrescences was therefore hit upon to support an immense façade, which conceals all the defects of the building from the gaping multitude. This is an architectural fraud. But let us survey the interior before we look at the outside or ascend the cupola,—the trolus, or trullum,—if our antiquarians like.

The church is too long for its width, or, if you will, extremely narrow for its length. The middle aisle is so low and mean that it is impossible to believe the magnificent cupola which

towers so proudly to the skies, was intended to form part of the same building. As to the side aisles, the less we say of them the better; they are a disgrace to the church. Then the pillars! they are so low, that the height from the top of the capital to the centre of the roof is greater than that from the ground to the top of the capital. The same disproportion exists between the concave sides of the dome and the gallery which runs round its interior; the architrave, frieze, and cornice, are equally out of proportion; and the upper windows, resting upon perfectly useless attics, which common sense and the most uninstructed eye reject as superfluous, contribute by their mean appearance to detract from the grandeur of a structure certainly the second in the modern style in the world.

If you turn away from the spot at the side entrance from which I first introduced you to it, your eye is instantly shocked; and can find no place on which to repose. Architecture is like music—one note out of its place is sufficient to destroy the harmony of the whole. The main entrance is very judiciously kept shut; the impression the eye would receive at the first glance from this point would destroy the effect even of what is fine in the building, and would render the cheat of the grand façade too glaring to escape notice. Let us now ascend the cupola.

Seen from the terraces above the roof of the

nave, it is as colossal as it is majestic from within. But why was the colonnade which surrounds it blocked up with eight massy pillars? They are not wanted for strength, as it has only to support the spherical part of the dome, which, *par parenthèse*, is of wood. They answer no purpose but to prevent your walking round under the gallery formed by the colonnade, and to render the windows ridiculously narrow.

The *coup d'œil* from the gallery of the lantern is no doubt very attractive to your curiosity; so it was to mine,—and accordingly I went thrice to satisfy it, but in vain. The coal smoke covered London and its environs with its impenetrable veil. Let us now descend and survey the outside of this great mass.

Its exterior would present to the ordinary spectator a magnificent, grand, and striking whole, if shabby houses did not obstruct the view of it everywhere, except under its very walls. But the critical observer, without being very fastidious, would perhaps think that those projections which cover the two side doors, and which appear to me like little observatories, are vicious and discordant excrescences; that the façade is enormous in proportion to its little portico and its little columns; that the pediment, the centre of which is too low for so large a façade, has a defective termination at each end, to make

room for two heavy and squat towers, in about as good keeping as those with which the Barberini have defaced the venerable Pantheon of Agrippa, out of devotion to that new divinity in whose name they rebaptized it. There is another great defect—the greatest, I think, and therefore I have saved it to the last. The architect has placed the Composite order upon the Corinthian: this is a complete revolution in architecture; it is worse than putting the Corinthian on the rocks of the fountain of Montpellier. In short, my dear Madam, these numerous contrasts between the great and the little, the sublime and the mean, the arbitrary and the regular, the ponderous and the light, prove that Wren was often a timid, and always a fanciful architect; and, judging from the defective dimensions, one is tempted to think that he was not very well versed in the laws of pressure, and knew not how to take advantage of the concentric force which results from them. It is in the structures of antiquity, the great models of Palladio, Michael Angelo, Vignola, &c. that we must study their magical effects. Sir Christopher Wren had however considerable merits; one of the greatest, is the care with which he superintended the masonry, which is a perfect model.

This church cost twenty-four or twenty-five millions of francs. The English government ought

to spend as much more to clear away all the houses which block it up on every side, and make a great square, so that it might at least be possible to see it; to open a grand street exactly opposite to the façade, which is now hidden in a corner; and to substitute a large statue of queen Anne for the very small one, which is lost by the side of such a colossal building.

England has now good architects, who having studied in Greece and in Italy, could construct an accessory work which would add much to the majesty and grandeur of the principal.

It is to be hoped that if they surround the square with porticos, they will not take as models the heavy ones with which Bernini decorated the piazza of St Peter at Rome.

St Paul's is not however the metropolitan church of England. Canterbury cathedral has the supremacy over all the churches of the reigning religion, as its archbishop has over all the clergy. St Paul's is rather the Pantheon, in which the nation records the virtues and the exploits of her illustrious citizens, and her own gratitude.

St Paul's has greatly delayed our walk: you must get on horseback, my dear Madam, like the English ladies, and ride, as they do, full trot or gallop; for we must make haste.

The East India Company's house is an ordinary looking building, at least when one considers the greatness of the body to whom it belongs. It contains a collection of curiosities associated with the wars and the horrors which have desolated India, and the riches which were their disgraceful consequence. The spoils of Tippoo Saib are trophies as honourable to the English nation as those of the Incas and Montezuma were to the Spaniards.

This establishment owes its foundation to one of that sex which we are pleased to call weak, but which has frequently eclipsed the proudest glories of man. If Elizabeth had not tarnished her reign by the murder of the beautiful Mary, she would have been the greatest sovereign who ever sat on the English throne; excepting perhaps Alfred, Canute, and William III. Sextus V said, that it was a pity so great a queen was a heretic; to which Elizabeth replied, that it was a pity so great a prince was a pope.

The Bank, on the outside, looks like a prison. It is only one story high, and surrounded by an iron railing; three things utterly at variance with the very rich Corinthian pillars with which it is decorated. It was perhaps built in this form to preserve it against the probable attacks of the sovereign people, who, in the dreadful riots of 1780, were inclined to treat the Bank as if it

were a Papist, though it was founded by one of the most fanatical of that sect which had excited them to these acts of violence. In the interior it is vast and grand, and decorated with well executed carvings. It is very interesting from the great air of business and bustle which prevails in it; and from the idea it suggests, that it is the seat of the riches and the poverty of England, interwoven in an inexplicable manner. Her debt now amounts to above eight hundred millions sterling, which bears a yearly interest of more than thirty millions; yet she enjoys unbounded credit, which is only diminished by occasional feverish crises.

A state, which owes only to itself, requires nothing but confidence and the circulation of commerce to support it; but there is no safety for those states which are in debt to foreigners; as the king of Naples will find, when, after selling his finances to Rothschild, and his subjects to Austria, he closes the scene with a bankruptcy.

There is nothing to *admire* at the Exchange, except an old portico of great lightness and beauty. There *is* something to marvel at; viz. to see the statue of Charles II. set up as an object of veneration in the centre of the great quadrangle: a prince, whose reign was only rendered tolerable by the restraints put upon his bad and mischievous propensities. It might

truly have been said of him, that he "had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing." The heavy and massy tower which surmounts this building, seems to threaten to crush all beneath it.

The Monument, erected in memory of the terrible fire of 1666, which consumed thirteen thousand houses, would be the most beautiful of all modern columns, if the one in bronze erected on the Place Vendôme by Napoleon did not exist; the beauty of which, no less than the exploits it records, proves that he was something more than a "*brigand extraordinaire*." I cannot help remarking that he was *great* precisely in that particular in which his detractors are very *little*. He found means to calm and silence the tumult and rage of party in most difficult times, when the minds of men were perhaps more excited and feverish, and political opinions more oscillating and violent, than they are at this moment.

The king's palaces (which, as I have already told you, are mere houses)—the public galleries and museums—are not at all surprising, especially to you, who are well acquainted with everything in Italy, and who saw the capital of France at the time it was the universal museum. The collection of antique sculptures is, I think, inferior to some private collections at Rome, the

former Giustiani and the present Lodovisi collections, although it has been enriched by the fragments of marbles which lord Elgin and other Englishmen have barbarously torn from those venerable monuments on which time had not dared to lay his hand, and which ought to have served as eternal models to the admiring world.

The galleries of lords Grosvenor, Radstock, and Stafford, are, for private collections, very valuable and well selected, and bear witness to their taste as well as to their wealth.

The library of lord Spencer, for the number, value, and chronological series of the first editions which issued from the press, is the finest in the world. At the house of M. Alessandri, at Florence, I saw that which the marquis Delci collected in Germany, and bequeathed to his native city; this is perhaps second to lord Spencer's, but I doubt whether it can be compared to it.

The whole body of building which surrounds the great square of Somerset-house, is magnificent, and very regular, considering the numerous alterations it has undergone since St Mary's church gave place to it. A passage which descends to the Thames, leads to underground buildings of solid and difficult workmanship; and the terrace which overlooks the river is beautiful and extremely pleasant. It was the

palace of the ambitious Regent whose fratricidal crimes recoiled upon himself. At his execution it escheated to the crown, and several English sovereigns have inhabited it. It is much more regal than any residence of the present monarch. It is now used for the great annual exhibition of works of art, two or three scientific institutions, and four or five government offices.

To contain so many large and complicated establishments, a town would be necessary in any other country than England. But here they do not permit that crowd of sinecurists which elsewhere are the satellites of every man in power, the disgrace of governments, the ruin of the state, and the source of popular irritation, and often convulsion. In England no more persons are employed than are necessary; and all, being men of business and servants of the public, are at their posts, and are more solicitous for the good and for the glory of their country, than for their own salaries. But, it is said, they are highly paid. Faithful servants of their country ought to be highly paid. Though the English are a nation of merchants, all the gold of the continent would perhaps not suffice to buy a single clerk in one of the government offices, while England alone has often bought continental cabinets by dozens;—chiefs, subalterns,

and all. It is but just, therefore, that our wretched slaves of arbitrary power, or of foreign ambition, should be paid like menial servants, and the functionaries of England as valuable members of the great family.

The Custom-house, an immense building, is already decrepid, though it is not six years old. If you want to find your way to a grand saloon, which would deserve admiration for the boldness of its architecture, if it were not already full of cracks and threatening ruin in every part, and which is the principal room in the building, you must huffit for it with *si quæris* in your mouth, and a lantern in your hand, up a little staircase which you will have some difficulty in finding; you must moreover ask your way to the little door by which you enter this great building. All the rest is either a labyrinth or a Capuchin convent.

The Docks, which form the interior ports of the Thames, for commerce in general, or for that of the East or West Indies in particular, distinct from each other, are spectacles which can be seen only in the queen-city of Ocean.

The Tower, which was first a mean palace under the Anglo-Saxon kings, then a great prison, and under William III a little fortress, which he frequently inhabited to secure himself from the inconstancy and ingratitude of the nation, is now only a superb gallery of ancient and modern armour, and the sacred depository

of the crown jewels. A ruby of uncommon size, and two pearls, an emerald and an amethyst of great beauty, are the chief rarities of this treasury. On the tombs in the chapel are the names of a great number of the victims of tyranny: the most striking and memorable is that of sir Thomas More.

The Mint does honour to the talents of Mr Smirke. It is at once simple and majestic, solid and magnificent, Greek and Italian; and the occasional architectural licences are lost in the correctness of the whole. It is a pity that this noble building is imprisoned, like the treasures and the exquisite machinery it contains; it is very difficult to get a sight of them. The surrounding buildings by no means correspond with it. If I were not an Italian, I should be delighted to tell you that the chief engraver of this great establishment is a countryman of yours—Mr Pistrucci; and that his talents and labours are well paid in a country where a foreigner could hardly hope to occupy a post so delicate and important.

The bridges of stone and of iron have perhaps no rival in the world, except those which Napoleon built at Bordeaux and at Paris. Waterloo bridge, though too heavy, is imposing and magnificent. Foot passengers pay one penny for crossing it. The movement of the turnstile through which they all pass communicates with

a machine in a room adjoining, and thus registers the number of the passengers in a day, and operates as an effectual check on the cupidity of any toll receiver who might be tempted to betray his trust. I point out this little circumstance, to shew you to what a pitch of refinement the industry, the genius for creating and the talent for controlling mechanical operations, are pushed in this country.

Mr Russel declares that antiquity must fall down prostrate before the bridges of London. I cannot take upon me to decide so nice a question, but this I think,—the remains of the bridge of Augustus at Narni, and that of the Gard in Languedoc, will outlive them all, though now two thousand years old, if they escape the hands of fresh Vandals. And if Hadrian's cruel jealousy had not destroyed the bridge which Trajan had caused to be built over the Danube, together with its sublime architect, Mr Russel would have seen the most stupendous work perhaps ever achieved by man, and would have corrected in himself that petty national pride which is sometimes remarkable in the pages of English writers.

The London theatres are greatly inferior to what might be expected, and in general the decorations are bad.

At the Italian theatre Camporese has still the remains of a beautiful singer, but there is a time

for all things. Ronzi, who used to sing so well and so delightfully, is losing her voice from fat. There is a third lady, who owes the applause she gets rather to the wealth of her patrons than to her own merits. The men are not above mediocrity. There are excellent dancers, but no ballet approaching in the remotest degree to those of our Vigano or Gioja. The orchestra is good, consisting of our first-rate performers; the boxes are adorned with pretty women, but the whole does not answer to the price of twelve francs, and the trouble of putting on silk stockings.

The English stage has neither a Talma nor a Duchesnois, but the singing is not so bad as that on the French stage.

Regent street and Waterloo place might have been superb, if an assemblage of every conceivable architectural extravagance, and the most striking contrasts between the grand and the paltry, had not conspired to deform them. There is variety to be sure, but a very bad variety. The handsomest street in London, and one of the handsomest in the world, is Portland place. The Regent's park and Primrose hill, which form a very striking perspective view at the end of it, add the beauties of pretty country and picturesque effect to the majestic and symmetrical buildings which adorn it.

The squares are large open spaces in the

form their name denotes, or in that of a parallelogram, in the midst of which are gardens beautifully laid out, and planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers. The shrubberies take off somewhat from the majesty and grandeur which areas so vast, surrounded by the best houses in London, would otherwise have. What is lost in magnificence is however gained in refreshing beauty; the eyes of the inhabitants rest agreeably on the verdant carpets and varied thickets, which present the most enchanting and attractive view from their windows. They alone have the right of entering within the magnificent iron railing which surrounds them; a right for which they pay very dearly. Some of these gardens are decorated with equestrian statues of kings, many of whom never mounted a horse *en héro*, and still less *en Romain*; there are others standing, or sitting under the shade of lime-trees, who owe the honours of the chisel rather to flattery than to their own merits. They are however remarkably well placed. They are half hidden in the shrubberies, and serve admirably to amuse the children who play around them.

The English are much better lodged than we, more *comfortably*, and with more attention to cleanliness; but our useless and incommodious palaces are not to be found in London. Even the house of the saviour of Europe, and of all

legitimate sovereigns, is as modest as himself. It has however one very rare advantage,—from its windows he sees himself in the character of a young and athletic hero,—a colossal Achilles; and what heightens the delight is, that it was the ladies of England who worked this wondrous metamorphosis, and saluted him with this delicate piece of flattery. They have thus commemorated his victories at Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo.

The parks, which are the great public promenades, are rather fields (in which cows take the precedency of all competitors) than parks; but happily the English cows forget they have horns, and do not assume the right of walking about the streets, and marching into the coffee-houses, as the goats do at Rome. The field-like character of these parks is a proof of the good taste of the English, who do not think it necessary to torture and mangle nature as the French and Italians do, to force her into regularities which she abhors. They correct her according to that *beau idéal* which she is said to have made the peculiar inheritance of her *highest work*, man; but they do not deform her.

There are clumps of trees and thickets which break the line of these large fields, and afford shade for repose and meditation; but they are scattered about without any appearance of

art or design. If you extend your walk a little farther you get into Kensington gardens, where you may take your choice, and have alleys and walks *à la Francaise*, or *à l'Italienne*. Pieces of water, delightful to a solitary wanderer whose heart is open to natural beauty, meet the eye at every turn.

The roads around and across these parks are the rendezvous of all the fashionable equipages of London. It would be an utterly hopeless task to attempt to describe the immense concourse of them; it is perfectly amazing. The equestrian ladies trotting and galloping in all directions, like Amazons, managing their horses with that grace and address which are quite peculiar to Englishwomen, and for which they are indebted to their masculine and untrammelled education, add greatly to the beauty of the spectacle, which is more striking, varied, and amusing here than in any other place in the world. And then their dress, *à la Lodoiska*, or *à la Christine!* I assure you it is perfectly enchanting! Sometimes, in spite of myself, I cannot detach my eyes or my heart from them; so that you must imagine my heart wrapped in a dress *à la Christine*. Yes, my dear Countess, if I were married, and married to a woman I loved, (which does not often happen to us Italians,) I would make an agreement with her about her

toilet. One week she should dress to please herself, and another to please me; and during *my week*, I should never let her pull off my *Christine;* she must wear it on horseback and on foot, at church or at balls, by day and night. I should make her some gallant present the day she adorned herself with it, and sulk all the day she put it off. You laugh at my folly?—so much the better; it is a proof that I have led you a little out of the dullness of a walk *inter muros*. Even I am a little the gayer for it. I find it absolutely necessary now and then to turn my back on the terrible clatter of the town, to quiet the vibrations of the *tympanum*, to repose my eyes on lovely nature, and to give myself up awhile to that gentle melancholy which, ever since the period of our common loss, has been my faithful companion, but which assumes its most tender and touching character in the country.

But we must leave Hyde park, my dear Madam, and once more enter the noisy town. I must now take you to a very different scene, from the beautiful abode of cows and deer, and to very different objects from the British Penthesileas. Prepare yourself for the gloom and severity of Gothic walls—for monuments—many of them lying ones—and for the good and the wicked of past ages.

Westminster Abbey is the finest specimen of Gothic architecture in London, and one of the most ancient in Christendom; it is not inferior to the best we have in Italy, or to any of those we have seen in France, or the Low Countries. Though it is too narrow, and the line of the building is broken by incongruous and vicious excrescences, its general effect is imposing, and commands our veneration. The northern gate is grand, though too low; the eye is arrested by it, and returns to it with satisfaction. The building in its present state is not purely Gothic, for, from the time of king Egbert downwards, it has sustained various alterations and additions under different kings and by different architects. Henry VII added a chapel, which is a sort of tail, superb in its kind; though of a mixed and fantastic architecture; very light, though rich and loaded with extravagancies. It contains the ashes of that powerful sovereign, who reposes here from his avarice and his tyranny. Wren added ears to the abbey, in the form of two towers, so near to each other that they may shake hands *à l'Anglaise*; they are neither Gothic, nor ancient, nor modern. He made his façade a bishop, crowning it with a mitre, which is worthy to keep company with the towers. Others, whose names I cannot celebrate as they deserve, have destroyed the Gothic majesty of

this august monument of twelve or thirteen centuries, by daubing its simple and venerable roof with gilding. It is evident the English have a superabundance of gold, or they would not waste it so profanely. This church seems in danger of sharing the fate of those antique statues, which modern sculptors are so pertinaciously bent on *restoring;* they end in being neither one thing nor another. Michael Angelo alone could attempt this with success, as the Faun in the Florentine gallery proves.

The unfortunate Mary Stuart is also buried in Henry the Seventh's chapel. Opposite to her, in the other little aisle, lies her rival and murderer Elizabeth. What a strange combination! Why not separate two objects so discordant, the union of which cannot fail to awaken a painful contradiction in the feelings of the spectator?

In Edward the Confessor's chapel, and in several others, there are an abundance of great monuments of little kings; and, as elsewhere, epitaphs which exalt to the skies men whom the Creator called into existence only to scourge the earth; men whose bodies the posthumous judgments of Egypt would have condemned to the birds of prey, rather than to honourable sepulture.

I hoped, in a philosophical and judicious country like England, I should have seen less of

this. There are also a great number of courtesans, under high-sounding names, whose ashes are mingled with those of kings and princes. This was however the natural consequence of Henry the Seventh's command, that all persons of the royal family should be buried in the chapels-royal,—for what is so truly royal as a king's mistress?

Poor James II was excluded: there is neither a monument, nor the least vestige of his existence; though a man who had the rare virtue "to lose three kingdoms for a mass," was surely better intitled to a place than most. Henry IV of France was more lucky; he gained a great kingdom by a mass, though, to say the truth, his sword had something to do in the affair.

Shakspeare, Newton, and the two Pitts, as might be expected, have places in this national Pantheon. Ministers and poets follow naturally enough in the train of kings; but a philosopher like Newton would seem more in his place anywhere else; at St Paul's, for instance, which belongs to the city, and which is consecrated to the renown of illustrious citizens. The valiant Nelson has no better monument here, than a waxen statue; its countenance is calculated to inspire pity, rather than the veneration which is due to his high reputation. I should have great satisfaction in hearing he was made into candles.

We might compose a litany of the inscriptions to illustrious men, and another of those to "the illustrious obscure;" but this would be a long task, and not very interesting to you or to me. There is one thing extremely precious to the sight, viz. the identical stone on which Jacob rested his head when he saw the angels going up and down a ladder to heaven, very much such a one as, *chez nous*, people use for the purpose of gathering apples and cherries. What is still more curious is, that the *antiquarian* who explained the thing to us with the most immoveable gravity, was angry with me because I laughed.

The cloister which adjoins the church proves the grandeur and magnificence of the ancient abbey. The doorway unites the beauty of the finest, boldest, and simplest style of Gothic to the majesty of its venerable age. This bit, in my opinion, is very superior to anything in the church, which has too many fanciful devices about it. It has moreover the great advantage of not being *harlequinized*.

Let people restore as much as they like, but let them keep their hands from deforming these venerable antiquities; all their additions are so much inappropriate lumber. How would you like, my dear Countess, to have two wooden posts stuck up, without any regard to proportionate distance in your beautiful *parterre* at la Cimarella?

Well, the two towers of Westminster abbey are just as shocking to me; and that mitre is the most childish and ridiculous thing that ever was devised, whether we look to the common sense of the thing, or to the architecture. God knows how much all these *improvements* cost the parliament which sanctioned them; but, be the sum what it may, if I were a member of the present parliament, I would vote as much to pull them down again.

At the beginning of this ramble I gave a slight and cursory view of the moral matter of which an English parliament is composed. Let us now go and look at the material part,—the wood and stone. Let us go, if it were only for the sake of seeing that famous place in which kings have so often laughed at the pride of their subjects; in which subjects have humbled the arrogant pretensions of kings;—the place where Cromwell gave the first bad example of solemnly prostituting the divine to the popular law; and of perpetrating judicial regicide; where he showed the way which general Bonaparte followed on the eighteenth of Brumaire. Let us go to the spot in which the Sibylline oracles, the Mosaic and Decemviral tables, the magic of Chaldees and Persians, the wisdom of the seven sages of Greece, the temporal and spiritual power of popes and councils, and that much more sub-

stantial power than any that popes or councils possess—the dominion of the sea; the Machiavelism of all the Machiavels of all ages and countries; the suppleness of Italy; the haughtiness of Spain; the high spirit of France; the firmness of Germany, and the *sang-froid* of England, are to be found concentrated; the quintessence of all systems of policy, exotic and indigenous, past, present, and to come;—such at least is the opinion I have conceived of it. This is the congress of congresses; the first assembly of the world, ancient or modern,—if we consider it with reference to the effect of its deliberations.

After all this, you doubtlessly expect to be ushered into nothing less splendid than the *domus aurea* of Nero;—you will be sadly disappointed: I have nothing better to shew you than the *domus lignea* of our Patriarchs.

The place in which the Commons sit is a hall, or rather a room, as small and humble as the matters therein discussed are great and important. The speaker, or president of the chamber, with his robe and big wig, in the midst of these gentlemen, who are so perfectly *at home*, cuts about the same figure as the fat magistrate in the play of the *Fête de la Rose*, in the midst of the simple villagers. If he is placed there in that costume to represent the

throne, the people, or both, it seems that the English nation pique themselves very little on the dignity of externals—for which I admire them.

The house or chamber of Lords is larger, and not so plain; but this powerful nobility, the only aristocratic body in the world which has the *real* political and moral strength necessary to hold the reins on monarchy on the one hand, and democracy on the other—this truly *haute noblesse,* is very far from appearing with that humiliating state, that disdainful distance with which the nobility of every other country disgust and insult the people.

The only part of this building worthy of notice, is Westminster Hall. It is an immense hall, probably the largest in the world, and would be a perfect wonder if it were a little larger. In the course of upwards of seven centuries and a half, since William Rufus built it, it has undergone many alterations, but it still preserves a fine character of Gothic grandeur; and its roof, which derives all its strength from the skilful application of the theory of pressure, is a master-piece of bold and difficult carpentry. The fêtes on the coronation of the kings of England, are celebrated in this hall.

You wish me to give you some idea of the fine speeches which are delivered in the two

houses of parliament:—they are fine, precisely as you say, because they often defend the privileges and the liberties of the nation, but it is impossible for me to give you any abstract of those I heard. I perfectly understand any English I read, but none whatever that I hear; —my *corda tympani* is not yet familiarized with this awkward pronunciation. In Italy, or in France, if you do not hear or understand a speech, you can at least say you have *seen* it; for you know by our gesticulations when we mean to express esteem and tenderness, or when we are giving vent to hatred and contempt: But in England, whether they court you or storm at you, whether they praise you or abuse you,—their countenance, tone of voice, and gesture, are the same. *Satis de hoc.* And now let us go and see another building which passes for Gothic, although it is no such thing.

I shew it you because it is the Hotel de Ville, the hall of office of the King of the City; for, as you doubtless know, the mayor of London is, in some sort, the real sovereign *intra muros*; that is to say, of all that large part of London which is called *the City*; and the people, or rather the trades, are his immediate electors, totally independent of the influence of parliament, nobility, ministers, king, and even clergy; which

last, *chez nous*, would appear yet more extraordinary and surprising than all the rest.

Guildhall, the building in question, was perhaps Gothic before the great fire of 1666, but now it is neither Gothic nor modern. It is an architectural *miscellanea*. The elections of the mayor, members of parliament for the city, and other public officers, are carried on in its large hall. They are all chosen by the people, who consider them as their agents and deputies, and who are in fact the true sovereigns of the city. The name Guildhall signifies the hall of the associated bodies of the trades. This is a faithful image of the first patriarchal governments. It is an example of the power delegated by the great family to the most sagacious and experienced of their body; but it has this important advantage over the primitive institution—the officers are changed every year, that they may not be spoiled by ambition and by power.

The authority and privileges of the mayor are very considerable. It would be worth while to describe them to you at length, for some of them are very curious and interesting; some are even extravagant: but I should be writing you a volume instead of a letter, and this already begins to exceed all reasonable bounds. I will only tell you, then, that he has a right to forbid the king to enter the city without his per-

mission; to expel, and even to punish every soldier or officer of the king's troops, who dares to show himself in uniform and with arms within the jurisdiction of the city. At the king's coronation, the office of chief butler during the whole ceremony devolves on him, and he receives a present as matter of right. At the king's death he becomes the first officer of the kingdom, and consequently has a place in the privy council; he is thus the person who fills the interregna, &c. &c.

Like the king, he has his royal residence, called the Mansion-house, which, as a building, is perhaps more royal than the king's. He has his sceptre and other *regalia*, his officers of the palace, his retinue, carriages, services of plate, state-dinners, &c. &c. He has his own courts of justice, and is supreme judge in many weighty and important matters. His entrance into office, or *his coronation*, is quite regal, and sometimes the king himself is present *en bourgeois*, at the coronation feast of this *bourgeois* king. I say *bourgeois* king, since he is that, and can be nothing more; the nobility and aristocracy of the land have nothing to do with *city* affairs, and hold them in sovereign contempt. He entertains—always as king of the city—all foreign sovereigns; and, to convince you he does not starve them when he invites them to dinner, I

will just tell you that the one he gave to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814, cost him, or rather the city, 500,000 francs. Much has been said about the feasts of Epulons and Vitellius, but I doubt whether they ever gave one comparable to this.

The English are usually very frugal in their eating, but when they set about feasting they do it in earnest. It appears that this was always one of the national traits; for at a dinner given by Richard II, thirty oxen and more than three hundred sheep were killed, not to mention other viands; and at the coronation dinner of the present king, 7,442 lbs. of beef, 7,133 of veal, 2,474 of mutton, more than 3000 head of poultry, about 9000 eggs, &c. &c. were digested. Imagine, after this, the quantity and quality of the wines; for the English delight in anabundance of them yet more than of eatables.

You will think perhaps that all these privileges, these immunities, and this sovereignty of the people of the city of London; this pomp, prerogative, and dignity of their annual king, are frequently mere empty theatrical shows. No, my dear Madam, nothing is more real and substantial. The slightest infringement of them would kindle a blaze through the whole city. Nor would it end there, for all England is more or less interested in the privileges of a city which is the centre of the business of the

three kingdoms. And the English generally are not people to let their charters be eaten by the mice, like that of St Ouen. But the lord mayor, and all he has brought in his train have led me far from my subject—Guildhall. Let us return to it a moment, to have done with it.

The hall, as I have already told you, is very spacious, but contains nothing remarkable, except Gog and Magog, two colossal statues of wood, representing, as I am told, a Saxon and a British giant,—probably the descendants of the Gog and Magog of the Hebrews; and four monuments, which the gratitude of the city has erected to the two Pitts, Beckford, who was twice mayor, and Nelson.

That of lord Chatham is so loaded with emblems, with inappropriate and misplaced attributes, that the ridiculous adulation conveyed by these accessories greatly diminishes that feeling of veneration with which one would otherwise contemplate a statesman, who expired while pleading the cause of wisdom and generosity,—the cause of the liberty of the colonies—against which ignorance and obstinacy long and vainly struggled.

That of his son does not excite the same feelings. It is impossible to forget the different characters which this wily politician assumed during the French Revolution—all different, but

all sanguinary. The sculptor seems to have been of my way of thinking, for the figures are totally without design and without expression, and seem to have been conceived and executed in disgust. The country ought however to be much obliged to him for his *England*, which he has modestly crowned and sceptred as queen of the Ocean, and mounted *à l'Anglaise* upon a sea-horse.

The monument to Nelson exhibits a very pretty back view of a figure, who appears extremely busy in transmitting to posterity, *stilo veterum*, on stone, the naval victories of the hero. Had I been in her place I would have omitted "Copenhagen:" and, since she had completed the word "Trafalgar," and with it of course her whole task, she might surely have turned her head a moment to shew the curious spectator what Muse or other fair lady of his acquaintance he was contemplating. Of all the thousands of statues I have seen, this is the only one which ever hid her face from me. I have therefore great doubts as to her beauty; for pretty faces like to be seen, let them be as modest as they may. And what is the use of this endless inscription! The ancients said a great deal about their minor gods, by way of puffing them, but when they spoke of Jupiter, his bare name was sufficient. Now, as Nelson is certainly the

Jupiter of sailors, a "Here lies Nelson," would be the noblest epitaph he could receive. A great name is the most eloquent of all inscriptions. Let anybody try to write an epitaph for Napoleon which will produce a more powerful effect than the single word—Napoleon. When I read the inscriptions of the English I lose sight of their national gravity.

The monument to Beckford is the most simple, and consequently the best. Those two women (I do not know who they are, by the by) sit very gracefully on his tomb, and weep very prettily, and very much in earnest, and their sorrow is justified by the physiognomy of this excellent magistrate, which is truly that of an honest man. But, as I must object, I will confess I should have been better pleased if the sculptor had represented him, either wholly as a plain John Bull, or wholly as a magnificent and *serenissimo* lord mayor; those robes, that ermine, those semi-royal decorations of the iron age, accord very ill with those Yorkshire breeches, that Northumbrian waistcoat, that orthodox wig, the modest raiment of the golden age; or, as he has given him a *toga* of such extraordinary dimensions, he might at least have made it cover these undignified garments. There are certain aspects of nature which the fine arts do not permit, still less harlequin combinations

of them: an artist ought to feel whatever detracts from the dignity of his subject. Let us now conclude the chapter on monuments. The English are liberal, even to profusion, in these proofs of gratitude and admiration towards their distinguished men.—You have already seen Pitt and Nelson at Westminster abbey; the latter has another and a finer monument in St Paul's.

Let us dismiss Guildhall.—All the rest of the building is used for public offices, municipal meetings, and the city courts of justice: they contain nothing remarkable.

Are you not thoroughly tired, my dear Madam? I should be, if I had not been talking to you. As I am but a poor villager, and of course have not a carriage in my suite; and as I do not like contests with the hackney coachmen, who have no *tariff* with foreigners but their own good pleasure, and of course cheat as much as they can, I generally go on foot. I am accompanied by a servant, who is a very good German, but a very bad *laquais de place;* knows London about as well as I know it myself, and of course often makes me double my distance by his immense *détours*.

You would laugh to see my vivacity engaged in a conflict with his phlegm and obstinacy; happily the walking is exceedingly good on the *trottoirs* of London. A few steps more, and we

will rest. We will just take a look at the Thames from Blackfriars bridge: the view on Waterloo and Westminster bridges is more beautiful, but this is more central and varied.

You will think that I reserved this as the *bonne bouche*, the gayest, and the most striking. You are quite mistaken; not, however, more than I was myself. It is the meanest and gloomiest view in all London: without quays, and bordered only by barrack-looking buildings, and by manufactories, the smoke from which blackens heaven and earth,—it is more like the haunt of Cyclops than of Naiads. St Paul's itself, which would be seen here to the greatest advantage, is almost totally eclipsed by that smoking veil, and appears incongruously magnificent contrasted with the surrounding buildings.

One moment more, to shew you the finest portico in London—perhaps the finest modern portico in the world, certainly the finest I ever saw;—I mean that of the church of St Martin in the Fields. It combines the rarest lightness, elegance, and majesty; it is rich, but not loaded with ornament. But what is the use of that steeple which rises behind the pediment, and destroys its beautiful harmony? When architects know not where to put a part of their

projected building, they had much better leave it on paper, than find a place for it at the expense of the beauty of the whole.

St Martin's parish, without this steeple, would have had four or five thousand pounds the more in its treasury,—(probably this is exactly the consideration which moved the architect to build it—), and the most beautiful portico, perhaps, modern or ancient. It is also a great pity that it was built upon a plane of great inclination, and in a lane in which the view of it is completely obstructed by wretched houses.

The portico of St Paul, Covent-garden, of a simple Tuscan, is striking and grand. But, in England, if there is a fine thing, there must be some monstrosity close to it. Under this portico, by the side of the great door, which is beautiful in its design and in its proportions, the architect has put two very small prison doors; can you guess for what reason? In order to have the pleasure of expatiating in another deformity;—to have more space to open two windows, of a monstrous and discordant height: and for fear the stones of which the portico and the church are built, should be wetted, a Chinese cornice is stuck on, which juts out from this beautiful building like an umbrella.

I meant to take you to the portico of St

George, Hanover Square, but it is not worth the additional trouble. The pediment is too heavy and flattened; the peristyle is too narrow, and is flanked by two large and totally useless pillars, at its side entrances, to render it yet narrower, and to obstruct, or at least encumber, the passage. I shall therefore take my leave of you at St Paul's and St Martin's, whence we will start for another ramble. Meanwhile, ruminate a little upon this.

I have given you so hasty a sketch of men and things, that I fear you will find more confusion of ideas than justness of observation; more frankness than prudence; more to fatigue than to interest you. You think perhaps that after this long letter my perplexities are somewhat abated, and that I have found the clue to all I wanted. On the contrary, when I think how much of this great cosmorama I have still to shew you, subjects rush to my mind in such a crowd and tumult, that I am oppressed by the difficulty of arranging and explaining them, and the perplexity encreases to such a degree as to stupify me. In the continental *salons* you may find abundance of people who lay down the law very volubly and grandly about England. Let them come here, let them distinguish and reflect, and they will see what a problem they have to unriddle. This island produces the same

effect on the understanding of the traveller as Circe's did on his countenance. He becomes not less *bête* in the one than in the other, though in a different manner. *Vale!*

LETTER VIII.

London, February 20th, 1822.

At the very moment I was about to rejoin you to continue our walk through London, I received your welcome letter, dated the 25th of last month. I think I must apply to you what you have kindly been willing to believe of me; —it is *your* lively and creative imagination which enables you to form magnificent pictures out of the few slight strokes which I have the honour to offer you upon what I meet with here and there in my excursions: the more so, as the reflections you find in them are but the moral corollaries which naturally flow from the description of physical or material objects. Continue to avail yourself of such resources, and

you will have found the means of rendering my letters more supportable, and of sparing your own patience.

This is the magic of the cultivated mind; and my poor pen will also derive encouragement from it, in the perplexity into which it is sometimes thrown. I sail on still, my dear Countess, in this Archipelago of rocks: it is marvellous that I did not strike upon them in my last; how I may escape them in this I know not. But though I should surmount the difficulties which present themselves in crowds before my eyes and to my pen, to the confusion of both; though I should be able to acquit myself tolerably of this thorny task, how shall I avoid the consequences which it may produce? How shall I steer clear of all that may displease the proud and fastidious English? Certainly I am not governed by prepossession or prejudice, and still less by bad intentions. You know my frankness—you have often done me the honour to confess that I am dispassionate. You know that I am incapable of making white black; but at the same time I am not much given to make black white; and it would be better to be silent than to offer you such servile observations;—to carry about a bag of *indulgences* to distribute to all who are rich enough to buy them. I cannot

help repeating, but without reproach, that it is you who have forced me to enter these formidable lists. I am not, as you know, easily intimidated, but "*il Ciel me la mandi buona.*"

Under all circumstances I implore the aid of my fair Amazons, the valiant Penthesileas, the generous, sweet, and engaging Lodowiskas of England: aided by this noble and powerful phalanx, I can fear nothing; and the legions of our intrepid Clelias, commanded by a chief like you, would be no slight support. Those who ventured to attack me with such auxiliaries would find they had no easy game to play. Let me therefore prove myself worthy of them, that they may not defend an unjust cause. You may find perhaps in this ramble, as in all the others, some want of judgment, of discrimination, and too much frankness; but neither malice, partiality, nor fanaticism.

I will begin this eighth excursion with a sight *entirely new*, and somewhat strange to us both—a boxing-match.

I was admiring the varied, enchanting, and delicious landscape up the Thames, from the centre of Vauxhall bridge, when I saw on the other side, on the right of the river, a place of great resort; they told me it was a large tavern: this was precisely what I wanted to see. I

could hardly resolve to quit the bridge and the Thames; but at length I yielded to curiosity, and went there.

It was a holiday: the garden and the rooms were filled with at least two thousand people; yet, closing my eyes, I could have believed myself in a church; I heard no noise but the trampling of the feet of those who came in or went out; and you know that, from the peculiar spring of the English in walking, their tread is not very loud. There were men sitting in the midst of women, and women surrounded by men, all completely absorbed in their glass of beer or cup of tea. This incredible silence would not perhaps have ended so soon, had not two young men interrupted it by a few words of defiance. They went out with their seconds, without the slightest disturbance in the company. Curious as I am to see everything, it was in my vocation to follow them, which I did. Not seeing any arms, I thought I had gone in vain; but I soon perceived that it was by blows with the fist that the vanquished was to be overthrown, and the conqueror crowned.

The most perfect quiet prevailed over the voices and countenances of the numerous spectators of the combat; nothing was heard but the fall of the tremendous blows; and I perceived that my astonishment and the feelings which I

could not conceal at the sight of these disfigured countenances, which every blow rendered more terrible, was regarded as indecorous and offensive. The seconds stopped them, from time to time, to give them rest and recruit their strength, after which they set them on as they would have done bull dogs, yet without the slightest change in their immoveable manner, or profound silence. What cold-hearted beings, my dear Countess! What sombre dispositions! History paints them as the most cruel of men. Far less would one fear the fury which is excited by some generous sentiment: indeed, without this *sang froid* how could the cabinet of St James's have sown devastation and destruction through Portugal, Spain, and Russia; have renewed the carnage in India; have protected, with hearts steeled to religion and humanity, the Turks against the Christians, and made everything bend to its own political ends?— But let us return to the boxing-match.

A distinguished nobleman, who appeared to understand the thing well, assured me that there was perhaps not a single Englishman who once, at least, in his life had not received a broken nose, black eye, or a fractured rib, in this glorious manner. Both parties have enough of it in this generous duel, and he who gets the least is conqueror.

Their disfigured countenances are trophies here, though we should regard them as a lasting disgrace. The young men were conducted home in triumph, both the conqueror and the conquered: but the one walked with a downcast look, whilst the other displayed his fist to whoever was willing to encounter it;—as Achilles did his sword, still reeking with the blood of Hector, to the Trojans.

You will be surprised, my dear Madam, with this mode of deciding an affair of honour;—I am not so at all. Every country has its prejudices and its peculiar views: are not these, for instance, the pugilistic combats of the Romans? (for the comfort of our antiquaries) and were they not so barbarous as even to compel men to fight with wild beasts, and to consider such a sight as fashionable and amusing? And are we less barbarous, who, like butchers, slaughter each other at the altar of honour? I am not even surprised at their *sang froid*, for it is either the effect of climate, or of character rendered imperturbable by education; nor could I venture to decide whether it is allied more to vice than to virtue: I can only say, that I consider it more active in the former than in the latter. Let us now go to Vauxhall, to divert our thoughts a little by a scene more agreeable.

The spectacle is altogether grand, varied, and novel; it is far superior to the *Tivoli* of Paris, if we except the saloons; the gardens are splendid; the illuminations have a striking effect, although, when minutely examined, they are paltry. There is an immense concourse of persons, and a variety of amusements, consisting of eating, drinking, and English singing; but in the midst of them all the Englishman never forgets himself; and the follies and confusion which are seen in similar places in Italy and France, exist not here. An inquisitive stranger spends his five shillings at Vauxhall very satisfactorily, especially the first time.

The difficulties of describing high life are great; but it is necessary to give you some idea of it. Fashionable society in England, although composed of the same elements as that of other nations, differs widely in its combinations: an air of affability may generally be found at fashionable places of resort; a certain ease of manner bordering on quiet nonchalance; a superiority to forms and civilities, which savours rather of pride than liberality. The English, both high and low, must be sovereigns everywhere; to them, any restraint, or conformity to the rules of politeness, is humiliation and slavery; thus I observed, one evening, the prince royal of Denmark received no more respect than such an

obscure individual as myself: on the contrary, perhaps more attention is paid to a humble person, who regards it as a mark of their politeness, than to one of more importance, who might receive it as the mere performance of a duty; for the English like nothing in society which has the appearance of *duty*. I fear the poor prince must have fancied he read in this English pride the recollection of the burnings and devastations with which these gentlemen twice visited his arsenals and capital during the last war. It is a good moral lesson for those who suffer themselves to be blinded by prosperity, and gulled by the flattery of courtiers.

When people of fashion meet by invitation at a private residence, they are then truly *high*, and sufficiently *génants*. Before appearing there, it is prudent to study the code of local etiquette, and even the received polite extravagancies; (some of which are to be found everywhere) otherwise one might commit a dreadful offence while performing an act of politeness,—an act, at least, sanctioned and recognised as such in every other country. Great dignity and decorum pervade English society: if little inconsistencies occasionally appear, we must not be prudish about them; for without some inconsistency and extravagance, no Englishman could get his *brevet* as *du bon-ton*.

All this appears natural in the English, educated in these habits, and born to hereditary contradiction and eccentricity; and in them it has often a certain grace and attraction, as indicating originality. Nothing, however, is so pitiable and disgusting as the foreigners who affect to imitate them; they are neither men nor monkies, neither black nor white, but the most ridiculous and insufferable race of beings in the world. Do you imagine, my dear Madam, that I shall return thus metamorphosed? I think not. It is said that man is the image of God; if there were no other likeness of him than these intolerable creatures, I should soon become an Atheist. If ever it should happen that one of these *fades* is introduced to you, expel him quickly from your society, before he drives away men of sense, and contaminates the rest. Wherever they appear, they ought to be surrounded with a *cordon sanitaire;* particularly if they belong to our southern regions, where the climate renders men more pliant, and consequently more susceptible of good and evil, and where they become disgusting, when they add the vices and defects of other nations to their own. The English travel to improve themselves, and they succeed; we travel to make ourselves ridiculous, or at least this is generally the consequence. The reason appears to me to be, that the youth of

England are generally better educated than our own. The object of English education is solidity and principle; our governments, which accommodate themselves very little to any other principles than their own, form the Italians to vanity, volatility, and to the seducing pomp of appearances. Such are the moral and secret powers which combine with that physical and threatening force displayed by our rulers to aid their projects of reigning despotically over a corrupt people. If we have always had men eminent for literature and science, great artists, and heroes, it is that such minds are constantly generated by the secret, inexplicable influence of this classic land of letters, science, laws, philosophy, and heroism.

The stranger may come and rob us of our wealth, destroy our knowledge, and corrupt our virtues, and spread ignorance, misery, and moral degradation through the land; but, in spite of all his efforts, he will always trace some remains of the *Mons Sacer* and of the Capitol among us.

Italy is "the true Arabian bird;" she is constantly reviving from her ashes. But let us return to the chapter on English society: it is a subject which teems with more important consequences than might be imagined.

Here, as in other places, are to be found dan-

dies and coxcombs, but they are less coxcombical and less insipid than elsewhere. Through all their frivolity one always perceives something of the English gravity; and this is easily accounted for. There is perhaps hardly a single young Englishman whose predominant design is not that of taking some share in public business, or who does not aspire to be somebody in the Great Family, either to gratify his personal ambition, or his national pride, or to qualify himself to become the supporter of her glories and her liberty. You must be sensible that a young man under the influence of such feelings must naturally contract a less frivolous air and conduct than our young men of family, who are formed to nothing but frivolity, and are actually forced upon all the vices and absurdities which idleness engenders.

The middling classes in England are almost on a level with the highest in the splendour, profusion, and order of their establishments, and not unfrequently exceed them in etiquette, formality, and haughty reserve. Napoleon, as you probably know, was one day much pleased at hearing that the king of Bavaria walked without parade, and even alone, through the public walks, the markets, &c. It was suggested that he might do the same. "Yes," answered he, "if I could, like him, trace my dynasty through

ten centuries. The middle classes in England appear to believe that the simplicity and ease which add distinction to families established on the solid foundation of time, ancient renown, and public opinion, might be prejudicial to those who, in the absence of intrinsic and recognized claims to consideration, must keep up their importance by external appearances. But there is perhaps another motive which acts tacitly, but imperiously.

The word liberty has too often given birth to licentiousness, and even with us, when we have been weak enough to believe for a moment that we possessed it, such freedoms have glided into society as were offensive and almost insupportable: there are traces of them still. It is, in my opinion, the fear lest the same cause should produce the same effect in a country truly free, which has naturally led the English to obviate it, by sacrificing ease and simplicity to that etiquette and formality which all have judged necessary; and a certain degree of *morgue* must be the immediate consequence of all ostentation.

I must repeat, my dear Countess, that it would be the extreme of boldness in any one to attempt to decide on all that strikes the eye in this universal emporium, which is truly the new world of the old world. An Englishman him-

self would, I imagine, be puzzled, were he asked to define exactly what he sees others do, and what he daily does himself, and it would be the height of presumption on the part of a new comer and an untravelled mountaineer, like myself. I therefore beg that you will consider all I send you from this *incomprehensible country* as mere inductions from appearances; and in order to calm your doubts upon what I cannot explain satisfactorily, and your curiosity concerning what I cannot explain at all, I must offer another reflection which I have drawn from my slight observations during my short residence in England. By this means you may be enabled to explain for yourself, should you visit this country, what no one will ever be able to explain to you. The secret is not difficult, and it will rarely mislead you.

When anything perfectly incomprehensible presents itself to your observation, if it appears extravagant and absurd, set it down as the offspring of custom, which in no part of the world, I believe, has so powerful an empire as in England; if it is only new to you, believe without hesitation that it has been dictated by good sense, the influence of which over the English is even more powerful than that of custom; and, in this latter case, if you will give yourself the trouble of reflecting on

whatever you see singular and novel, you will find that this is the key to it, though it might not perhaps have occurred to you at first. Let us now continue our walk, and visit the *casini*.

The casinos, here called clubs, are social establishments, agreeable, instructive, and indeed indispensable in a country like England. *Observateurs* who consider them slightly, may at first imagine them the offspring of prejudice, an exclusive spirit and pride, but on reflection they will see their wisdom. In England, to preserve the state of society from a debasing mixture, one of the most necessary precautions is to separate well-educated and well-bred people from those who are not so. Englishmen in their own houses are literally kings; they maintain their private sovereignty in its full force, and are not unfrequently selfish and imperious, but as soon as they are in the streets, they become obedient subjects to the sovereignty of the people; and all ranks are perfectly equal. It is only by means of those splendid equipages, which prove the pomp of opulence, by the ostentation of those liveries, those gilt canes, those bands and *aiguillettes*, which distinguish the different ranks of the nobility, that they procure that degree of respect which custom, yet more sovereign than the people, rarely refuses to them. This places them for an instant above the specu-

lative tradesman, who submits to the humiliation of bowing at the door of their carriages in the hope of extracting money from their pockets; but he becomes equally proud as soon as he has realized a good fortune and rendered himself independent: you will therefore see, that public coffee-houses on the footing of ours would hardly be practicable in England. The freedom of access would bring together every rank; and a good coat, which here is worn by rich and poor, by honest men and swindlers, would expose a gentleman to incidents not only disagreeable, but troublesome and inconvenient. It would not be impossible that, at the moment you were quietly taking your cup of coffee, or your breakfast, a pickpocket might come up to you in order to pilfer, or a *sans culotte*, in handsome trowsers, put his feet upon your table, rock your chair, sing or whistle in your ear, bite or cut his nails in your presence, or even (your pardon, Countess,) adjust his hair with his "*pocket-comb*." It is also by no means unlikely that he might call on you to exercise your power of *self-defence* after the fashion of his country, if you betrayed the slightest disgust or resentment. You see therefore, that the institution of clubs is founded in reflection, and is really necessary; consequently they are almost as numerous as our coffee-houses. In whatever land

he may be, a traveller ought to be astonished at nothing, and still less to give an opinion before he has maturely reflected on the circumstances of the country in which he is: in England he must be more guarded than in any other.

In these clubs everything is well conceived, and well arranged. All that regards the convenience and comfort of English life—all that order, decency, and dignity require, are there. The attendance is ready and precise, and the most *brilliant* cleanliness is united to solid elegance. There are rooms for study, where you find a choice library—all the newspapers, pamphlets, and periodical publications. There are other rooms for conversation. You find baths and dressing-rooms; and, if necessary, excellent cookery. Such is the one to which I have had the honour of an introduction, the *Travellers' Club*, and the names of the members of which it is composed, place it in a most distinguished rank.

I have just mentioned the newspapers, pamphlets, and periodical publications, &c. These are among the greatest benefits society derives from the liberty of the press. These censors, much more useful and efficient than those of antiquity, are the true ægis both of the king and the people. If some lift up their voices against all infringe-

ments on the liberty of the subject, others oppose all attacks on the prerogative of the crown. So that all, while they distinguish monarchy from republic and republic from monarchy, unite their efforts to do good, and oppose each other in order to prevent the harm each respectively might do. The newspapers and periodical works of England are equally the censors of licentiousness and of despotism. I will even go so far as to say, that if all the works of ancient and modern times, (with the exception of the Bible), were weighed in the balance of public utility, I doubt whether any could be found more really useful than the English newspapers. They exhibit the whole complicated movement of the great social machine, with all its general and peculiar interests, the progress and bearing of all judicial proceedings, of every branch of public business, and of all public institutions, and the errors and abuses of each;—all the fluctuations of commerce, great and small,—the prosperity which encourages, and the checks which depress it: they point out all enterprises and speculations, internal and external,—what they promise or threaten. The barometer of the public funds gives notice when to withdraw and when to risk capital. If you are sometimes the dupe of a little commercial *finesse*, you must recollect that everything in this

world is a speculation; and on the other hand, it sometimes happens that some unforeseen event trips up the heels of the plot, and that the deceiver and the deceived change places. The servant looks into them for a master, the master for a servant; the artist is there made known to the amateur; the shopkeeper, the tailor, the shoemaker, &c. have recourse to them for purchasers, and the latter find in them prodigious choice of all they believe to be best of the kind they want to purchase. They contain advertisements of the public amusements; the luxuries, the fashions, the conveniencies of life. There philanthropy finds the charitable institutions; and national pride all those which can encrease its knowledge and its glory. They even announce all large parties, great dinners and assemblies, public or private; the names of all *personages* or others who were present; nor is this so insignificant as one might at first imagine: these are facts from which politicians and speculators of various kinds draw important inferences. Lastly, my dear Madam, we may find a husband or a wife, and what is more, a good one. I know a very respectable couple who came together in this extraordinary manner, and it would be difficult to find a marriage among those which are brought about with so many schemes, entreaties, and calculations,

more happy than theirs. They call themselves the couple of chance and happiness.

Nothing escapes the English journalists. In England, therefore, people who read nothing but the newspapers may be well informed, or at least, may have a general idea of what is passing in the world; and this is no trifle. Now as every body in England can read—and all who can read, read the newspapers—the inference seems to be, that there cannot be a blockhead in the whole country. But even if a man be unable to read, he must learn from the reading and conversation of others, that he is a free citizen; that he is answerable only to the laws and to public opinion for his actions; that he may be called upon to be the judge of his fellow citizens; that he has a voice in the election of his own judges, and in that of the representatives of the nation; that if he is an honest man, his rights are equal to those of any member of the community. A man who fully understands these rights, who knows for certain that he cannot incur the smallest debt without hazard of imprisonment, nor commit a crime without the risk of being hanged, may remain a *brute*, but never a *fool*.

The periodical journals, pamphlets, reviews, &c. are the mirrors which reflect the progress of the human mind, the discoveries in science, philosophy, political economy, and literature.

Like our Academy of la Crusca, when it was good for anything, they sift everything that comes out of the press, but they care very little as to whether the words are *Cruscanti* or not.

The great end of their criticism is to correct *ideas;* the object of their efforts, to recall both kings and subjects to the principles of equity, moderation, and harmony, which combine to form the grand union, the true social compact; and confirm the happiness, while they guard the dignity, of the monarch and of the nation. In short, they are great literary, scientific, and political repertories or manuals, where the minds both of people and kings may find all that is requisite for private or for public life.

Oh, my dear Countess, what are the miserable journals of the Continent when compared to those of England? Those base parasites of despotism—

——— "nec contemnere siste."

But if the liberty of the press is a great advantage to the public, it is also a good speculation for the government. The tax imposesd on printers brings in enormous sums. I have seen the report this year made to the House of Commons, and I believe the tax on newspapers alone produced more than ten mil-

lions of francs. Besides, by dint of reading what is permitted to be publicly printed, one is led to express ones opinions on all that regards the government, and thus the public treasury is saved the expense of domestic spies. By this species of economy, ministers are enabled to pay more liberally their emissaries on the continent, and to give them the power of making such an appearance as may procure them admittance into the *highest society*, and at the courts, in which they swarm; while, at the same time, by this liberal concession, they sometimes procure means and pretexts for doing as they like in other particulars. Thus you see, a thing which is an object of unqualified dread to our governments, is one of the most valuable resources of that of England. Its liberality yields it great pecuniary profit, and a perfect knowledge of what is passing in England and elsewhere.

The proprietors of newspapers amass considerable fortunes, and, in my opinion, deserve all they acquire. It is impossible to pay too highly those diligent sentinels of the out-posts of the nation; these courageous and formidable enemies of despotism and of anarchy; these Catos, who repress licentiousness, vice, and public abuses. If we reflect on all they do, we shall find that the English journalist realizes the alle-

gory of the twelve labours of Hercules. They want nothing but a rather more careful and decorous selection of matter.

There is another class of men in England who, if not so useful, are no less formidable, and play as important a part in the literary world as the newspaper writers.

It is the class of publishers. While they foster literature by their speculations, they contribute much to fulfil the "*ridendo castigat mores,*" to defend public liberty, and to promote the spread of knowledge and civilization. It is true that, as they possess the sole power of bringing any book whatever into notice, they tyrannize a little over the poor authors; but they buy everything, and authors sell them everything "*brodo e acino,*" as the Tuscans say. It often happens that, dazzled by *great names,* they pay dear for trifling works; and, as in England everything is a matter of trade, and knowledge of the right employment of ones articles of commerce is the great secret of *making money,* it frequently happens that more is gained by what is suppressed than by what is published. This is easily understood, my dear Madam; they have their eyes and their purse everywhere, and scent out and obtain whatever they find will answer their purpose. They seize, for instance, upon MSS. which may amuse the public at the

expense of some well-known individuals, discover some great magazine of important secrets, &c. &c. &c. Those who are interested in destroying or suppressing them, do not hesitate to make great sacrifices; (as there is money for everything in England); and thus the publisher gets a considerable sum merely *for doing nothing*.

Since I am on the chapter of *formidable classes of men*, I will add a word on lawyers and physicians. I am told that, in London only, there are not fewer than *forty thousand* persons who live by law-suits and chicanery; and perhaps almost as many who subsist on prescriptions, calomel, blisters, &c. These are truly formidable bands. I know not whether to call them useful; but the English physicians call their customers *patients*; and surely one ought to believe what they say themselves. You would like to know too what the lawyers call theirs;—I have never been told exactly, but a gentleman well versed in the Latin language tells me they could not with propriety be termed *clients;* for, that in spite of the etymological resemblance, the *clientes* of ancient times were in a totally different situation from that of the clients of modern lawyers. At Crema, they are called St Bartholomews; I cannot exactly tell you why, but I will relate the history of that Saint, which they have manufactured, and you shall draw your own conclusion.

The Cremasques are pious enough to believe that St Bartholomew was flayed alive in their town; though Eusebius assures us that he preached in India, in Persia, Arabia, and Abyssinia, which are a few steps from Lombardy: but never mind, St Bartholomew might easily get over this, since St Anthony, who was not an apostle, and perhaps less of a saint than himself, jumped straight from Padua to Lisbon. As soon as this little operation was completed, he walked quietly away to continue his preaching, with his skin thrown over his shoulders; and as he had no money to pay for passing over the bridge of the Serio, he gave it in payment to the porter, saying, "*voilà tout ce qui me reste.*"

What think you, Madam? If the Cremasques mean to compare a client to a man flayed, and then stripped of the small remaining property of his skin, this comparison can hold good nowhere but at Crema. At any rate it could never happen in England, where there are a great many skins before you get to *the quick*. The English are like artichokes, you must strip off a great many leaves before you lay them bare:—they are in fact inexhaustibles; and consequently, lawyers and physicians are *rich* in England, or at least are very highly paid. And now to conclude, and to enable you to form your own conclusion, I will add one of the

proverbs of Nicius Erytheus. He says that there are three classes of men who never observe themselves what they prescribe to others. "No one," says he, "less observes the laws than the man of law, yet he is always advising them: no one is less careful of that regimen which he declares essential to health than the physician, who is always declaiming on his own system: no one fears remorse or the stings of conscience less than the priest, and yet these are always some of the principal ingredients of his sermons."

There is another class very formidable in England, perhaps indeed the most formidable of all;—this is the judicial class. I am not sufficiently initiated into the mysteries of Themis to dare to penetrate into the interior of the sanctuary of the laws of a foreign country; and were I even high priest, it would demand years, rather than three months, only to pass over the threshold of her temple, in a country so extraordinary, and which has suffered so many revolutions, as England; and which has, I believe, no other really fundamental laws than those of its political constitution. But judging from what I see as a mere spectator of their system of law, *unwritten and written*, or *common and statute*, they appear to have found the necessity for creating a court of equity, as a court of appeal from the sentences of the courts of law, which are dependant on

it; and certainly it does appear that much is left to the arbitrary will of the judges, and that there is an eternal labyrinth of procedure for the parties. This is, of course, the paradise of lawyers, but the hell of their poor clients; who, under such a system of legislation, may easily enough become St Bartholomews. Why not give a uniform and harmonious character and course to the whole body of English laws, as Napoleon did to those of France, which were a perfect chaos?

How is it that, in a country so enlightened, people are not convinced that all systems founded on this antiquated maxim,—"*Inveterata consuetudo pro lege custoditur; hoc est jus quod a moribus constitutum est,*" are in turn the offspring and the parents of prejudice? For almost everything moral "*crescit eundo;*" what is physical alone is rusted and worn out by age.—I cannot guess; unless it be that the English fear that their country, by becoming too perfect, may become monotonous; and that the legislators, and still more the lawyers, prefer a variety, which ensures them always something to do. See what they have done with the code of Justinian! Not daring to destroy it entirely, they have so defaced it by their commentaries, that they have rendered it a perfect monster; robbing you in one country of what it gives you in another, in which it is differently interpreted, and turn-

ing the whole world topsy-turvy; whilst poor Tribonian believed he had so corrected and arranged this grand repertory of laws, as to provide against every incident that could arise in civil society.

A gentleman told me that their courts of justice are better conducted than those of Italy, as he *knows* that intrigue, court-favour, and despotic influence are not so frequent. This is an assertion, and not an argument; and though grieved at the contrast, I congratulate him on the happiness of England. As far as I have been able to form an opinion (and this is my principal object) the judges sit with due decorum; at least they do not sleep in court, as they do in France, and, to my great surprise, even in the Court of Cassation. But it appears to me that our courts—*(requiescant)*—displayed much more dignity than I have seen elsewhere. The judicial order was, without question, the best institution which the Usurper gave us; but this was not a financial law, and the Restoration must of course anathematize it.

Amongst the great number of moral powers which exist in England, there is one which might seem more formidable than all those of a physical nature, we have observed during this excursion; I mean the Aristocracy. But even this exhibits so much contrast, that at the very

moment you think your judgment decided, various conflicting opinions arise to suspend and baffle it.

I have never seen an aristocracy more aristocratic than that of England. When we look at the institutions, and the general face of society in this country, at the distinctions and the privileges of some and the exclusion of others; the poverty of one son, and the immense wealth of another; the manners and customs of the English; all appear to be founded on the most aristocratical principles. What the nobility find in the aristocratical character of the laws, the ignoble find in the aristocracy of their own hearts; for, generally speaking, even the cobbler is eager to perpetuate the *splendour* of his family in his eldest son, in spite of justice and paternal affection: in short, every class in England is radically aristocratic.

The high-born, and still more the man who would give the world he were so; the landowner and the tenant, the wealthy merchant and the humble shopkeeper, the artist and artisan, the lower classes and the rabble, are all kept rigorously distinct by the aristocratical spirit and pretensions. You will occasionally see merit, esteem, (seldom love,) and other circumstances or qualities, bring together individuals of the different classes, but they would

never unite of themselves; and nothing can destroy that moral force, which raises an insuperable barrier between them. Even the radicals in this respect are eminently aristocratic, and if they succeed in any of their revolutionary projects, I do not believe they would ever interfere with that aristocratical hierarchy which seems to be nationalized in the manners, customs, and opinions of the English. I have had the good fortune of being admitted into society of all, or nearly all classes, and I have remarked that etiquette and precedence are observed in so rigorous a manner, as could only arise from inveterate and habitual aristocracy of feeling and opinion. In the most humble cottages, every one takes the place assigned him by his respective class, and with a suitable deportment. At first, like other inconsiderate people, I smiled at this, but on closer observation my admiration was excited. In short, Madam, an English house, whether of the great or of the humble, may be considered as the most venerated sanctuary of aristocracy, and the English as its most pious devotees.

But, on the other hand, if we quit their homes, and lose sight for an instant of their institutions, their privileges, their prospective views for a posterity who may be the splendid representatives of their sepulchral dust, we shall

find that all is democracy in England. You have already seen how widely extended are the rights of an English citizen. But besides this, every man feels that talents and enlightened industry give him a right to these honourable distinctions, and that illustrious rank, which elsewhere is granted only to vanity, pride of birth, or favouritism.

Every post and office of the state is open to him,—even that of prime minister,—to whatever class he may belong, provided he possesses merit, and stands high in public opinion—the supreme power in England, before which even the king himself must bend. The Englishman is entirely free in his choice of the career he may wish to follow. Even his father would not venture to control his inclinations; he would confine himself to paternal remonstrances, if he thought them dishonourable.

What I have already told you in my former letters concerning the city of London, would nearly apply to all the towns of England; each one has its petty king, its petty ministry, its judges, its privileges, &c., its peculiar institutions, which constitute it a small independent state, are essentially democratic. And even the great, when they aspire to conciliate the favour of the nation, are under the necessity of laying aside their *hauteur*, and of mingling with

the multitude, and of winning their suffrage by soft and insinuating flattery, or by certain *irresistible arguments*. In public meetings you will sometimes see them cringing servilely to one whom they would not deign to notice in a sanctuary of aristocracy. In these meetings too, and even at dinners given on public occasions, you see the first nobility, the greatest names and the oldest blood of England—the man of literature, the landowner, the farmer, the wealthy merchant, the tradesman, the artist and artisan, the clergyman, the magistrate, the member of parliament, (and it is not unusual to see a prince of the royal blood among them,) all assembled for some patriotic or national object, without other distinction than that which the inferior classes are habitually disposed to grant to the superior; without other precedence than the place which the aristocracy in general retains as the privilege of rank, and which every one acknowledges either from habit or respect;—a precedence and distinction, which appear to me doubly necessary, to preserve that decorum in the public assemblies of a people truly free, which must exclude everything like disorder and *sansculottisme*; and to admonish man never to forget who he is, and in what situation he is placed. Factious equality appears to me as intolerable as absolute power, and a certain arrogant familiarity as

disgusting as haughtiness and disdain: at least, in me, they produce the same effect. Lastly, the king is equally liable to be summoned before the civil tribunals, as the humblest of his subjects; and a lord, whoever he may be, or even a prince of the blood royal, is not secure in the possession of the horse on which he rides, if he has debts which he cannot or will not pay.

To conclude, then, this subject of our remarks:—it must be admitted that, if we consider these two great antagonizing powers of the social machine of England; viz. the aristocracy and democracy, in their leading relations, active and re-active, we might be pretty nearly warranted in the conclusion that the latter predominates; and a farther observation, if careful and precise, would tend to confirm this opinion. I offer you such an opinion as I have been able to form for myself.

Having seen that the Englishman is an aristocrat in his domestic circles, and a democrat amongst his fellow citizens, I have tried to follow him from his own fireside to the *forum*, in order to obtain the most exact knowledge of the various stages of this sudden and extraordinary metamorphosis. The result is, that he appears to me more democratic in public than

aristocratic in private, though that is saying a great deal. I wished also to observe him at the threshold of his own door; there he is an amphibious animal; he finds himself between these two great rivals, who quarrel for him and embarrass him beyond expression; and one step either forward or backward decides his character, and changes as it were his nature: but I have observed that on these occasions he generally leans more to the side of democracy than to that of aristocracy. I have been treated with a degree of haughty reserve, in a house, by a man who offered me his arm as soon as he quitted it. I have also observed that an Englishman shows more cordiality and less affectation in his voluntary condescensions than in his observance of the etiquette of fashionable society. After all this, let the ladies and gentlemen of our *salons*, I repeat, sit in judgment on the English without having seen them in their own country.

As for me, though I have not had much experience of them, I venture at your request to tell you what I think about them, though I declare that as yet I know nothing about the matter. If you wish however, I will continue; though I shall always make you play at *gatta cieca*, that is to say, I shall always make you grope in the dark; and it must depend upon

your own sagacity to obtain correct ideas from my confused and rambling observations. Follow me therefore with your wonted heroic patience; I must still dwell upon this important and difficult subject, upon the relations and consequences of English aristocracy and democracy.

If we consider only the formidable aspect of the English aristocracy, and reflect on the illiberal principles which the English ministry has professed for many years, we should be led to believe that a Henry the Seventh or Eighth might now effect what would have been executed during the reigns of Charles I, Charles II, and James II, had it not been for the resistance of the sects opposed to the Anglican and Catholic churches. For we have seen what could be done by one man of genius, intrepidity and enterprize, though at first without any physical force at his command, even at the very time so many potentates were assembled in Congress to dispute the prize of those victories which had relegated him to the island of Elba.

On the other hand, it would be difficult to find a people more discontented with their condition than the lower ranks in England. Burthened with taxes, oppressed, mortified by the oligarchical distinctions of rank, by the insolent pomp of the great, who, even in churches, sit in pews

more splendid than the altar of the Divinity,—it would seem that a Wat Tyler might easily accomplish what Hunt has vainly attempted; and the involuntary reflection, that there cannot exist a natural, strong sympathy between nine or ten millions of men who have not a penny, and three or four millions abounding in riches, would tend to confirm the conjecture.

From these two opposed views of the subject, England might appear to be placed between two precipices—despotism, and popular tumult; but, in my opinion, on mature reflection, there is nothing to fear on either side, and she will be able to stand securely, even in so dangerous a position, supported by her admirable representative government.

In the first place, the present king is truly the friend of his people and of their liberty; and the odious and oppressive policy which induced the cabinet of St James's to favour the *Restoration*, does not in the slightest degree detract from the liberal sentiments of this generous monarch; for cabinets, and above all the cabinet of St James's, are not the same thing as kings, nor kings as cabinets. Besides, the nobility, or even the other classes, would never lend their aristocratical force to the king, still less to farther private schemes of ambition. The English are attached to their aristocracy; they

support it to avoid that social amalgamation which seems heterogeneous to them, and which neither suits their pride, their manners, nor their habits. But they are not the less attached to it because it forms a line of demarcation between their independence, and the pretensions of a court which might rashly venture to invade it: they value it still more as opposed to that tyranny which would deprive them of their empire "at home," where they are truly sovereigns, and lessen the large proportion of power and influence which they actually possess in the government. Of the two absolute powers by whom they are threatened, the nobles, if compelled to chuse between them, would lean rather to the side of the people, while restrained from too great licence, than to that of the king; for their immense riches, and their great influence over the middling classes, (that is, over the farmers, shopkeepers, and men of business,) would render it easy for them, under any circumstances, to conciliate the people; whilst, on the other hand, it is very difficult to come to any terms with that tyranny which invades the rights of all classes without mercy.

In the second place, there is perhaps no nation so decidedly *loyal* as the English. I know not exactly why they are so; but though perhaps it is only from habit, sooner would they

renounce their tea and their calomel,—a thing next to impossible, since the one is become the habitual ingredient of their life, and the other of their death,—than give up their "God save the King." The reigning king, I believe, they love from affection to his good-natured character.

The English, they must have opposition; and it is this resistance, this force of *moral pressure*, which supports the great social edifice. They always come forward readily, whenever they covet their glorious epithet of "the generous nation." Their popular tumults are nothing. On the continent one imagines, indeed is taught to imagine them, giants; but they are in fact mere pigmies. When the English are without enemies abroad, they think or pretend to think they have them at home; and above all, if they fancy themselves starving; I say fancy themselves starving, because the poorest Englishman has always bread and potatoes to eat, and very often roast beef and tea.

Then the notion of their sovereignty gets into their heads, and its apostles are more powerful here than anywhere else, because they act more under the cloak of the law and the appearance of solicitude for the common weal, than in any other country of the old world; they then begin to abuse what till then had

appeared all right, and as it should be; then come cries for reform, public meetings, &c. The good man, John Bull, does not always know himself what he wishes, nor what others would have him wish; and it is not quite impossible that he may sometimes farther, without intending it, the views of an intriguing ministry, who move him like a puppet by those secret springs which the cabinet of St James's knows so well how to put in action wherever its policy may dictate. But when these scenes, pushed a little too far, begin to make him tremble for the safety of his country, this same John Bull recollects that he is an Englishman—that he will be only an Englishman. Awakened from his dream by that good sense, which the publicity of all the transactions of government and the liberty of the press have fostered in him from his cradle—excited by that patriotism, which is at once the soul and the strength of the English nation—struck with shame and horror at the idea that these disorders and intestine divisions may make him the tool of the ambition of foreigners, he pronounces, with his national energy, some big words—such as G— d—; strikes his capacious belly with his right hand, as if thus swearing on the altar of his divinity, that he would never lay himself open to foreign enemies; and returns, with renewed affection, to his "God save the

king:" he once more whitewashes the parliament, the administration, the magistracy, &c.; —recognizes his happiness in the possession of so many privileges, so much independence, so much equality in the eyes of the law, so much liberty, and so large a portion of the sovereignty of the nation; and then comes, "Glee—Sons of freedom," &c. &c.

This national pride at once soothes his irritated feelings, and calms his gloomy forebodings; he puts his sword into the scabbard;—or, to speak more correctly, his fist into his breeches pocket; —and once more makes heaven and earth resound with "Rule Britannia:" he returns, with the submission of the Prodigal Son, to his habitual ceremonies, to his respect for precedency, even to humble bows, to those very aristocratical nobles whom, an instant before, he would have knocked down and degraded below his aristocratical self: for do not fear, my dear Madam, that any Englishman, however democratical he may be, will ever forget his own aristocratical claims. You see then that the political convulsions of this island, about which so much noise is made on the continent, are after all mere smoke—a ministerial plaything—or perhaps sometimes the eruptions of their only volcano—Brandy.

Time may however bring on other commotions, which will be really terrible: and it will

have been England herself who has re-opened the crater on the continent, if we may believe what I heard at Savona.

It is true however that Britain, in common with all Europe, has been delivered from one of the two mortal enemies of public liberty;—lord Castlereagh is dead; and consequently Metternich has lost his right hand. He will however look around and easily find another; and until this volcano be extinguished so effectually as never to be rekindled, the continent will be continually in flames; its burning ashes may very possibly be carried even into England by the fatal winds of Jesuitism, preceded and accompanied by the terrible war-word of the *Ligue*, "*Il faut tout bruler, tout détruire.*"

A new minister has no light task in retrieving the faults this unfortunate man has committed, not only in England, but on the continent; still the evil is not without remedy. Wise measures may yet avert that intense oppression which threatens, I will not say the political liberty—that exists no longer,—but even the natural rights of the noblest work of the Creator.

England, in all the great transactions which have accompanied and followed this *blessed* Restoration, has thought only of the sovereigns;—will she now do something for the people? We are not so unreasonable as these illustrious personages at the congress of Vienna, who each

wanted to usurp a larger portion of the map than he could grasp, and which the *Usurper* was on the point of distributing to them in form. We are far more moderate; we only ask that she will take back the gift she gave us;—that she will *take back* the Jesuits.

Our sovereigns are always exclaiming against the Carbonari; and wherefore? Let them remember that this sect, which they would now drown in its own blood, is their own work;—that when they organised it in Sicily, and sent it forth upon the continent to reconquer the kingdom of Naples for Ferdinand, they promised to reward its members with a *constitution;* and that they now only demand a fulfilment of that promise. We shall see what the demands of the Jesuits will be:—may their history be recollected! But àpropos of sects: I now remember that, in one of your letters, you beg that I will endeavour to give you some idea of those which exist in England. You ask too much; it is impossible to give you an idea of them; it is difficult, and even dangerous, to say a word to you on the subject. I shall confine myself to pointing them out to you.

Those who are called Philanthropists, are all included, I believe, (with different ceremonies,) under the common name of Freemasons. Political Economists and Utilitarians, as they are called, from the doctrine of public utility they profess,

all emanate from what is called the school of Bentham; with some difference as to principle, but all tending toward the same end—reforms useful to the whole family of the human race. I cannot conduct you into the sanctuary of their mysteries; I know not even the road which leads to them: in this short time I have hardly been able to understand even the tortuous streets of London sufficiently to avoid those bye-ways which my good German wanted me to take. However, I believe a great deal of good of them; for the illustrious name by which they are distinguished promises at once wisdom, benevolence, and extensive knowledge. He is honourably singular for having done justice to the female sex; for having thought them capable and worthy to give an opinion on the business and the welfare of that social community of which they are, in my opinion, the brightest ornament.

The religious sects are innumerable: all heresies, ancient and modern, are here propagated and supported by new proselytes and new hierophants. Conformists and Non-conformists, Trinitarians, and Unitarians, Deists and Non-deists, Quakers, Jumpers, Singers, Barkers, &c. are so numerous, and their opinions so varied and extravagant, that many among them hardly know to which their fanciful doctrines belong. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say, that

each house has its own peculiar sect. The cabinet of St James's belongs to all, and to none, like most other cabinets, from the time of the Druids downwards: but it is always necessary to have one to entrench oneself in upon occasion: there is therefore one predominant sect, called the Church of England; and though there is a strong leaven of Ultramontanism in it, it is in fact far the least *English* of the whole.

I am told there are also Quietists; so much the better for the Jesuits. To use the not very spiritual language of our *proverbistes*, they will find the nuptial bed ready prepared for spiritual marriages; and may the more easily revive the sect of *Jesuitesse*, like those of Ghent, whom Urban VIII suppressed as scandalous and *intrusive*. Why did he not suppress the *seducers* rather than the *seduced?* This is only a fresh proof that it is always the weakest who loses his cause. In short, the reverend father Lignori, who has lately been canonized, would do well to return for a short time into this world,—one of the easiest miracles one can expect from a saint,—in order to rectify his *Istoria delle Eresie*. Here he would find all the materials to his hand. What, my dear Madam, is not this enough? I thought I had said too much already;—would you have me actually go into all their churches, their chapels, their meetings, &c.? Consider

what a host I shall raise up against me. And then, persecuted by all these sectarians,—by the Jesuits, the Priests, the Holy Alliance, and lastly, by the English, for some little truths you have compelled me to say of all them—where shall I turn for refuge? I might fly for shelter to your Cimarella; where your talents, your eloquence, your influence, and your powerful friends, may protect me; but recollect there is no safety in a country of priests for those who dare to say to them what our Lord says to all his followers: "*Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo.*" Money and patronage will accommodate matters of every kind; reverend gentlemen will kindly procure you absolution and dispensation for anything; but never will they forgive these *crude* opinions concerning the virtues of humility, charity, and Christian piety. However, Madam, if you will have it so, let us enter some of the churches, chapels, or meetings of these sectarians. Let us begin with the Quakers.

I have made them several fruitless visits; every time I have been to their meetings, neither man nor woman was moved by the holy spirit, and the most profound silence was all that rewarded my curiosity. I ventured to ask one of their elders why they refused any exterior form of devotion to the Deity, and whether, like the Jews, they awaited the coming of a Messiah to pay him the

homage of taking off their hats in the temple. "Do you know the reply of St Augustin?" said he: "a man asked him what was the best mode of praying to God: Love him, answered he, and pray to him as you please." He added, that this was the doctrine Fox had preached under the two great trees of Long Island in America. I saw that he knew more about the matter than I did, and I dropped the argument; indeed he did not give me time to continue it, for, in order to convince me effectually, he turned his back to me and walked away. I shall never become a true believer in his politeness, but I like his St Augustin well enough; and his brethren, with whose profession of faith I shall not concern myself, are entitled to the admiration and esteem of the public, by the example of the purest morals, simple and modest manners, and industry. They give the most convincing proof of their love of God, by their edifying performance of the virtue which is most acceptable to him—charity. I am assured that a Quaker beggar is never seen, and they all live in comfort, by means of the mutual assistance they afford each other.

Their benevolence extends to all other sects, while there is no example of a Quaker being obliged to make his distresses known to any but his brethren. This is truly evangelical.

An Anabaptist told me that they baptized

those only who were able to have a choice on the subject; that they chose to know what they were about, and when and how it was done, and went away laughing at my ignorance. I think he was right, for the primitive church baptized only adults, some not till the age of fifty; but he might have been more civil. He was, I conjecture, a tailor or a baker, like those two great prophets John of Haerlem and John of Leyden.

The sect of the Methodists is, just now, the most successful in gaining converts, and is of course an object of jealousy to the others, particularly to the Church of England. I asked one of them what he meant by *unconditional election, irresistible grace, final perseverance, new birth,* &c. &c. He answered that he could not explain these terms, but that he did everything from impulse and for the best, and left the rest to God, with whom he could always reconcile himself. If this is the case with the sect in general, it appears that they read Dr Pangloss more than Wesley or Whitfield; nor is it astonishing that they are an increasing sect, for these are very convenient maxims.

This spiritual medicine must have a wonderful effect in freeing them from anxiety, and thus prolonging their lives; very different from the corporeal one of the *Methodists* of antiquity,

who killed off people with great celerity with their *strictum* and *laxum;*—the weapons with which they combated the Empirics and the Dogmatists.

I am delighted with the doctrine of the Universalists; they have extricated man from the terrors of Satan's bonfire and pitchfork. Our Lord, after his resurrection, went to annihilate limbo, whatever some theologians may say to the contrary; the Reformers have put an end to purgatory, and now the Universalists have abolished hell. Heaven bless them! They say that God is love, that he is good to all, and that his mercies extend over all his works; that it is impossible that, after having sent his Son to save them in this world, he can delight in tormenting them mercilessly in another; in short, they contend for universal *Restoration*. I must confess, however, that this word appals me. If by *restoration*, is meant *happiness*, it would be better to explain it by some other term; for the word *restoration* is ominous, and grates upon our ears, ever since it was used by lord Castlereagh and his friends, and has introduced so many misfortunes among us. Where then, dear Madam, *are* we to go after death, since the Jesuits in their turn have destroyed paradise? They are continually preaching that there is no longer a paradise, &c. I confess I am quite at a loss to imagine. However, let us endeavour to act well in this world,—

or at least to avoid doing ill,—and leave futurity to God. In the meanwhile I will pray, with a doctor of the church, that the affections, sentiments, and opinions of men, may be in harmony eventually with the principles of our divine Saviour, and that all men may become Christians by the influence of Christianity, rather than from motives of interest and ambition alone; that thus heaven may commence on earth.

The sect of the Sandermanians, I must confess to you, tempted me a little. Those holy kisses, which the brethren and sisters interchange so abundantly in their *love-feasts*, and on other occasions, are but too seductive, and must, I should think, gain many proselytes. If they really believe in a spiritual paradise in this world, they do right to introduce this as one of its delights. I think *kisses* were also part of the mysticism of the beautiful madame Guyon; if so, it is not surprising that the archbishop of Cambray, amiable and mild as he was, should have been one of her zealous supporters; perhaps it was through jealousy that Bossuet accused him to the pope. The ceremony of kissing has however great antiquity and authority on its side; it was the ordinary salutation amongst the ancients, by whom it was called *colombation*. The Arabs introduced the same

mode of salutation into Spain, whence it soon crept into France. Montaigne says, that it would have been a mark of impoliteness on the part of a lady not to kiss a gentleman who paid her a visit; and Erasmus greatly praised the custom which prevailed in England in his time of frequent kisses in their ceremonious intercourse; and in a long essay on this subject, he concludes by saying, that the custom of kissing prevailed in every house he entered. I am sorry to say that this is no longer the case, at least I have not the happiness of enjoying any remains of the fashion.

The Superlapsarians run their heads into the chaos which preceded the creation of the world. They hold that God had decreed the transgression of Adam from all eternity, so that it was impossible for our poor first parent to avoid the fatal catastrophe. This strange doctrine seems to lead directly to the conclusion, that God preordained the creation of man for the mere pleasure of tormenting him, as the abbé Grécourt said in his critique on Milton's "Paradise Lost."

> "En chantant l'univers perdu pour une pomme,
> Et Dieu, pour le damner, créant le premier homme."

The Swedenborgians, however, appear to me the most singular of all, and our holy mother church has very little to thank them for. They

make their founder hold long conversations with angels, and indeed hold them themselves, in their gardens, chambers, dining-rooms, &c.; they have built a New Jerusalem just as easily as you would build a castle in the air; and they hold that the destruction of the world by fire, or the end of the world, signifies nothing but the destruction and end of the Catholic Church. Happily the date of this event is not ascertained, and there is some little reason to believe these prophets are mad. I should be sorry to see that wonder of all the wonders of the world, St Peter's at Rome, destroyed by these new Vandals. And, to be sure of their mark, they would of course begin the work at the Vatican, as the head quarters of him whom they regard as Anti-christ.

There are a vast number of sects, differing only on slight points of doctrine or discipline, sprung from the three grand branches of Luther, Calvin, and Arminius. But I have no intention of entering into their *forum internum*, and still less into their gossip. I have enough and too much on my hands with my own *credo* and my own conscience, and a rambler has nothing to do with things that do not come under his own material observation; he cannot pretend to penetrate deeply into opinions, whether political or religious. I shall therefore close this chapter with that

sect which partakes of the nature and doctrine of so many others, and which exhibits so much more of the *forum externum* than any other, that it comes more within the province of a *material* observer like myself. It is also more in keeping with so thoroughly *English* a letter—I mean the Church of England.

This church, which is also called the Episcopalian, is compounded of Calvinism, Lutheranism, Arminianism, and Catholicism. I think some political physician extracted from each of these sects whatever was necessary for a recipe, intended to act as a sedative on the convulsive affections of priests, people, and kings. I am quite of his opinion, that where there is a throne there must be bishops. Their pretensions rest on the same basis—divine right, divine origin, &c. I think also that under a monarchy all hierarchies ought to have one visible ruling head.

The Church of England is this head—but though she predominates, she does not arrogate to herself, as ours does, the exclusive right to paradise. She allows others to hope for it too, and very prudently—for millions of souls would not endure patiently to be damned by an inferior force; she therefore allows to others a participation in the blessings of Heaven, and contents herself with appropriating the humbler advantage of this earth. Her priests, like most of

their cloth, appear to follow the maxim *Dum vivimus vivamus*, and consequently care more about their own interests and those of the throne,—which protects them, that it may be protected by them,—than about the welfare of souls: it may however happen that the souls may care about the priests, since they are too rich, and the national treasury with so enormous a debt is too poor.

The ministers of all other sects may enjoy in common with their flocks the utmost freedom of conscience, but they are absolutely excluded from all ecclesiastical benefices; though, if we are to believe a pamphlet just published, the annual income of the Church of England amounts to more than eight millions sterling, which is as much, or perhaps more, than it costs the whole continent for clergy.

Really this appears rather too much for scrupulous men, who deserted our religion on the pretext, among a thousand others, that it had departed too widely from evangelical poverty and humility; and who simplified their form of worship,—apparently that they might have the less to do; and, to say the truth, they do not seem to do much. Rarely do the sheep behold their shepherd except on a Sunday. The deans occasionally visit their parishes, to dine, as Bossuet said, *under the shade of the belfry;* that is to say, at the expense of the curates or trustees.

The bishops write an annual sermon, which they are often too old, too unwell, or too much occupied in the House of Lords or at Court, to read to the people. There are occasional instances of bishops who preach on a Sunday: this answers two good purposes; first, the decorous and pious renown so acquired, and next, the addition of some rich living to the bishopric.

This *cumulatio munerum* is pushed with us as far as it will go. We have the happiness and advantage of seeing in one and the same individual the possessor of a cardinalate, a bishopric, two or three abbeys in Portugal, Spain, Italy, and I believe even in Turkey, and the East; of some dozen livings *simple* and *not simple;* of a governorship, a place in the ministry, a fourth share of some enterprize in favour of which he has used his influence, or in which he has assisted some favourite, &c. &c. Sometimes we see him pass at one step from the purple to the condition of a layman, or even to the marriage altar, that he may not lose an inheritance which is worth more than the purple, the mass, and all that belongs to it. All this we have under our eyes in full life and beauty, in the person of a prince of Naples.

The archbishop of Canterbury, or, in his absence, he of York, has indeed a great deal to do, both as primate of all England, and as the

person upon whom it devolves to preach a touching sermon on the occasion of the king's coronation. This is no easy task, when one considers that he has to instil the duties of a sovereign into the new monarch; and that a man must be a miracle both of reason and rhetoric to fix the attention of one whose eyes are dazzled with the crown and the sceptre, and the brilliant pomp around him, and who must needs be more than usually under the dominion of the vanities of this world. At such a moment it appears almost a hopeless enterprize to talk of *duties to subjects*, when the hearts of the Lord's anointed, seldom very capacious, are too fully occupied by courtiers intriguing for places, and by ladies aspiring to be the Maintenons and Pompadours of a new reign, to leave the smallest corner vacant for anything so inconsiderable as the interests of a whole nation.

You know what the body of Pius VI exhibited on dissection: he had nothing but his nephews and a certain niece in his heart, the Pontine marshes in his head; and as for his subjects—you know where they were found....

I shall close the article *sects* by four lines which appear to me to contain very sound notions on the subject of religion and priests. I found them in an old book which the rats were devouring in a broker's stall. I am told the

lines halt horribly, and the rhymes are no rhymes; but as you and I are not bound to be versed in English prosody, we will attend only to the sense, and forget the metre.

> "Natural religion was easy, first, and plain;
> Tales made it mystery, off'rings made it gain;
> Sacrifices and shows were at length prepared,
> The priests ate roast-meat, and the people starved."

An English rector, who, though very rich and living in great style, is sincere and in earnest, confessed to me that there are some abuses, and that the *terrestrial paradise* to which they have the sole entrance, is rather too good. He told me moreover, that the government ought most carefully to guard against any political crisis, for that the various religious sects are all arrayed against the church, and would certainly encrease the confusion; especially the more puritanical ones, who, said he, generally regarded bishops as despots over the consciences of the people,—as speculators in the gospel, as Luculluses rather than apostles. I think however he mistakes a part for the whole: his fears for the nation at large ought to be confined to the clergy of the Church of England.

In case any religious struggle were to arise, there might very likely be some *falcidia* of the riches of the priests; but it is idle to imagine that this implies any danger to the state. On

the contrary, the great diversity of religious sects is, in my opinion, the great Palladium of English liberty. They exercise a constant *surveillance* over each other, and their mutual emulation as to manners and conduct has a great influence on the national morality.

Where there are no sects, the benefit of good example is nearly lost; for each sectarian naturally seeks to distinguish himself from others, and to convince them of the excellence of his doctrine, by an edifying appearance of sobriety and devotion, which may secure at once admiration, and proselytes to his own sect. The outward life is the only model we can have —the inward is known to the Divinity alone; *Deus scrutator cordium, homo autem actionum.* Every additional sect is thus an additional bulwark against the corruption of manners, or of liberal opinions, which would be more to be dreaded in this opulent country than in any other, were it not for the austere vigilance of these public censors, and their influence in stemming the torrent of vice and ambition.

Every innovator in religion, provided he does but found his system on the basis of Christian morality, ought to be considered as a man who has merited well of his country; as an additional guardian of the rights and liberties of the people. Statues ought to be erected to lady

Huntingdon and lady Erskine, two sybils of the last century, whose piety, talents, and perhaps charms, gave new, and I believe extremely devout sectaries, to England.

Intolerance is the really dangerous enemy, and the one against which every Englishman ought to be upon his guard ;—that monster who consigns our bodies to temporal, and our souls to eternal fire, while it proclaims that God is merciful!—in mockery, as one would think, of God and man!

Any sect which arises with the maxims of intolerance in its creed, ought to be regarded as the enemy of the Christian religion, of the liberty of the people, the prosperity of kings, and the happiness of mankind, and ought to be dealt with accordingly. The emperor of Japan was of my opinion,—or rather I am of his—that there can never be too many sects in a kingdom. But we ought to bear in mind what happened to him, that we may shun those dangers which, but for a fortunate discovery, would have deluged that peaceful land with blood, as they already had the East and West Indies, Mexico, and Peru, and under circumstances of yet more infamous perfidy.

Some Jesuit missionaries landed in Japan, and asked permission to exercise their religion there. "You are welcome," said the good monarch;

"we have twelve religions, now we shall have thirteen; there can never be too many." The reverend fathers, by way of beginning their career of humility and of Christian charity, soon took the title of bishops, and laid hold on the most profitable commercial speculations. Their ambition augmented with the number of their proselytes. Though their religion was the latest introduced, it aspired to be the only one; and one of these bishops ventured to claim precedency over a counsellor of the court. He maintained that a Catholic bishop took precedency of everybody. The emperor perceived that, if he permitted them to take many steps farther, they would soon take precedency of him also; but, with great moderation, he contented himself with exiling the insolent bishop and a few of his colleagues, and proscribing the Christian religion. The other missionaries dissembled, affected repentance, and pretended to ask pardon, which they obtained; but they were as ungrateful as they were perfidious: it was only to gain time—this happened in 1586.

In 1637, a Dutch captain captured a vessel sailing from Japan to Lisbon, in which were found letters from the Jesuits. They contained the plan of a conspiracy among the Catholics of Japan to seize on the country; and specified the assistance they should require and expect from

Europe to carry through this enterprize. Holland being then at variance with Portugal, both as to her religious opinions and her Indian interests, lost no time in letting the emperor know what a poisonous plant his generosity had suffered to take root in his country. A certain Moro, one of the principal agents of the Jesuits, was then seized, convicted, and legally burnt. The Catholic proselytes took arms, and a terrible civil war followed; but all the Catholics were at length exterminated.

In return for this signal service, the Dutch obtained the exclusive commerce of the Japanese islands, on the express condition that they should exhibit none of the outward signs of Christianity. Such is the estimation in which the Jesuits have everywhere caused Christianity and Christians to be held; and such the respect they have shewn for the rights of kings and of people! It is the remembrance of their intolerance, their cruelty, their religion, and political perfidy; it is all that they still meditate hostile to the tranquillity of the human race, which makes the parliament of England fear the influence of Catholicism in public affairs, and leads her to commit gross injustice towards the poor Irish Catholics.

In short, my dear Madam, intolerance is so horrible in the eyes of the true sages of the

church, that the primate of England, the highly-respected archbishop Sutton, far from pretending to *infallibility*, seems to admit what other philosophers had already advanced, viz. that sectarianism and error are inseparable; and consequently that each sect is bound to pardon the errors of its neighbours. I give you his own words with singular pleasure, because they are truly worthy of the head of an Evangelical church, and deserve to be handed down, as an example of wisdom and moderation, to all succeeding generations. It would not be amiss to have them placarded upon the walls of the Vatican, Mont-rouge, and of the cabinets of the Holy Alliance. "However we might lament what we conceived to be the errors of Protestant dissenters, it was to be recollected that *the Bible* was the fountain of their religious belief as well as that of the established church, and was, or might be, in the hand of every member of the empire; and it was to be recollected also, that *the best of interpretations were but the interpretations of men*, and that the best of men were liable to error."

If queen Mary had had a Sutton instead of a Gardiner, as her counsellor, she would not have sacrificed thousands of her subjects to furies more infernal than herself,—Pius IV and the bigots, who kindled the fires of the Inquisition, and lengthened out the horrors of hopeless

imprisonment. If Laud had been actuated by a spirit like his, he would have saved his country the disgrace of a parricide, and himself a death on the scaffold.

Let us conclude this melancholy theme by reminding the Jesuits of the words which the good emperor Yonchin addressed to their predecessors :—"What would you say if we came into your country, under pretext of trading, to tell your people that your religion is bad, and that they must embrace ours?" Let the emperors and kings of the present day recollect that the Jesuits have awaked, like serpents in spring, more venomous than ever. They openly profess the same principles so admirably expressed by one of our good Italian sovereigns. Somebody was suggesting to him the necessity of adapting his ideas a little to the changes in political education and opinions, brought about by thirty years of revolution:—"What do you talk of?" replied he; "I have been asleep all these years, and I wake only to re-assert my rights and make up for lost time." Indeed he probably learnt this useful lesson from the Jesuits lord Castlereagh placed about him in Sardinia, at the same time that he sent others on a similar errand to Sicily.

Remember, I once more entreat you, that I pretend to give you nothing but the most superficial view of the remarkable sects of England,

or of their moral and political influence. I do not affect to judge more than the apparent characters of men and things.

I seek the visible hand of Providence in all I see, but I never touch upon the mysteries of religion except to adore them without examination or question. "*In Deo vivimus, movemur et sumus,*" is my motto, as that of the ancients was.

"Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris."

For on many points our religion is, at bottom, that of the wise and enlightened men of antiquity.

One more observation on the multiplicity of sects. Their number appears to me advantageous not only to manners, morals, and good government, but to every branch of public economy and national industry.

Arts, sciences, manufactures, commerce, agriculture, in fact every kind of bodily and mental labour, is improved by the emulation which animates different sects, when free, as in England, to exercise their worship and their rights. See what those countries whence intolerance has driven them, have lost, and what those have gained to which they have been invited by toleration. Nor are examples of this to be found in modern times alone. Ancient history furnishes some even more striking.

Tyre, so long as political and religious opinions were free within her walls, was the richest and most flourishing city in the world. As soon as tyranny sought to coerce them, she fell. Alexandria was the emporium of the commerce of the whole world while she permitted the Persians to adore their Mythra, the Arabs their chaos, the Egyptians their rats and cows, the Hebrews their calf and their ark, the Greeks their Bacchus and Zeus, the Romans their Jupiter and Stercutius, without molestation. It became a desart when such men as Cyril succeeded in stirring up intolerance, and turning it even against such a being as the lovely and learned Hypatia. Rome was never so powerful as when Augustus closed the temple of Janus and opened those of all the divinities in the world. She has been degraded and miserable ever since she became the seat of priestly despotism and bigotry.

But it is time to rest a little, dear Madam. High and low society, *high and low aristocracy*, powers of all sorts and degrees, sectarians and non-sectarians (the Catholics and members of the Church of England don't like that title,) John Bull, and his fistic battles, &c. &c. have led my pen over wide and slippery ground. Nevertheless, I can't allow you to indulge the hope that we have done with London, still less with England and the English—they are inexhaustible.

But, whatever I may find to say hereafter, for the present I will have done. Even if I had a mind to go on, I could not; for a Jew, who has besieged me for three days, is now at my door, and declares that he will not go away without an audience. He insists on buying all my *old clothes*. I observe that the Jews of London call all clothes from the continent *old clothes*, and those on the continent return the compliment upon everything brought from England. I protested to him that I brought everything new from Paris; but this was all in vain; he was only the more clamorous; Paris, he said, was a mere village: in London I must wear London clothes, if I did not mean to be hooted. I should never have believed that a Jew could become so violently English. Contrary to all my declarations, you see, I am setting out on a fresh chace; but the Jews came and thrust themselves under my pen whether I would or not: they will complete our review of sects.—It will also be a means of tiring out my Jew, and deterring him from coming again to insult my Parisian wardrobe, and to attack my *seraphic* purse.

It is impossible to look in their extraordinary countenances without being led into reflections on the history of this singular people. They have no country, and they are of every

country. They acknowledge no nation, yet they belong to all. They are said to be scattered like exiles and captives over the whole world, yet they are, in some sort, the masters of the whole world, at least they enchain it by their traffic and their loans. It is said, that ever since the time of Antiochus Sidetes, that is to say, one hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, they have been forbidden to coin money, and that even before that time they coined but little, and that little very bad (notwithstanding all the fine Jewish coins antiquarians shew you), and yet they possess a large portion of all the gold and precious stones in the world. The apostles, and the prophets before them, predicted their total destruction; but, if they were all collected into one society, they would form the most numerous, wealthy, and powerful nation in the world: and not only have they escaped the apostles and prophets who put an end to them so easily, but they have survived all their successive conquerors. We see no remains of the ancient Assyrians, Medes, or Persians, nor of the ancient Greeks, nor, unhappily for Italy, even of the ancient Romans: the characteristic traces of these people are lost, they are confounded with Goths, Visigoths, Vandals, &c. But the Jews, who have been the prey and the scorn of many of these

celebrated nations, are more powerful now than ever they were, if we calculate in detail all the force and the wealth they possess over the whole surface of the earth. It is said, that if they still exist among other nations, they are branded with the mark of their reprobation, deprived of political liberty, fallen from the promises made to their fathers, driven from the promised land, &c. But it should seem that a people must possess a country before they can be banished from it; and when did they ever possess the promised land? Are they more wretched, or more degraded than their fathers, who sold their own brethren, and usurped their inheritance by all sorts of knavery; carried on every kind of illicit and monstrous traffic, even of their own wives, and who never achieved anything admirable except walking dry-shod through the Red Sea? Do they enjoy less liberty than millions of Christians, especially in England, where they can imprison their Christian debtors? Are they more accursed than we, whom our priests condemn to be burnt in this world and in the next? If we may be permitted to judge from facts, and not from words or prejudices, we shall be led to conclude that *their* oracles are more nearly verified than *our* prophecies. They were told that all nations should give place to them; and most of these nations exist

no longer. They were told that they should rule over the whole world—in some respects they do. Christians and Mussulmans consider them as the vilest of creatures; yet both Christians and Mussulmans derive their religion from Judaism. In short, I am lost in astonishment when I think of this scattered and yet powerful people, and of the prejudices concerning them by which we are blinded. 'Tis strange too that they detest the *unclean animal*, and are in all countries the *most* unclean animals to be found.

My servant tells me my Jew is gone, grumbling so as to give hopes that he will come no more. I have gained my cause, and very pleasantly, by chatting a little longer with you. I hope soon to resume our walk.

LETTER IX.

Liverpool, October 27th, 1822.

My *début* in this city was very delightful, dear Madam; I began to like it before I knew anything of it, for here I found your dear letter of the 23rd September.

And so you have fallen into the hands of physicians, with their armoury of lancets, blisters, leeches, and all the dangerous suite of these *officers of health*, as they are by courtesy called. I thank you for not letting me know that this butchery was going on until your valiant nature had already triumphed over all these satellites of death. I should have been dreadfully frightened if I had known of it while they were *en flagrant délit*. You are very lucky, after being attacked and torn to pieces thus, to have come off with only a little weakness. You have had a great escape,

for which heaven be praised. But learn from experience to be wiser in future, and to make a better resistance before you come to an engagement with that *formidable power* which is become the curse of the nations which it blinds or leads captive by its systematic and high-sounding phrases. It is very true that the interior as well as the exterior of the human body sometimes wants ablution; but to upset the whole physical system, to attenuate and lay prostrate all the vital powers, is to consume and destroy rather than to purify. Always recollect the grand aphorism of Galen,—it ought to take precedence of all systems, in great diseases as well as in small, and contains the best precepts for the restoration of our machine under all the ills it is liable to.

Munda, munda, munda et refice.

This is a precept dictated by nature, and within the comprehension of the most limited understanding. Recollect what their mania for bleeding has cost us; to that we owe the irreparable loss which we shall ever bewail.

For myself, physically speaking, I am very well. I like to hear medical men talk, as persons of general information, but I never come to closer quarters with them. Morally—you know

how I am. The effect cannot cease while the cause remains in full activity. The general aspect of England, so extraordinarily rural, sweet and touching, is delightfully congenial with a malady of the mind: one is beguiled into fancying one finds real solace and relief in its loveliness; but it is the syren's song.

I cannot refuse the kind things you say to me on my seventh ramble, as I regard all of them as due entirely to my subject. I am very glad to see that you and our friends are cured of some of those prejudices which occasionally render us a little unjust towards this country and people. It is always better to judge individuals by nations than nations by individuals.

The individual Englishman does not, in all cases, recommend his country; and the Englishman who travels without having learnt to curb his national pride, and his prejudices against everything which is not English,—the Englishman who transports himself at one leap from his village, his cottage, his "country seat" or his "mansion," to the continent, without being a little purged of that austere and rough aristocracy which, as I have told you, rigidly separates all classes in England, and makes him live for years and years as great a stranger to his next neighbour as we are to the inhabitants of Kam-

skatka,—the Englishman who emerges without being a little polished from that rust which is the *native varnish* of all islanders, of all people rivetted to their inveterate habits, and which John Bull regards as the glory and perfection of his national character and of his patriotism;—such an Englishman is certainly not the most engaging sample of his country. But all partial data mislead a stranger in his judgment of nations with whom he has but a superficial and vague acquaintance. He would be peculiarly apt to be deceived by a distant view of the English; but if he stayed long enough among them to observe them with attention, to weigh carefully the whole aggregate of their qualities, and all the great masses, physical and moral, which distinguish them from other nations, he would find himself compelled to admit that they are, without exception, the first people in the world. I hope my last letter has inclined you to appreciate them more fairly, and that this will determine your judgment.

You ask me when I intend to turn my face towards my *penates*. I am flattered and obliged by the enquiry; but it is one which a man who is so unhappy as to belong only to the future, cannot answer. Besides, dear Madam, one is not very eager to return to a country where

patriotism is held a crime, and where the benignant rulers daily study to render

> Nidi di spie persino le Capanne;
> Il canto doglia, il cibo, assenzio e tosco,
> Di Paucenzia e di Siria acri le manne.

In my last letter I took my leave of you in London; I must detain you there a little longer. We will afterwards visit a few of the most interesting of its environs, and will travel hither by the most agreeable road. I tell you of the pleasures that await you, to give you more courage to follow me.

Since my last ramble, London is perhaps encreased by more than half the size of Florence; and observe at the same time that there is as much building going on in the way of renovation and repair, as of construction, for the walls of the houses are little more than pasteboard.

One is almost tempted to think that the custom of selling with a *pactum revertendi*, or of letting the ground on which a house is built at a very low rate, on condition of its reverting to the original proprietor at the end of ninety-nine years, originated in a political scheme for keeping the numerous and dangerous class of day-labourers constantly employed. The consequence of course is, that all houses are built for ninety-nine years. This strange sort of agreement appears to me to have two advantages—the one I

have just pointed out, and that of rendering the town handsomer and more regular by the constant destruction of old deformities as these nonagenary houses fall into ruin.

The innumerable shops, the wealth they display, the prodigious tide of people who succeed each other incessantly like the waves of the sea, the astonishing quantity of the materials and implements of commerce in the ports, basins, warehouses, dock-yards and arsenals, public and private, give an inexpressible idea of the might and majesty of commerce, as well of the condition to which this nation would be reduced if she ceased to hold unlimited dominion over it.

England is chiefly to be beheld in the ports of London, Bristol, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Hull. All those things which are useful to her during the periods of her great activity, such as canals, great roads, basins, dams, rail-ways, &c. would become heavy burthens if she lost her pre-eminent station in the commercial world. This is the grand crisis which would be big with the most awful consequences to England. Her debt, about which so much noise is made, is nothing; a nation which owes only to itself has, I repeat, nothing to fear from her debt. This it is which induces me to think that a general peace, which generalizes industry and

the liberty of the seas, must be to the English about as welcome as the sign of the cross to the devil.

At the present moment I don't think they will make war, but they will instigate others to make it. Now that they have no longer a Napoleon to exercise their troops, and to form them into Waterloo heroes; now that these heroes are dispersed by peace and diminished by time; now that lord Castlereagh has destroyed all the remaining confidence of the people of the continent in English magnanimity, and has given a preponderating power to all our despots;—a war which would make them quit their floating fortresses, might be extremely dangerous to them.

I reason perhaps in a very blundering way, or rather I don't reason at all, for I know as much of politics as a Jesuit of morals, but without pretending to be either a reasoner or a politician, I may be allowed to tell you, my dear Madam, my own way of thinking.

The philanthropical institutions of England are so numerous and important, that it would be impossible, even for an Englishman conversant in these matters, to give you so much as a general idea of them. I then, who am but a rambler, *che vede e passa*, can only tell you that, besides the grand central institutions, every parish has its peculiar establishment for the reception of its

poor, foundling children, &c. There are other institutions for poor widows, lying-in women, &c. In short, the word *poor* is relative in England; every man who is not rich thinks himself poor: but, as I have already told you, every man has his bread and potatoes, and often tea, butter, and roast beef.

Each of these institutions, excepting the few supported by government, is a republic entirely independant of *favoritism*, which is the source of so much malversation and so many sinecures among us.

> " U' gli Epialdi, i Balliomi e i Cacchi
> Fan sempre vaste e smisurate prese,
> E del pesce più grosso empiono i sacchi."

The different corporate bodies, the several parishes, &c., superintend the administration of them, and are elected by the subscribers, or other parties interested; and the most respectable persons devote themselves to these arduous duties *gratis, corde et amore Dei*. It is peculiarly honourable to England that the greater number of these institutions are founded and maintained either by the bequests of benefactors, or by public or private charity, or by what is called the *poor's rate*, which is raised proportionately throughout the kingdom on every individual, in the respective parishes, who possesses property to a certain amount

In all of them, and in the means adopted for their support, I am happy to tell you that women display the noblest, the most generous, the most ardent benevolence. It is delightful to me thus to meet you in your virtues in a foreign land:—the virtues of that celestial Spirit who lived but for humanity;—whose grave was watered with the tears of the widow, the orphan, and bent beneath the double load of years and misery.

The facility with which any establishment or enterprise is got up in England is perfectly incredible. A committee, that is to say, a meeting of respectable persons, proposes or examines a project for some commercial company, some domestic or foreign speculation, perhaps even in places not yet discovered, or the very existence of which is hardly ascertained; for some institution for public or private education; some philanthopical scheme; some society for the encouragement of art, science, or manufactures, &c. The smallest prospect of public or private advantage readily determines the members to a unanimous vote in its favour.

Lists of subscribers are then opened, and are filled in a few days, and many people frequently beg in vain to be admitted. Such is the confidence the English place in men who stand high in public opinion, the grand *passe-par-tout* of England, before which, I cannot too often repeat,

the highest aristocratical titles, and even the power of the throne, must bow with reverence; and rarely are any members of these committees found to forfeit the place assigned them by its voice.

It is alleged that these subscriptions are the offspring rather of vanity than of generosity. I know not why we should so industriously hunt for evil, where good is obvious. And after all is not vanity often a virtue? Does it not often urge us to distinguish ourselves from the multitude by noble and generous actions? Is it not often nearly allied to the most generous ambition?

Grant that the Englishman counts the lists of subscriptions in which his name figures, as the warrior counts his campaigns and his battles; and even that he feels an absolute necessity for appearing before the public in some way or other; I see nothing in that but the irresistible force which impels a man to signalize himself. The love of *distinction* is so omnipotent in the human heart, that we often see men make a parade even of their miseries, their infirmities, their defects, their eccentricities, and their follies; such are the Diogenes of ancient and modern times. But if these framed and glazed lists flatter the men whose names are thus distinguished, they do not the less prove the generosity of some

benevolent hearts, or the enterprising courage of the patrons of education and industry, or the triumphs of humanity, of commerce, or of the muses. The legitimate cause for regret is, that this desire to rescue one's name from obscurity, when acting upon perverse natures, like those of the Eterostrates of ancient, and the Hudson Lowes of modern times, prompts to the most malignant and mischievous acts.

If England could command history as she does the ocean, she ought to blot out the page which will shew posterity what sort of gaoler was set over the prisoner of St Helena by the English government. The fate of this zealous commissary ought to serve as a warning to all who forget what is due to honour and humanity, in their vehement desire to recommend themselves to men in power, and to glut the vengeance of princes.

Now, dear Madam, we must go and ramble a little in the environs of London. I must tell you beforehand that though I can shew you the most remarkable spots, it would be impossible for me to describe the beauties which nature and art vie with each other in lavishing around these lovely scenes. We will begin with Greenwich.

Greenwich was first granted by Henry VI to the duke of Gloucester, who made it his country-house; it afterwards became a royal residence,

Here it was that the virgin queen excited some suspicions of her claim to that title; and proved, by the tragical death of her favourite, that the love of the great is as dangerous as their hatred.

It is now the hospital for superannuated and wounded seamen. The general aspect is majestic; and, if we are not too severe in our criticisms, the details are handsome. It is surprising that the defects are not greater, when we recollect that this vast building was constructed bit by bit, by different architects, and under different kings, who baptized them under different names. Wren is distinguishable among them. It is certainly true, relatively speaking, that these old sailors live in a palace, and the king in a small house. The heroes of England cannot say as the great Scipio did:

"Ingrata patria, nec quidem mea ossa habes."

Never shall I forget what I felt in the marshes of Linterno, when I read this terrible reproach, the sole epitaph on the modest tomb of the greatest hero of antiquity: and the silence of that affecting solitude, interrupted only by the croaking of ravens and storks, aided the melancholy with which it inspired me.

The view from the observatory in Greenwich park would be one of the most imposing in the

world, if the eternal cloud of smoke did not veil the whole of London and a part of the Thames; which latter, from the incessant passage of vessels of every description and of every nation, affords a sight perfectly unique.

The hospital for old soldiers, at Chelsea, is also entitled to admiration. Both these establishments are perhaps unrivalled, except by the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris, and that of San Carlo at Milan.

The royal parks of Kensington, Kew, and Richmond, are extensive, and rather rural than delicious. Nightingales and crows unite their voices, and deer and pheasants feed tranquilly with horses and cows. These are the principal actors on the interesting scene of English *country*, and they speak to the heart and mind of every man of sense and feeling.

The palaces situated in these parks do not correspond with the greatness of a sovereign of so rich a kingdom. Some check is put by representative governments to caprice, arbitrary power, and extravagant expenditure.

After all, what is the good of such palaces as the Escurial, Versailles, and Caserta? None—except to remind the people of the robbery and shameful misapplication of their money; to recall the despotism of Charles III, of Louis XIV, and of Philip II; to insult the poverty of the nation.

These palaces contributed not a little to the revolutions which have convulsed and still convulse France, Spain, and Naples.

It is idle to talk of *philosophes*. The people never pass the bounds of respect and submission, till they are actually forced to do so by the faults and the vices of kings. Reflect, my dear Madam, on the scenes which were acted in these luxurious abodes, under the sanction of that *divine right*, which was upheld by an impious superstition; while, in the capital, the most sacred and momentous duties were abandoned to the intrigue, perfidy, and malignity of ministers, and you will perhaps agree with me.

What can I say to you of those lovely scenes, which captivate the eye and heart with their gentle and touching beauty,—the banks of the Thames at Richmond, more particularly beheld from the hill?

The noble river flowing through those ever verdant meadows, intersected by groves and shrubberies, laid out with graceful negligence and natural art; small lakes, vallies, hills; trees, whose leafy masses are impenetrable alike to the hottest sun or to the heaviest storm; country houses, which conceal the eastern magnificence and luxury of their interior, under an exterior of a simplicity, an humility with which art and nature conspire to deck them; dis-

tances, which the mist now shrouds and now reveals, or shews as through a light veil;—my pen would be too fortunate if it could give you an idea of the enchantment of these various pictures, or express the emotions with which they filled me,—emotions so congenial with the state of my mind. My heart is there yet.

Since a monarch, whom it begins to be the fashion to call *great*, took a train of engineers and carpenters into the dock-yards and arsenals of England, disguised as aides-de-camp, and since M. Dupin was inadvertently admitted, and has made useful drawings from what he saw, none but men who have the air of simpletons are permitted to see them. Accordingly, it was under that character that I was allowed to enter Woolwich.

You may imagine what must be the dock-yards of a country so truly the Queen of Ocean; but it is difficult to form an adequate conception of this sea and land arsenal. There are about 100,000 pieces of ordnance, cannons, howitzers, mortars, &c. of every calibre, which can be mounted and shipped in a very short space of time. There would be more if many had not been sent to the Turks.

If good king Richard could see the English of the present day allied with those barbarians, whom he combatted so gloriously as to earn his

title of *cœur-de-lion,* he would be ready to eat his fingers, or to give the ministers a few of his hard blows with the back of his mighty sword, as Rodomont did to the mountain which opposed his bravery.

If England and Russia, instead of trying to thwart each other, would generously unite, they might do some glorious things; and I, like Kotzbue's villager, could give them a little advice, and teach them the grand secret of rendering themselves greater than Napoleon. But, as they would only laugh at me, I had better hold my tongue and laugh at them, and leave them to their ungenerous and foolish policy.

The officer, to whom I was recommended, was so good as to shew me, in action, a machine of wonderful invention, for stopping the progress of fires; but its inventor Congreve must drain the ocean to obtain water enough to put out that fire with which he has cursed the world. It is an insult to humanity. It is like the wolf who, after having devoured the sheep, returned the horns.

The School of Artillery, and the magnificent quarters of its different corps, constitute the largest and the handsomest part of the cheerful town of Woolwich.

As I was returning to London, the stage was overturned. I thought I had lost an eye, but I

squinted for a few days only, so that I have not the slightest pretext left for giving myself the *ton* of spectacles.

A poor lady had an arm broken, and two others were placed in a situation which it is perhaps beneath the dignity of history to record; but all the incidents which elicit national character are interesting to a rambler like me; so that I sympathised in the sufferings of the one, and in the embarassment of the other. Such a disaster is a serious business, I believe, in this country; nay, some people on the continent go so far as to affirm, that it is one of those *English incidents* which authorizes a divorce. In the present case witnesses would not be wanting; but my deposition could not be *plena et plana*, (in the words of Cujacius and Puffendoff,) for I had, at the moment, but one eye.

English stage coaches furnish no other adventures than overturns; the drivers are therefore so obliging as to accommodate you pretty often with these; but their number, beauty, and speed, form one of the striking features of England. They keep the whole social machine in perpetual motion—it is not riding, but flying.

Hampton-court was the creation of that man, who passed from the shambles to the priesthood, to the ministry, and to the cardinalate; and who, from his desire to mount yet higher, fell.

Henry VIII read to him practically and in good earnest what the cardinal-dean would have read to him *pro formâ*, if he had won the tiara; *Regnum tuum non est de hoc mundo;*—and restored him to his breviary. The gardens were laid out in the style of his policy; partly French, partly Italian, partly English. If Wolsey had been pope, he would have been a second Leo X.

The palace, enlarged by William III, is the finest I have seen in England. But let us give all our attention to the treasure it contains; a treasure which will probably remain, as it ever has, unique—the seven Cartoons of Raphael.

All description is vain—who can describe what he paints? What an historian, poet, philosopher, architect, every thing! There are few of his works before which I have not done homage, but I have seen none so sublime as these:—the Transfiguration and the Frescos of the Vatican yield to them.

Eternal shame to France which neglected and sold them, and glory to England which bought them, and appreciated them, even at a time when Louis XIV employed both the weapons so often successful against her—money and intrigue—to get them back.

The French call the English a shop-keeping people; but, as regards works of art, the English buy and never sell. The nation ought to have

erected a statue to Rubens, who obtained these wonders so dexterously. If ever you come here, Madam, see the other pictures first; and, to ascend gradually to the highest reach of art, stop before the Four Generations by Titian, immediately before you enter this celestial gallery.

Windsor, a charming little town upon the Thames, was the cradle both of the liberty and aristocracy of England. Here, or near this place, John, *sans terre*, was compelled to sign *Magna Charta;* and here Edward the Third founded the Order of the Garter, or rather, the order of the *Countess of Salisbury*.

It was necessary to oppose one force to another; and although, to avoid giving alarm to the liberals, the number of the native members of this institution was limited to twenty-five, yet the nobility, who all aspire to the honour of belonging to it, are naturally associated with it, and form a counterpoise and league against the inferior classes. Hence, I think, the distinction of Tories and Whigs, who are as necessary to England as the aristocracy and democracy. Another origin has been ascribed to them; they are traced from two factions, existing under the same respective political principles—that of Tories in Ireland, and Whigs in Scotland: but, in fact, they originate in these two great events at Windsor.

The castle was at first a hunting-box, belonging to William the Conqueror; and although built at different intervals of time, without any specific plan and destitute of symmetry, is yet characterized by a *negligence* which is agreeable to the eye.

Its interior is magnificent, and rich in Italian and Flemish pictures. Correggio has rendered himself almost divine by the beautiful human divinity expressed in his St Catherine. And one of the famous sybils of Dominichino!—that master design of imagination and life! When I see any of his works, I cannot suppress a sigh at the recollection of the misfortunes which overwhelmed this great man, and which, by accelerating his death, robbed posterity of a skill and genius which it might have had additional reason to admire. The name connected with his own, that of the envious Lanfranco, his cruel persecutor, and perhaps his assassin, will be for ever held in execration. The paintings *in fresco* by Verio, as well as those by the same artist at Greenwich, at Hampton-court, and at other places in England, prove that he was what he never appeared in his native country, Naples—an excellent artist: "*honos alit artes;*" where there are no Mecænases, talents are not called into action; and *point d'argent, point de Suisses.*

The top of the *donjon,* which rises to the

middle of the castle, affords a surprising *coup d'œil.* I have been told that it commands a view of twelve counties, but I did not see them. This redeems, to a considerable extent, the reputation of the *English atmosphere.*

The church, of Gothic architecture, is remarkable for its beauty and lightness.

West,—a painter whom the English claim as an Englishman, and the Americans as an American, and who would hold the first rank among the moderns but for the numerous figures he introduces into his pictures, frequently like those of Pietro di Cortona, without legs or arms,—has exhibited a truly enchanting talent and effect upon the windows.

The choir in which the benediction upon the garter and the elected member is pronounced, is a *chef d'œuvre* of carving. The stall of lord Castlereagh was hung with black, a distinction profaned, by being bestowed upon a man who terminated his life in so dastardly a manner; and who first began his political career by betraying his native country.

The remains of George III, who died in this castle, repose at the foot of the altar.

The park belonging to the castle is immense. Elms as old as its founder, William the Conqueror, forming avenues in the French style, are

of enormous size, and of so venerable an aspect, that the ancients would have deified them.

I must now, my dear Countess, conduct you into the sanctuary of learning. The entrance, by a magnificent bridge leading to a very spacious and delightful street, seems to promise a beautiful city, and invites you to a survey of it; but the large buildings with which it is intersected, continually arrest your progress; and their Gothic character,—severe, gloomy, majestic,—the fit abodes of meditation, learning and wisdom,—thrills the soul with a holy veneration. The *matériel* alone would suffice to shew you that it is the first university in the world; and it is probably so in every other respect.

Twenty large, and four small colleges, in which the students live, constitute so many separate universities, each of which has its particular laws, discipline, professors, church, museum, library; its yearly revenues, which are very considerable, and its administration; all these several universities form the great body of the university of Oxford, which has also its distinct revenues and administration. It is governed by a chancellor, a vice-chancellor, and several subordinate officers. The police, in the whole extent of its jurisdiction, is vested in two magistrates, severe in the exercise of

their authority, and from whom there is no appeal. They are elected from its own body, in a council composed of the heads of all the colleges, over which the vice-chancellor generally presides. The magistrates of the city have no jurisdiction over this institution; they regard it even as a species of intermediate sovereignty, that is, as the nursery of the Coryphæi of the reigning church.

The museum derives its value from those celebrated marbles which shed so much light upon the history of Greece, and to which the Arundel family are accidentally indebted for the immortality of their name. It can hardly be believed that, considering the great name by which they were baptized, they can be apocryphal; and since belief has been attached to what Alexander brought into Greece, respecting the astronomical observations of Babylon, dated 2234 years before our era, and also to the monument of the central eclipse of the sun in China, at a time almost equally remote; belief may surely be given to the Arundelian marbles, the Attic chronicles of which go no higher than the time of Cecrops, 1319 years before Christ. If my Paris hair-dresser had been there, he would perhaps have called them, like the Zodiac of Dendera,—antiquarian playthings; but the reason is, that he believes only in the history of

Mezerai, and not even in that, except in the really *authentic* parts; such for instance, as the account of the holy vial which a celestial pigeon brought to the bishop of Rheims, wherewith to baptize Clovis, and afterwards to annoint the most christian kings of France; (and very soon also the Jesuits;) the shield covered with fleurs de Lys and the Oriflamme which were delivered into the hands of a good hermit in the solitude of Joyenval, near St Germain, en Laye, by an angel;—the gift which Clovis received from heaven of curing the king's evil;—the army of serpents, which either devils or angels, (I cannot correctly ascertain which,) brought into Germany to fight a pitched battle against the unbelievers; together with other sacred matters of the same kind. He will have nothing to do with anything profane.

In the library, which is neither very beautiful nor very extensive, are numerous manuscripts, several of which formerly belonged to Italy, and are not on that account the less valuable. But nothing can equal, in this kind, the Ambrosian, Laurentian, and Vatican libraries, although so often plundered by Vandals; and that of the Papyri at Naples is *unique* in the world.

There are some professors of celebrity; one of them had the goodness to tell me that they read the works of ours with advantage; for the

English, who are really learned, are candid enough to allow us the merit of still being able to aid the cause of learning.

Besides the immense riches possessed by this university, it has the right of presentation to a great number of church livings, and each college has a number disposable in favour of its respective members.

There are also fellowships, which I believe the possessors retain till death, or marriage, or till they accept an office of greater emolument.

This prospect of opulence and advancement for the clergy, is, I am of opinion, necessary, in a country where the acquisition of money is the most powerful incentive, and where so many other resources for the gratification of avarice would otherwise occupy the attention and views of men, and thus leave unsupported both the throne and the church. It is also necessary for effecting the conversion of the other sectaries to the religion of the state; for unless they become apostates from their own, they can have no hope of sharing in these advantages.

The object and great, of the good Alfred, who founded this university, was to supply society with men useful in every department of learning: now, however, it is confined to the service of the church and the throne, whose interest it is to support each other; and that

nothing concerning the religion of the Church of England may elude the vigilance of its Bramins, all that relates to it is purified through the medium of their censorship, and the university press, founded by that famous apostle of the Tories, Clarendon.

With regard to the qualities required in a candidate for admission to the chief honours and advantages of the university,—his occupations, —that portion of the revenues of a college which falls to the lot of each of its members, according to their relative dignity or seniority,—the jealousies which prevail among them concerning the administration of these revenues,—the enjoyment of a plurality of livings, and the form of the oath administered to a neophite;—if all that I heard was true, one would be justified in believing that, at Oxford, as elsewhere, talents or even university honours, do not suffice to obtain a fellowship, if a man be not thoroughly purified in sacerdotal opinion; and, in concluding that *il bel far niente*, a *cocagne* of parasites, gossiping cabals, *cumulatio munerum*, and a little political and religious Jesuitism, find their way into Protestant as well as into Catholic corporations. In such cases, however, one must always doubt what one cannot derive from incontestible sources; and this is next to impossible to obtain in a place

where the greatest circumspection and secrecy interpose an immeasurable distance between corporations which are only separated by a party wall. I will not therefore presume to enter into any details on subjects as delicate as they are mysterious.

I was very much struck by the reserve prevalent here, among the members of the respective colleges. The fellow by whom I was accompanied appeared everywhere a greater stranger than myself; and he was no less reserved with me; for all my *fiscalisations* on this great manufactory of learning, morals, and politics, were nearly without success: all I could obtain from him was, what I least cared for, a good dinner.

The university of Oxford is generally the seminary of the ministers. Canning studied in Christchurch college, which is the first in rank. There was to be seen his portrait, whilst his nomination was still in the breast of the king, who was then in Scotland, *en Ecossais*.

Such of the English as believe in the metempsichosis, are apprehensive lest lord Castlereagh should revive in Canning; I think they are wrong, for he has repeatedly evinced himself a friend to the liberties of his country; and, in that scandalous trial, which will ever stain the pages of English history, he displayed great dignity

and independence of mind. Those who accuse him of being occasionally *amphibious*, are porbably ignorant that this quality is a *sine quâ non* in every one who aspires to the station of minister; and his nomination, *invito corde Regis*, does honor to his talents. He has great errors to repair, but he has also a noble field before him. I sincerely wish, for his own sake, and that of humanity, that he may not, like his predecessor, lay up for himself a store of remorse which may in time appeal for justice to his own hand, upon his own life.

Oligarchical distinctions exist here, as everywhere else. The sons of noblemen wear a cap with a gold tassel; while the tassel of the ignobles is black. They have other privileges, that for instance, of obtaining upon cheaper terms than the ignoble, that is to say, without so many examinations, the honours of the university: but it must not thence be inferred that they are less deserving of them.

No, my dear Madam, on the contrary, scarcely any class in England is more instructed than the nobility. The pride of an Englishman is stronger than the pride of rank in every one of them; although they are by no means insensible to its advantages. Besides, the desire of serving their country, and of deserving the public approbation, is, I believe, a much more

powerful incentive to English minds than the *prestiges* of nobility. I will add, that there is no nobility in Europe at all to be compared with that of England, in point of intellectual information.

Although Oxford has already too long occupied our attention, I cannot help mentioning the windows belonging to the chapel of *New College*, to which the pencil of Reynolds has given such value; nor must we pass without admiring one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Annibal Caracci, his *Butcher's Stall*, in the gallery of Christchurch college; for several colleges have also galleries of their own.

The university of Cambridge, which I have not seen, and which I merely notice by way of contrast with that of Oxford, (for in England everything is in opposition,) has the character of being the nursery of the *Whigs* and of being more liberal in admitting different sectaries, and it also prescribes a very distinct course of study.

But as human weakness finds its way into everything, it often happens that Oxford produces its *renegades* and *traitors*, that is to say men who, after having enjoyed this promised land, violate the oath they had taken not to belong, nor to desire to belong, *nec intus nec extra*,

to any other sect than to the Church of England. Among others, the two principal Coryphæi of the Methodists belonged to this university. I will finish this article of Oxford, by congratulating the Russians and Prussians, who have now two great doctors in their respective sovereigns. The university of Oxford conferred upon them *unius cujusque facultatis Lauream.* The people may therefore expect better laws; but let them beware of the *calomel,* and of the English "patient," should they ever exercise the profession of medicine.

At Woodstock, the traveller is detained by that celebrated spot, which recalls to memory the noblest page of English history, and which derives its name from the battle by which heaven inflicted its first severe chastisement upon the ambition, despotism, and bad faith of that king, on whom flattery conferred the title of *Great,* but who polluted the throne with every vice, and dishonoured his reign by an uninterrupted series of political and religious treachery. Blenheim is a present truly worthy of a nation sensible of its dignity; of a queen who *loved* and appreciated merit; and of a warrior who had no equal among his contemporaries, (if we except that valiant Italian prince who made France pay dearly for having despised

him); whose only superiors in succeeding times are Frederick and Napoleon, and whom England justly venerates as her most distinguished military character.

The palace, although heavy, has an air of royalty; it is adorned with four of Raphael's pictures, and with the works of the most classic artists of Italy. There are very fine specimens of Rubens, Vandyke, Teniers, &c. and in one of the two great saloons, the victories of the English hero over the French, are painted in *fresco* by a *French* artist. The saloon of Titian excites more interest, from the circumstance that these admired productions of that great artist are painted on leather.

The library, of great size, and floored and lined with the finest Carrara marble, is so brilliant and majestic, that the books it contains, although very choice, are objects of subordinate attention to the passing rambler.

The gardens, the lakes, peopled by swans and other aquatic birds, the cascades, the bridges, the temples, correspond with the extent of the palace; and, in the park, which is twelve miles in circumference, and completely enclosed, obelisks and monuments appropriately suggest the glories of Marlborough, Anne, and England.

But—such is the vicissitude of sublunary things,—this delightful place, this great national trophy, would have fallen into the hands of those harpies, whom the Roman law condemned to infamy, and Edward the Confessor to exile, if Parliament (by whom it was given) had not interposed and saved it, by an act of perpetual entail.

At Birmingham there is nothing but fire and smoke, forges and smiths; everything is black. It is the empire of Vulcan, and the seat of the useful arts.

I observed a great bustle in the town, but was vehemently assured that now there was none at all. One would say, that the springs which animate the world have been paralyzed by the fall of the *Grand Moteur*.

Wherever I turned I met carriages and boats loaded with goods, and stage-coaches crossing each other every instant. The inn was as full as it could be, and yet everybody complained of the dulness of trade; an additional proof that, at the pitch of commercial greatness to which England has risen, it is not sufficient to have trade—she must have the monopoly of the whole world.

A *patent*, like that I used at Woolwich, procures me admission everywhere. Mechanism and its effects seem to fix the highest possible

point which human industry can reach, and steam is the soul of everything.

A chain of canals uniting with the one called the Grand Junction, which is an enterprise truly Roman, conveys goods through the whole interior, and to all the sea-ports in England, and brings back the raw materials, coals, and whatever is necessary to such extensive establishments.

In the midst of the city a large square, surrounded by the best buildings, would be one of the most beautiful and regular in England, were it not converted into a burial ground. The same thing is seen in London, and every other city in this kingdom.

It has public walks crossing the graves and monuments, in all directions:—always contradictions; always extravagances!

The English mourn over their dead to a degree of caricature, so as to often excite emotions rather of a comic, than of a sympathising nature; and yet they seem to walk over their ashes with the coldest indifference. One walks out to find some relief from the occupations, or the cares of life; but I cannot conceive how this is to be found in places which must suggest to every feeling mind the most painful recollections, and draw tears of the bitterest grief. Everywhere else it is usual to open

one's windows, to breathe and enjoy the fresh air; here they look only upon mournful and funeral scenes; and a place which ought to be consecrated to meditation, silence, and devotion, is converted into a place of amusement, noise, and indecorum. Is it their wish to appear philosophers, or Romans? I cannot tell, but to me they appear neither the one nor the other: I see nothing in such conduct but apathy and indifference.

A hundred years ago Birmingham was only a little village, whose hundred inhabitants were perhaps happier than the hundred thousand it now contains.

Agricultural industry is permament, and at least supplies bread to eat; whilst commercial industry has its phases, like the moon; wanes or changes its place, and often leaves in misery the numerous population it had drawn together, and in whom it had created unknown and artificial wants, by the luxury and vices which invariably follow in its train.

If the cultivator of the land is not oppressed by taxes, as with us, (where he is often punished by additional taxes, for having tilled and fertilized marshes and uncultivated lands,) he finds a numerous family a source of wealth to him, whilst to the manufacturer it is frequently a source of despair. And had England adopted the

system of converting her lands into small farms, she would not, I think, see so many riots among the lower orders of the people, who swarm in the cities, and who in the country would be divided more advantageously both for their own interest and that of the state: she would witness fewer instances of emigration, nor would so many farmers become bankrupts, and unable to pay their rents, or cultivate their land. But I will close this article on Birmingham with a little anecdote.

On entering the inn where I lodged, I found in the room of general resort two gentlemen, elegantly dressed, who bowed politely to me; they made room for me by the fire-side; did not stretch their legs completely across the hearth; did not throw up their feet either upon the chairs or the tables; nor did they keep their hats upon their heads. They addressed me, although a stranger; obligingly asked me if I had not been overtaken by a storm on the road; answered all my questions with much politeness, and gave me every information I required. All this was so strangely anti-English, that it struck me with great surprise; it was in a style of manners so unknown in this country, that I was tempted to suspect its sincerity. As their civility continued to increase, I was convinced that they were two sharpers, whose intention was to an-

noint me with balm, that they might the more easily lick off my very skin.

On my return in the evening I was asked, in a very engaging manner, if I would sup with the two gentlemen. As I am always disposed to unbend a little, and not to think an age necessary to become "acquainted" with fellow-creatures formed, like myself, after the image and similitude of the Creator, I consented, and supper was served in a separate room. After supper, they said, we must *amuse ourselves a little with a game at cards*. I was certain that I should win at first, for that is the way in which sharpers always allure, and inveigle the novices who fall into their hands. I therefore took advantage of their scheme and then left them to their meditations: to render their punishment the greater, I had previously exhibited to them a small purse of guineas, as a fair object of plunder.

Had they read the *Animali Parlanti* of the abbé Casti, or the fables of Phædrus and Æsop, they might have learnt that foxes are not so easily caught; but perhaps they did not know that the author of "*National Qualities*" had attributed to the Italians those of that animal. Cards they could read; but they were probably not much versed in books.

From that day, I saw them no more. They had decamped, to pay a visit to Cheltenham;

probably to take their revenge for the six guineas I had won from them. As a lesson to the master of the inn, who was in confederacy with them, I paid him, not without smiling, with the very money I had won. You laugh, my dear Countess; well then, we laugh together.

I made a diversion and went to Chester, in pursuit of antiquities, which are not to be found there. An antiquary, who was grubbing, shouted with joy: he thought he had found his Pompëianum; but it was only the remains of a Hypocaustum, scarcely worth noticing. It was thought that under the pavement of the great street would be discovered that of their first conquerors, the Romans: it was therefore excavated to the depth of eight feet, and the inhabitants fancied in vain they should have the pleasure of walking *à la Romaine*. But the porticoes or colonnades, which before were level with the ground, were thus on the first floor—no matter; staircases were constructed at intervals, and so you take the air in them: if this is not antique, it is at least singular.

But I lost neither my time nor my journey, for I found some very interesting things there.

What remains of St John's church is, in my opinion, very important to the chronological history of architecture and masonry. It forms the connecting link between those of the decline of

the Roman empire, and the first of that order, generally denominated Gothic; and I know not if there exists, either in England or elsewhere, any other monument which so satisfactorily proves and characterizes the style of the first Anglo-Saxons. It ought to be carefully preserved, as a very venerable relic.

The cathedral follows it chronologically, and forms, with other buildings not so ancient, a continuation of the history of the different stages of the art from the Anglo-Saxons to the present time.

By a cut in the naked rock, a passage has been made to a navigable canal, flowing from the interior into the Dee, which washes the walls of the city, and, at a short distance, enters the the sea. This is a modern work, not inferior to those of antiquity.

I have seen nowhere in England,—and it would perhaps be vain to seek it elsewhere,—any building which excites so much interest as the prison of this city. No man confined within it would be unhappy, if he were not guilty. Necessarily separated from the society he has injured, he is condemned to be useful both to society and to himself. There, the sentence of the law affords no pretence for the exercise of inhumanity.

All the law-courts are judiciously distributed

in this extensive building, which is highly advantageous to the administration of justice.

The sovereigns of the Holy Alliance should have paid a visit to this establishment. It might have been productive of more benefit to their people, than the *Doctor's degree* conferred upon them by the University of Oxford. But, as they are again preparing to meet in a grand congress at Verona, *for the good of humanity*, it would not perhaps be improper to submit to them a plan of the establishment alluded to: it might render their next session more useful than any other.

As they are continually conspiring against the liberties of their subjects, and often against the most worthy part of them, it becomes them at least to consider, that these objects of their oppression are the image of that Almighty Being who, with a *fiat*, gives and takes away crowns; and to reform those abodes of horror, in which men, and often the most worthy, are condemned to live in a state worse than brute beasts, or rather to die a lingering and cruel death.

Mr Harrison, by whom it was built, has shewn himself a great philosopher, and a great architect. I requested, and obtained leave, to see him. I regretted that, in England, one cannot embrace a person who inspires one with esteem,

unless one has known him at least as long as the age of Methuselah. Lavater would have discovered, in his countenance, the philanthropic sentiments by which he is distinguished. He has selected this city as his residence, perhaps in order that the sight of this work of his genius and his heart may daily cheer a venerable age of eighty-one years.

The side and front buildings of these prisons, which form a very beautiful square, prove that he has studied antiquities with much advantage. It is a pity that they are rather deficient in elevation.

In the castle, where, it is thought, was once a tower built by Cæsar, there is nothing remarkable except a battery, erected by order of the ministry, to increase the massacres of Manchester, in case the *national solicitors*, these more effectually to plead their cause, had marched to Chester to take possession of a magazine abundantly stocked with arms.

A curious walk on the battlements of the walls around the city, and the bridge over the Dee, offer points of view at once delightful, varied, and picturesque. Chester is an astonishing city, and I am much pleased with having seen it. It is the Deva of the Romans, and was one of the principal cities of the Heptarchy. I must

now, my dear Countess, shut you up in my writing-desk. We are arrived at Liverpool: let us stop a little to examine it.

Liverpool, under William III, was so small a village, that it was by his special favour erected into a parish. It is now, I believe, the second city in England. It is the seat of almost the whole trade of America with this kingdom. Built near the mouth of the Mersey, it has the advantages both of land and sea. By the latter, it maintains an intercourse with all the nations in the world; and communicates with the inland parts of England by means of the canals connected with this river, by one of which the goods are conveyed to the interior of the town.

Seven basins, or interior ports, which communicate with each other, are works, the difficulty of which was increased by the necessity of turning the river to a considerable distance from its ancient bed. Prince's dock and its quay will immortalize the name of Mr Foster, sen.; and his son is now occupied in repairing, on a gigantic scale, those which were falling into ruin. The market for provisions, which is very extensive, and covered with light and bold timber-work, is, next to the wine market constructed by the order of Napoleon at Paris, the most beautiful I ever saw. This also is the work of Mr Foster, jun. as well as many other public

buildings, which do equal honour to the city and to the architect. His professional talents render him the worthy successor of his father, who is the general engineer of the city and county, and who, from age and infirmities, is now doomed to a sedentary life. He has derived important information from his travels. A museum, which owes its origin and present state of improvement to him, possesses plaster-casts of all the marbles which, as an artist, were the object of his attention in Greece. It appears by the beauty of many of them, that the government will always have reason to regret having, by its own negligence, lost the originals; and that the prince royal of Bavaria, who purchased them, will ever contemplate with pleasure and satisfaction these proofs of his love and taste for the fine arts.

In a square just built, and not yet named, has been erected upon a plinth or pillar, an equestrian statue of good old George III; and by way of dressing him in his best, he is disguised *à la Romaine*, in the costume of Marcus Aurelius; whilst, on the signs of the public houses and roads which surround the square, he is exhibited as a king. The English are apt to treat every one with contempt, and are not more indulgent to their sovereigns than to other persons. The power of caricature is not a less formidable one

than some of those we have already noticed. But let them take care, lest their turn should come. They have republican institutions, but they have not a very republican spirit. They might find themselves deficient in the energy and unanimity requisite to crush any powerful effort of despotism. The intrigues by which they endeavour to secure their election as members of the House of Commons, prove rather their ambition than their liberalism; and the good man Pedaretes, who returned home joyful and happy at *not* having been included in the number of the three hundred of the council, because Sparta had found three hundred citizens more virtuous than himself, would be pointed at in England as a fool.

I believe that Napoleon, in his plans against England, viewed them in this light, and that his hopes were chiefly derived from this opinion.

Liverpool holds a distinguished rank for its literary and benevolent institutions, and its places of public amusement; and the mayor, at his banquets and on days of ceremony, assumes the state of a sovereign in the sumptuous Town-hall, or palace of the city. This is a large building, but unfortunately it has small doors, small windows, small staircases, and narrow and gloomy entrances.

That part of England, my dear Countess, which I have visited, is an uninterrupted *mosaic* of delightful objects. Luxury and an appear-

ance of opulence prevail universally. Every cottage, every hut, has its tea-services, &c. &c.

The fields and grounds display a profusion of iron-work, paint, varnish, and costly wood-work. By their dress, as I have already observed, you would sometimes take the man-servant for the master, and the maid-servant for the mistress. If Cato was unceasingly preaching to the Romans, that they would be crushed under the weight of their luxury and riches, what would he say if he saw England?

No part of the earth, I think, ever proved to such a degree as this does, the influence of the thirst for gold on human industry. The Tyrians and the Carthaginians never saw it produce effects equally powerful. The elements bend to the empire of the English, who are the depositaries of their omnipotence. The earth vegetates and blooms at their will. Fire, divesting itself of its destructive nature, gives impulse to all their manufactures. Water and air obey their ships; while, with more than Promethean power, they have imparted life to their island; for the roads and canals are to England what the veins are to the human body. I mentioned to you the *Grand Junction canal*; this is a perfect emblem of the heart, which sends out and receives, by different circulations, the vital streams of the animal machine.

It is unquestionable that they, as well as

the rest of Europe, have learnt everything from us. Marco Polo was the first who discovered China to the astonished world; and the means by which he found his way to that country, and the numerous obstacles and dangers he surmounted, excited still more astonishment than the great discovery itself. The Venetians were the first who sailed to the Cape of Good Hope in Portuguese vessels;—a Genoese, with Spanish vessels, discovered the New World;—Cassini and Galileo taught all nations the true system of the heavens; and Gioja de Amalfi opened to them the paths of the ocean. To the Florentines they were indebted for manufactures, and to other Italians for the arts and sciences; and their literature is chiefly founded upon our Latin classics, and other learned works, of every period. But though the English have not the merit of invention, it must be admitted that they have carried everything to such a degree of perfection, that they seem to have reached their solstice, and that their motion must henceforth be retrograde. We must indeed except the fine arts, to which this climate does not seem very congenial. Their smoky engravings are nothing extraordinary when compared with the works of our Bartolozzi, Volpato, Morghen, Longhi, Gubbo, &c. Everything in England is too gloomy and cold. This may be very favourable to meditation, and ac-

counts for the great progress and discoveries they have made in mechanics and the sciences; but it furnishes no food for the imagination.

Reynolds, the great light of English painting, the creator, in some sort, of the Royal Academy of London, acknowledges that he was so infected with the dulness of his country in regard to the fine arts, that when he arrived at Rome he looked with such perfect indifference at the greatest works of Raphael, that he was almost induced to believe he was not *that* Raphael whose fame resounded throughout the earth; and he adds, "All the indigested notions of painting which I had brought with me from England, where the art was in the lowest state it had ever been in, (it could not indeed be lower,) were to be totally done away with, and eradicated from my mind. It was necessary, as it is expressed on a very solemn occasion, that I should become as *a little child*." Nor was it till he had resided a long time in Italy that he displayed that genius which is one of the brightest stars of his country; which has not yet been equalled, and which, whatever may be said of his bad drawing, posterity will will not easily surpass.

The fine arts flourish most among people remarkable for grace, gentleness, and sensibility; hence, after they were expelled from Egypt and Greece, they became the constant inhabitants of

the beautiful soil of Italy. I have heard from the lips of the most celebrated artists, both Italian and foreign, that when they received commissions from kings and princes in person, they replied: "Yes, sire; but to execute your commission properly, I must work in Italy." "Why not here?" "Because Italy must lend me genius and poetical feeling."

In England there is scarcely a palace, a gentleman's seat, or a beautiful house, which is not indebted for its chief ornaments to the chisel, to the pencil, and to the graver, of this celestial Hesperia. Its genius and its glory pervade every country, whilst its inhabitants are the most wretched in the world;—I say the most wretched; for the situation of men must be measured by the susceptibility of their minds, and the extent of their understanding and knowledge: and whilst political expediency alone shall preside over congresses, to the exclusion of all loyalty and true wisdom, poor Italy must expect nothing but a constant renewal of her long sufferings.

This new congress threatens her with even greater miseries, if it is true that it is to include men who, regardless alike of God and man, sport not less with the happiness of nations than with the sanctity of oaths; who, when they cannot glut themselves with the blood of the unfortunate

men who elude their cruelty, indulge their ferocious rage with the barbarous spectacle of seeing them hanged in effigy.

Great God! soften their hard hearts with one drop of that blood of mercy which it pleased thee so generously to shed for the human race!

England now boasts, and with reason, of two of her artists:—Sir Thomas Lawrence, who although not a great painter, has a magic in his manner which he owes entirely to his own genius, and which is perhaps unique; and Mr Chantry, whose chisel, next to those of the two rivals, Thorwaldsen and Canova, may challenge the rivalry of the world.

I have seen some of their schools: their education is manly. The boys are left very much to their own wild freaks and to their mutual impertinence, which tends to form them for the collision of the world. Boxing is the order of the day; and if the blows are not dangerous, the masters or superintendents take no sort of cognizance of it. All their plays are games of strength, which add to the native hardiness of their character; and certainly their food is not calculated to spoil them. What is essential to qualify them, either for commerce or for the navy, constitutes their principal instruction; hence Latin, Greek, &c., although not neglected, are only accessories. They become men sooner than

we; and, from the precocity of their understanding, may be earlier left to their own guidance. The elasticity of our climate, the impetuosity of our character, the vigour of our imagination, and the prejudices which an oppressive policy, under the mask of religion, infuses into our youthful minds, retard the development of the reason; which, however, when matured and cultivated, is perhaps greater than in any other country: no nation has given so many eminent men, both to the old and new world, as ours. But one word more on a subject so important to every country, but still more so to England.

In England, as I have repeatedly said, general information is widely diffused; but there is very little of what *we* understand by education, that is to say, of that discipline which forms a thoroughly accomplished mind; produces those polished manners, those refined attentions, which in society are duties of reciprocal obligation, and which inspire those sweet affections which are the true aliment of the heart.

English schoolmasters, and even schoolmistresses, in general, resign their pupils to all those propensities which are calculated to form a national character; indeed they seldom know any other themselves. They had rather make them Englishmen than accomplished men; and hence fathers seldom send their children abroad for the

purpose of education, till their characters have been thoroughly tempered on the national anvil; a process which renders it nearly impossible for any foreign action to make an impression upon it. The English, therefore, are rather instructed than educated,—rather citizens than social men. This is the source of the rudeness with which they treat each other, as well as strangers, and their neglect of those conventional rules of decorum observed among us: but on the other hand, it is also a source of great moral power, and a bulwark against the levity of the continent, and even a cause of the superiority which I must own they possess over all other nations.

In England there are not perhaps two inhabitants in a hundred who cannot read and write. The system of mutual instruction is not there, as in France and other countries, preached against as an *infernal institution.*

The Jesuits are still what they always were, both at Paraguay and everywhere else,—the enemies of kings. After so many years of revolution and so extensive a liberty in the exercise of religious opinion, nothing can be more dangerous than this eager display of indiscreet zeal, and angry intolerance, in the name of kings.

All religious doctrines should be disseminated with mildness, for violence convinces no one; and more prudence is requisite to revive than to

introduce them. These gentlemen should either sprinkle the people they wish to convert to their own faith, with the waters of Lethe, or pay some deference to their memories; for it is not yet forgotten that they were expelled by the infallible head of the oecumenical church, as the most guilty of men, and the most pernicious to society; and that those potentates, who now protect, were then the first to crush them.

It seems impossible, in this age, that any one should be so blind as to believe them the supporters of thrones, whilst that sacrilegious traffic in *divine right* with which they cheat princes, and the alarming maxims they diffuse among the people, must evidently tend to subvert them. Meanwhile the secure and indestructible bulwarks of justice, moderation, and the gospel, are neglected.

I have already told you that the nobility are, as a class, the best informed people in England, at least so it appears to me from all I can see and learn. But the other classes are by no means deficient in information. I think indeed that, taking nations in the mass, the English are the best informed of any. They all read, and read a great deal; and even if there were any who could not and would not read, they *must* hear reading whether they would or not.

The tradesman opens the business of the day

by reading a morning paper, and closes it with an evening one. You may judge of the superior classes from this: the habits of the inferior are nearly the same in this respect. The workman, as he is going to his work in the morning, stops a minute at the public-house or the gin-shop, and reads or hears the morning's paper; and the same on his return in the evening. The news of the day is known in every house and in every shop. At tea or supper everybody discusses the affairs of the administration, of public societies and speculations; peace, war, Whigs, Tories, &c. &c. Everybody gives his opinion, his advice, his *sentence;* the conversation grows warm, and from discussion they get to dispute, and sometimes a step farther—to blows. All this tends amazingly to form the understanding, and to add to the stock of information, which everybody strives to acquire, respecting all the important movements of the social machine.

On Sundays the lower classes meet in large bodies at taverns or public-houses, and review all the affairs of the past week. The Sunday papers, which give a general sketch of what has passed during the week, are their guides and manuals in these hebdomadal *séances*. These parties, or clubs, are noisy enough. Even the miners come and exhale all the bad air they have inhaled underground during the week.

So much for the political and economical instruction of the people. As to all the other means of public and private instruction, my dear Madam, it would be impossible for me so much as to recapitulate them.

I have only to mention the Royal Society, to excite the admiration, the respect, and the gratitude of all countries, for the light it has diffused, and is continually diffusing, on all scientific subjects. And the Royal Institution, though of more recent growth, promises great treasures to the intellectual republic in every branch of science and natural philosophy. It is a very useful establishment, which it is equally profitable and agreeable to attend, for one learns a great deal, and is received with the utmost politeness.

I am now arrived, my dear Countess, where I would rather not have arrived;—at a very difficult and delicate point. But I shall quote the words of an Englishman, John Adams, the author of an Abridgment of the History of England up to the year 1816.

He highly eulogizes the hospitality of the ancient Britons, of which, he says, there are still some remains in the Scottish islands and in Wales; but he observes the most absolute silence with regard to England. In another passage he says, that dinner parties are among the amuse-

ments and pleasures of England, but that the spontaneous and disinterested courtesy, the simple and frank cordiality, which characterized the ancient Britons, exist no longer. I leave you, my dear Madam, to draw the inference.

But you will say,—Well, but you who are among them, and have already entered so largely into the subject of their character, what do *you* think on this matter? Tell me with your accustomed frankness.

You will bring me plenty of *affairs* on my hands, my dear Countess. If I had the cuirass of Eneas, the Durindana of Orlando, or the invulnerability of Achilles, it would be impossible for me to escape alive out of the terrible *mêlée* into which you will bring me. Burn a candle, at least, before our Lady of Loretto for my soul —as for my body there is no hope. Well then, here you have my persuasion concerning this very unpalatable matter.

I am pretty nearly of Mr Adams's opinion: really, people who often pass years, perhaps their whole lives, without exchanging a word with their neighbours, even in the country where one naturally falls into greater familiarity; —who can regard it as a mark of impertinence if one bows to them without being "acquainted" with them in all their requisite forms;—who turn away or hang down their heads when you

speak to them, although you may have met them a thousand times in good society, which is a great deal more conclusive than an introduction of mere usage or form;—who, even when they shew you some politeness, always suffer a *gêne* which marks either a forced attention, or a concealed distrust, or a shut-up heart, to appear through the veil which covers them;—people who judge of a man's rank by his manner of knocking at a door, and take you for a beggar if you knock softly, as all well-bred persons abroad do;—people who proportion their reception of you to the manner in which their servants announce you,—(a manner by no means flattering, if you are not in a grand equipage, which is the only test of a gentleman with these insolent demi-citizens);—do not inspire one to write high panegyrics on their hospitality, their sociability, or their good breeding.

Observe that I speak now of the generality; there are of course great exceptions in individual cases, particularly among those who have travelled. I however, who like things of one colour, much prefer the English who are quite English.

Nor ought I to omit to say that the bad conduct of foreigners has often tended to encrease the distrust and reserve natural to Englishmen.

Nothing can be more entirely belied by fact

than the contempt which the English on the continent affect for the prejudices arising from vanity. They run after titles and titled people more eagerly than a hound after the game; and neglect, often to a degree of rudeness, one who is only a gentleman and a man of honour.

It is true that, in time, their good sense and feeling of justice may recall them to esteem for the latter, and indifference to the former, if he has no other merit than his titles; but that, I think, is not very frequent. They are sometimes finely caught by their vain and vulgar title-hunting. Two swindlers have lately turned their titles to good account at Liverpool. These two adventurers from America presented letters, in which they were styled the count de la Valette and the count de Villeneuve, and what was better still, they received letters from their mothers in Paris, in which they gave the same titles to *their dear sons,* and flattered them with the hope of some *high interest* to obtain leave from the king for them to return. After having swindled a great many gaping admirers of their exalted rank, by means of *historiettes* of political sufferings, &c. &c. they gulled a rich blockhead to such a degree, that he opened not only his purse to them, but his daughters' hearts; he carried his ambitious facility so far as to accompany them to France, where he was to be

received in their grand chateaux, in the quality of future father-in-law; but where the actual *dénouement* of the piece was, that his *sons-in-law* robbed him of all his money and jewels, and left him plucked clean in a village cabaret.

I think there are many Englishmen, who, if they durst assume a name corresponding to the pride of their hearts, would place themselves in the predicament of the Spaniard, who, announced himself at an inn with such a string of titles affixed to his name, that the master told him he had not enough room for so many persons, and shut the door in his face. In England, tailors, and even shoemakers, are reluctant to give up the title of *esquire*, and would never surrender that of *gentleman*: nor are they to be blamed; for I know no country in Europe, in which the class of tradesmen is so respectable as in England.

I think it more necessary for a foreigner to travel in England with his family archives *en ambulance*, and his diplomas hung round his neck, or placarded on his back, (after the fashion of the men here who carry printed bills upon their backs,) than it is for lord Byron to drag his library after him through Italy. I see no objection to his English books; but to carry about our classics is a downright caricature: it is precisely what the English call the *art of*

puffing. I took the liberty one day of remarking it to him, and told him that we could both read and write when scarcely any of the inhabitants of other countries could; that we were the *maestri di color che sanno*, at a time when the barons of England could not sign the *Magna Charta* they had obtained;—when one of their great lords, who was accused of being the author of a libel, confounded both his accusers and judges, by proving that he did not know even A B C;—when the public notaries signed for some of their bishops who could not write; and when the good kings Alfred and Canute, to encourage knowledge among a people who seemed unwilling to acquire it, gave grants of land for a small book, for which our brokers would not give two-pence. In short, to put an end to the contempt for Italy he often affects in his manners and conversation, but which he sometimes, either from policy or decorum, contradicts in his writings, it is sufficient to refer him to an author whose authority will not be questioned, as he is a Frenchman and of recent date. His words are—"The thirteenth century we have just described, so worthy the attention of the historian and the meditation of the philosopher, [he is speaking of Italy], both from the struggle which the plebeians [in Italy] then maintained against the nobility, and from the generous efforts of the spirit of

liberty which was then advancing towards the important attainment of social order, already diffused over the arts, and still more over letters, a degree of splendor which would have sufficed to disperse the darkness and barbarism of Europe, even if the subversion of the Greek empire had not, at a later period, rolled back upon the west a flood of new light, and opened fresh sources of civilization.

"During this century, the genius of Dante, and his friend Guido Cavalcanti, created the language and poetry of Italy; that language, the principles of which were scarcely formed, adopted itself to the noble and pure simplicity of history. Ricordano Malaspini, Dino Compagni, and the anonymous Pistoian, had succeeded in combining correctness with elegance; and Giovanni Villani, (like Dante, and the great men of antiquity)—at once a warrior, a magistrate and a traveller, schooled in the vicissitudes of prosperous and adverse fortune, has bequeathed, in the history of his country, a model for the imitation of writers and for the instruction of statesmen. Among the restorers of the language of the Romans, who, whilst the Italian language was thus forming in Tuscany, distinguished themselves in the other parts of Italy, were Pietro delle Vigne, Giovanni di Germenate, Ferretus of Vicenza, and Albert Musato of Padua.

These eminent men, in their efforts to direct the attention of the age to the study of the great masters of antiquity, not only pointed out the right path to the whole of Europe, but contributed to the success of those of their successors, whose object, like theirs, was to diffuse the light of learning throughout Europe."—In short, the noble lord, whose talents I admire as much as I detest his conduct, cannot be ignorant that a multitude of poets long preceded the time of Dante, Malaspina, Villani, &c. when all Europe was plunged in the darkness of the most profound ignorance; and that, previously to this period, the women of Italy, whom he so scandalously defames, had adorned their country with their talents; for the learned *Nina* composed beautiful verses almost a century before Dante. I will finish this digression with observing that Italy, unhappy as she is, has still in all parts such an abundance of books, and on such a variety of subjects, that neither he nor the whole of Europe could read them. Our celebrated Abbate Mai could also give him some information on the Palimpsesti, in which he is continually discovering works of the greatest classics of antiquity, hitherto regretted as lost by the republic of letters.

I have spoken of English hospitality and manners in general:—for my own part, I have every

reason to be satisfied with them; and, for a foreigner, who has staid so short a time in a country so difficult to know, and who quits it with almost all his letters of high recommendation in his portfolio, I am bound to confess that I have received many civilities, been admitted with great kindness, and have been allowed to see a great deal. I also owe to those to whom I was recommended the pleasure and satisfaction of having made the acquaintance of Mr Roscoe of Liverpool, who has written so admirable a history of our Medicis, and, what is more surprising, without visiting Italy. He is a delightful man, and his countenance bears marks of the noble sentiments avowed in his works. I am proud of his acquaintance.

I said just now, that I quit England with almost all my letters *de haute recommendation* in my portfolio. Yes, my dear Madam, a man ought never to make a great display of his letters of recommendation in this country. He ought, above all, to feel his way well, in order to know which of his *recommendataires* are the most polite, and the most courteous to strangers,—make the best selection, and stop there. As many letters as he presents, so many severe inquisitors does he subject himself to. A foreigner of good character cannot so much as perceive that the government has a police; but

he does perceive instantly the scrutiny of individuals, and especially of those to whom he is recommended. He may be recommended by respectable, or even exalted persons—it will not save him; he cannot escape a torrent of questions, some of them a little indiscreet and *fiscal;* nor an inquisition, which follows him, sometimes into his apartment, his wardrobe, &c. Habituated as I am, like all Italians, to open my heart, as well as my poor cottage, to all whom my friends do me the honour to recommend to me; and with my quick feeling and the pride of a mountaineer—which is even greater than that of an Englishman—I frankly confess to you, that I can very ill brook a certain humiliating reserve, an eternal *novitiate;* feeling strongly the want to express my friendship, and to confide in that of others, to give a loose to my own frankness, and to obtain it in return, it is a real torment to me to be compelled to repress every expression of feeling, in good society, in order not to sow seed upon sand,—not to offer what will not be returned; for, in certain things, it is not pleasant to be alone.

After longer and more accurate observation, I can repeat to you with greater confidence a remark I made in (I think) my seventh letter; namely, that nothing is so burthensome and annoying to the English as *duties* which are not

enjoined by law or good morals. As they think, therefore, that letters of recommendation impose a certain sort of *duty* upon them, their independent spirit, their sovereign elevation above all *égards*, their pride, revolt at them. They are under constraint, and their behaviour answers to the feelings which annoy them. Really I have received much more civility from Englishmen who acted from voluntary complaisance, on a merely accidental acquaintance, than from those from whom my letters of recommendation extorted it as a duty. Notwithstanding all this, my dear Madam, tell your friends that they must always come well provided with letters, that they may be able to say, "I have them;" this is, perhaps, the best of all recommendations in a country so thoroughly extraordinary and inexplicable. One more observation before I finish this subject, although I am very tired of it.

Everybody knows that a man who feels his own dignity ought to be *relative* in all things, and in all places; that is to say, he ought never, in respect of *convénances*, to give more than he receives; but nowhere is it so necessary to observe this rule as in England.

Never shew more *empressement*, more attentions, more confidence, more cordiality, to the English than they shew to you; you will lose

in what is due to yourself and in your own respect, and will gain nothing in their hearts.

If they excite you to talk, which often happens, and listen to you playing with their fingers, looking at their feet, or with their eyes raised in contemplation, or repeating an insignificant "yes," as if entranced,—*tranchez* instantly—even though you should not be come to a stop—don't wait for so much as a comma: —you will be listened to with more respect in future. When they speak to you *ex cathedrâ*, don't assent to all they say immediately. They don't like dispute, but they greatly like discussion, and often even contradiction; but take care to conclude reasonably, otherwise you will fall into disgrace with their good sense, their correct judgment, which hardly ever forsakes them and always watches you. If you wish to pass for a *gentleman*—for a man *du bon ton*—do not (but this I do not give you as a positive precept) be very punctual to your engagements; take care always to be waited for at an appointment; sometimes forget what you have promised; affect occasionally the *étourdi*, the *smemoriato*, the *scapato*. If you are invited to dinner, make your hosts wait a little (if they *will* wait, that is); don't go to evening parties till the hour when we, in our villages, have already dreamt

over all the loves of *Pastor Fido*, all the fairies of Benevento, &c. &c.; when our cows and cocks begin to announce the return of day. If you go to the theatre, even if there be the most heavenly overture, or the most attractive *début*,—never mind; you must by no means go before the middle of the first act; not before the second, if you would be taken for a baronet; if you don't go till the end, you have a good chance of passing for a lord. Don't forget when you go in, to relate some pretty little speech or anecdote, which you have just heard in such or such a fashionable party, though you very likely come from no other place than your own humble and unfashionable lodging. At a ball, even if you have been engaged for five or six days for a quadrille, always take care to have to be called; if you have to be sought for in some of the rooms where dancing is *not* going on, it will be better still. I have a thousand other memoranda for the use of such of my particular friends as intend to come to England; but they would form a volume, and not a letter, and this letter has other duties to fulfil, long as it already is. I shall therefore confine myself to two or three of the most important directions.

Do not be too ready to imagine, that you may go and ask a dinner *en ami*, as we do. This is too *patriarchal*, and is offensive to English aris-

tocracy.—*Item.* Never go, unless upon a *written* invitation: *verba volant* in England more rapidly than in any other place, in the midst of this incessant, confused movement of public and private business, passions, amusements, &c.

Don't be very eager to pay many visits: the English are too busy; they have not time to receive you: and even when you do go, don't always ask to see them. Their amiable footmen—creatures a good deal like the Swiss at the Vatican—are delighted,—at the summit of their glory and happiness,—when they can answer you in their insolent manner—"*He is not at home*"—"*She is not at home, I rather think.*" Give them your card, and turn your back instantly, as I do. But, above all, do not forget to rap at the door just as our mischievous boys do. Here, my dear Madam, you have a list of instructions; not the most noble perhaps,—but just and necessary. If you conform to the exactness, the punctuality, the simplicity of our fathers, you will pass for a *provincial*, a vulgarian, a *plat*; and this is exactly what happens to me; for, as you know, I never could make myself an "*exquisite;*" and still less can I attempt it now that I begin to look back a little on my youth. But let us proceed.

An English *well-furnished* house deserves a paragraph to itself. Their cleanliness and neat-

ness are above all praise; everywhere, from the cellar to the garret—among the poor as well as among the rich. So striking is this national virtue, that an august foreign sovereign thought that the English government had given the whole island a thorough scouring, on purpose to astonish him. All conveniences, small and great, are prepared and arranged with an art, an intelligence, a good taste, quite peculiar. This, too, suggests some meditation concerning a people, who have created so many wants for themselves. What would be their situation, if the means of supplying all their wants were cut off? It is also reported of the sovereign just alluded to, that he asked where were the *people*; so little did the dress and appearance of everybody he saw, strike him as indicating that rank. And this is true still, in a great degree.

The country of England is adorned with all that is grand and romantic;—touching and captivating to the imagination.

The trees, which are untouched by the knife of the pruner, except to clear away the dead or noxious parts, and which imbibe plenteous juices from this moist atmosphere, raise their leafy heads to the clouds, and afford coolness and shade to the weary labourer, and refreshing beauty to the spectator. Meadows, fields, and streams, upon which art and nature have la-

vished their cares, arrest the steps of the traveller, and awaken the sweetest and most soothing emotions. The English must have hearts of a stern mould, and at the same time under perfect subjection to their will, if, in the midst of so many objects calculated to excite the tenderest feelings, they are never softened, as they pretend, except *legitimately*. They are stronger and more valiant than the god of strength and valour himself; for Hercules, who subdued everything else, could not resist the charms of Iole and Dejanira, heightened by their native groves. But, to avoid doing them the injustice of believing that they have no feeling at all, I must beg to be incredulous on this head.

Then the animals!—They are among the wonders of this extraordinary country. Here are dogs which lead children and blind people;—drag loaded trucks, and, at the same time transact the business of the baker, the butcher, &c. at the doors of their customers, which they find at all hours and in all weathers, without the help of a directory; and beg alms for the poor with a bag in their mouths, in so interesting a manner, that it is impossible to refuse them. One, to whom I gave something every day, used to run to meet me with the strongest expression of joy and gratitude, as soon as he saw me at the end

of the street. What a lesson for ungrateful man! In the country, the shepherds give them their orders, and they conduct their flocks better than a Macedonian or a Roman general led their cohorts. The horses, instead of being led, lead the coachman drunk or asleep; though full of vigour and spirit, they are gentle as lambs; they are tamed and disciplined for every sort of work; their beauty defies the painter's art, and Atalanta would vainly match her speed against theirs. The English were right in passing severe laws against those who maltreat these engaging and noble beasts.

In England you may approach cows, oxen, and mules, without danger. There are no ferocious beasts. In short, everything in this country touches your heart and fires your imagination—except the human animal who sometimes repels the one and freezes the other.

But *àpropos* of the bovine race. It occurs to me that I have very often talked to you of a certain John Bull, without ever introducing him to your acquaintance. You have perhaps taken him for a bull;—well, you were not very far beside the mark. He is an animal who, like the bull, naturally stiff, clumsy and tranquil, becomes active, light and ferocious, when irritated; like him, he is constant in his habits and obstinate in his temper; like him, laborious,

and neither fiery nor indolent. He plants himself opposite to you, like his prototype, stares at you with no very kind expression; ruminates continually, and never explains himself. It is the perfectly English Englishman whom I have the honour to introduce to you in this fictitious personage; or at least this is, I think, what the English mean when they talk of John Bull. Perhaps too, calculating the vast power they now exercise over the whole earth, since "the trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world," they think they may claim some resemblance to that majestic bull who carried off the sister of Agenor, the beautiful Europa. But I must say that the English bull has not as yet the soft eyes or the divine graces of the disguised god.

We have just seen John Bull under an allegory rather physical than moral; let us now contemplate him under this aspect.

The unsophisticated John Bull, like many others, is never satisfied with the present, he always looks back to "the good old times." He talks to you of nothing but histories of Alfred, and of Magna Charta, of the restitution of violated rights; in short, of all that relates to his country, *as it was*. Nevertheless, he is very well pleased to be told that his country has reached a pitch of greatness and power which his good forefathers could not even

have dreamt of; and the name of Waterloo, modern as it is, always excites a little complacent smile. In his *home*, and in all that depends upon him, his habits are his sublunary divinities. Woe to his wife if she set before him a dinner without a pudding, a "joint," (probably roast beef) and some home-brewed ale. Port wine is his sacred beverage; he regards all who do not like it as a species of infidels. He would give all the sofas and ottomans in the world for his old chair by the fire-side, nor would he give up his accustomed seat at the tavern or the public-house for all the *salons* or theatres in Europe. His coat must be in the fashion he has worn it all his life, and always of English cloth; he thinks it infamous to buy French manufactures. He would not wear fashionable pantaloons or boots for all the world; nor would he give his old walking-stick for bamboos, black rods, or bâtons. He always drinks out of a pewter pot,—*sicut voluere priores;*—to drink out of a glass is a bad habit. He is a great lover of the Gothic, and would give up the most delightful situation and the best contrived plan, for the sake of restoring an old house and building in the Gothic style. He thinks himself prodigiously cunning, and he is very distrustful; but he is easily duped by anybody who will talk his language, adopt his habits and his prejudices.

He always thinks he is right, and he is often wrong; but to convince him of this is not an easy task. He is always abusing the government, England, and the English; but, on emergency, he would give all he is worth in the world for the glory of the government, England, and the English. He is irascible and violent, but rarely vindictive. He goes to church, and d—s all who do not; but he is neither superstitious, nor, *au fond*, intolerant, and is very far indeed from being the humble servant of the parson; on the contrary, he regularly quarrels with him about tithes, &c. &c. Though very punctual in his engagements, he never chooses to pay without a dispute, to shew that he will not be cheated. He is a Tory from habit, a Whig from inclination; an aristocrat from vanity, a democrat from principle. He is, I think, rather avaricious from temper, and generous from pride. He cordially detests all foreign manners, and often foreigners; he never approaches them but from curiosity—as *a sight*. Everything French he regards with sovereign contempt; and unfortunately his "d—d French" includes all the continent of Europe;—he regards them all as fiddlers and dancers.

To sum up all, John Bull appears to me to have more good than bad in his composition, which is rare enough in men of any country.

English he is, and English he will be. He was born John Bull, and so he will die. Such is his love even for the name, that it gives circulation to a newspaper which nothing else could circulate, and which he himself confesses to be often insufferably disgusting, even to the most orthodox Anglomaniac.

There is much exaggeration in what is said of the common people of England. I have never experienced the least inconvenience nor received the slightest insult from them, although I have often mixed among those whom the aristocracy are pleased to call the rabble, on very critical occasions and in very awkward places. It is true that I always had my eyes about me, and my fists clenched; and my countenance and the elasticity of my movements give a favourable opinion, I believe, of my bodily powers. But the newspapers are continually filled with accounts of the most atrocious crimes. Newspapers are not famous for truth; but in such cases we must believe them.

There is also much exaggeration in what is said of the climate. Although in lat. $51\frac{1}{2}$, it is very temperate, according to the report of foreigners who have passed many winters here; nor do I find it at all hot in summer. The sky is occasionally very gloomy, but the coal smoke has a great deal to do with this.

You have now, my dear Countess, all that *I*

have thought I have seen or known of England. Whether I have seen aright I cannot tell—that I have thoroughly known is impossible. It was absolutely incumbent on me to tell you something about this new world, and that is all I affect to have accomplished.

I must add, that one rambles about as freely as a bird in the air or a fish in the sea. One may chance to meet an eagle or a shark—in other words, a robber or a swindler; but on the part of the government, no obstacles, no vexations, no demands, either for passports or anything else, and, God be praised, no gend'armes.

These pretorians, who unite all the faults of an insolent soldiery to the cunning and treachery of *sbirri,* are without comparison the invention the most humiliating to the human race. Tyranny is not content with being *felt;* she will be *seen* under the hideous form of these torches of absolutism. She delights in blasting with their presence even those places to which one goes to seek some diversion in the resources of the human intellect, or some consolation in converse with the Deity: the theatre and the church are thus poisoned with the presence of this trinity of despotism,—I say trinity, because, except in happy Tuscany, all Italy is at the mercy of the sovereigns, the Jesuits, and the gendarmes. They are like the fiend who beset St Anthony, the

hermit, on every side and in every manner. One is condemned to meet them everywhere, and their inquisitorial looks torture the soul as well as the eyes, exciting throbs of burning indignation in the brave and generous heart, and palpitations of alarm in the timid. They are the living torture of the human race.

To form any accurate judgment of the present state of the world, of its great concerns and relations, a man ought certainly to visit England; but, at the age of reason and experience, when he can know with accuracy, admire with discrimination, repulse with energy, and judge with impartiality.

A young man, upon whom all impressions act as upon wax, and who is often deserted by his power of reflection, might return to his country more ridiculous than well-informed—insufferable to others and to himself. A man of volatile character runs the same risk: I know many who are disgusting and despicable.

But you look displeased, my dear Countess, and indeed you have some reason. "You have told me a little of all sort of things, extremely difficult to describe or to explain," say you, "and have said not one word on what you must surely have seen clearly enough—the fair sex of England." It would certainly have been a high crime to forget them; but no, my dear Madam, I only wished to separate these lovely creatures

from the multitude; I wished you to see them clearly in a distinguished place. I reserved them for you as a *bonne bouche;*—and truly it is a sweet and dainty one.

All great artists have made us adore the portraits of beautiful women, sometimes of their mistresses, under the character of goddesses, virgins, or saints. We know pretty nearly who were the two Venuses of Titian, the Virgins of Sassoferrato, and of Andrea del Sarto, the Saints of Carlo Dolce and Bronzino, the Venus of Canova, &c. &c. Raphael's mistress was not painted only as La Fornarina. The female divinities of Praxiteles and Lycippus, of Apelles and Zeuxis, were simply the most beautiful women of Greece; Campaspes, Phrynes, and Laises; and Cicero said, "*Deos ea facie novimus quâ pictores et fictores voluerunt.*" Since this is the case, why may I not adore the originals rather than the portraits? This often happens to me, indeed, in England: one meets with physiognomies here which really bear the impress of divinity to such a degree, that I cannot help fixing eyes of devotion upon them; I call myself to order, but in vain; that delicate complexion, that alabaster skin, that small mouth, those rosy lips, those dove-like eyes, *quel biondo crine della Dea di Cipro*, that sweet expression, that *palicolor* which is so extremely touching;—so many charms, are stronger than all my severity.—Yes, my dear

Madam, it is certainly true that England possesses a great number of pretty women, and their modest and timid air, when it does not amount to coldness,—which it too often does—renders them yet more interesting.

Art combines with nature to complete the *bel ideal.* Their dress is elegant, and exquisitely neat; and if it were less varied as to colour, and more light, less rich and more simple, it would, in my opinion, be yet more becoming. Some of their dresses, which have a little air of nationality and of caprice, are very attractive to me, and I admire them more in *deshabille* than in full dress.

The education of Englishwomen is carried to a high pitch; nowhere are women so well informed. They also shine with a thousand subordinate accomplishments—too many perhaps; so that in general they are profound in nothing. The thing in which they excel all other women is equitation. They ride much better than the men, who, in my opinion, have no very knightly or equestrian air with their *saliscendi* or peculiar way of rising in the stirrup. If this tends to spare fatigue, as they say, it may be very well to adopt it on a long journey; but, for a ride in town, it seems to me as useless as it is graceless and abrupt. They also surpass the men in all the qualities which distinguish the social being: their manners are infinitely better, and,

in general, science apart, they are as well informed as the men.

After this picture, which is really sincerely given, you will think I have forsworn celibacy. On my faith, dear Madam, this is the country for a man to be strongly tempted in, the more so, as I heartily agree with what has been said by somebody, that a Frenchwoman is best for gallantry, an Italian for love and friendship, and an Englishwoman for household duties. I think that this is also the place to look for an Epponina; for the character of Englishwomen is masculine and resolute, and they pique themselves on a sort of conjugal heroism, which is the more noble and virtuous, as it is not always either deserved or requited.

You wish to know, too, whether the women are more or less discreet than those of Italy. This is too delicate a point, and one nowise within the competency of a rambler, still less one of my principles. I like to see and to observe countries and their inhabitants generally, but my scrutiny never crosses the sacred threshold of another's door, nor violates the confidence of hospitality. Moreover, I abhor all those odious and invidious comparisons. I therefore willingly resign this task to those, male or female, who make Italy the subject on which to display their cleverness; who basely assail women with indiscreet, indecent, and calumnious expres-

sions. I should be ashamed to imitate them. All I can tell you is, that Englishwomen are very prudent;—and that is great praise; for weakness is human, prudence divine.

I am now arrived at the close of my ninth ramble, my excellent friend; the last, for the present, from *this world:* to-morrow, the 3rd of November, I embark for the *other*, to follow the guidance of my destiny. The western breezes will, I hope, waft you some news of me; but I know not whence;—whether from my own hand, or whether from that of another, who will tell you that I am become food for fishes, or have fallen under some other stroke of predestination. At my return, if that also is written in the *great book*, you shall read my adventures more at length, if you have the patience; but if the miracle of Jonah be renewed in my person, I promise to write you a letter from the whale's belly.

You will ask me, perhaps, what has led me to form this determination. I ask you, in return, why I should stagnate in London or Paris, in which a man, who has any weaknesses must always be a loser, a man of reflection must experience continual disgust. What is to be gained by travelling in Europe, where everything is antiquated and despotic? In Asia or in Africa, where all is barbarism and slavery? Bereft of the only consolation which soothed my unhappy existence—the noblest and the purest friend-

ship,—it is only by the acquisition of knowledge and of experience that I can hope to mitigate the lonely weariness of old age. The sight and the study of people, in whom the virtues which enabled them to triumph over European oppression are yet in all their freshness, are best calculated to fill the mind with useful ideas, and to form the heart to philosophy and resignation. While the bodily powers remain unimpaired, it is right to turn them to account.

Continue to love our incomparable friend in her children, whom she loved so tenderly. This is the most acceptable offering to her ashes, and will secure to you the respect of all who can feel the duties of friendship. Let us once more unite our tears of sorrow and of reverence for her memory.

Do you, my dear Madam, and your friends, sometimes recollect

Yours, &c.

P. S. Your letters will reach me more readily, if you send them to Messrs Baring and Co. London.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. H. REYNELL, BROAD STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015